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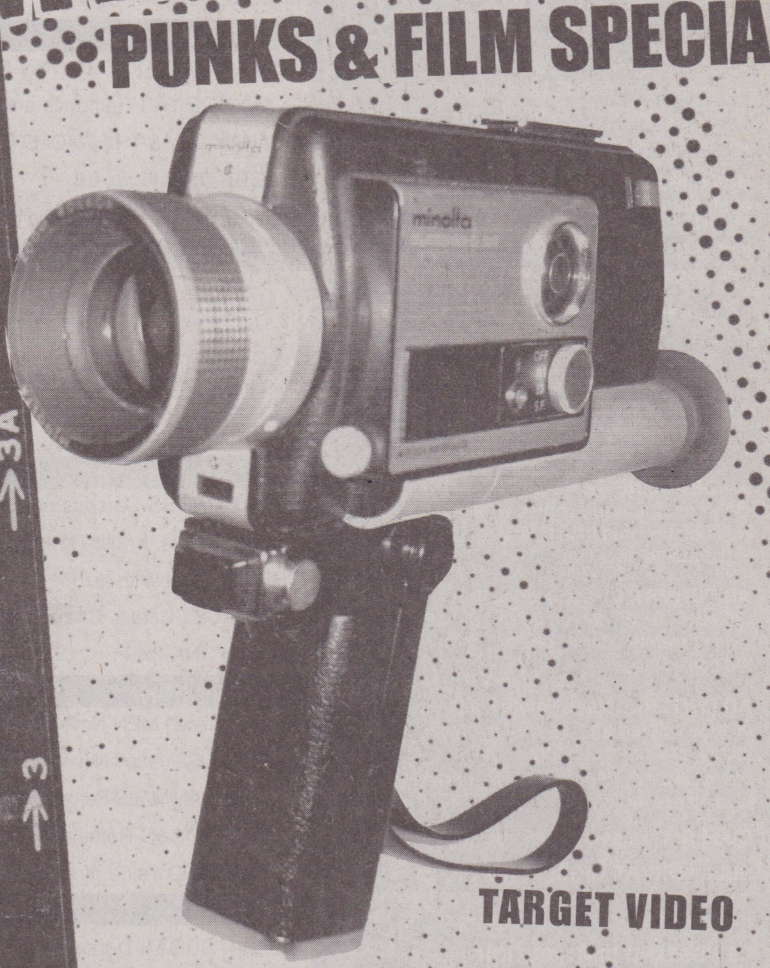

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: #156 pts. 1 & 2, 161, 175, 179-181, 184, 186-197, 199, 200, 204, 206-210, 214-215, 218, 221-225, 227, 229-236, 238-306 **See page 4 for pricing and other info.**

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1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $33
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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

JUSTIN BRIGGS

HERDS-both EPs
SHIT SA-1983-1985: The Boski's Cut-CD
KAOS-Ayacucho-EP
RELIGIOUS AS FUCK-side of split EP
MONIKERS-Wake Up-LP
CUT SICK-Fraudulent Little Fuckers-EP
SKITSLAKT-Victim-EP
NO SLOGAN-Killed By Gentrification-EP
IN DISGUST-Reality Choke-10"
CONDOMINIUM-Pupils-EP / REBUILT-EP

TIM BROOKS

TOTAL CONTROL-Stare Way-EP
OOGA BOOGAS-Romance and Adventure-LP
GRAHAM DAY & THE GAOLERS-Triple Distilled-LP
BUZZER-Disco Kiddz-EP
SUBHUMANS-Death Was Too Kind-LP
VIOLENT ARREST-Criminal Record-2xEP
NO SLOGAN-Killed By Gentrification-EP
IMPULSE INTERNATIONAL-Saturday Suzie-EP
PISSCHRIST-Victims of Faith-LP
BURNT CROSS-Carcass of Humanity-LP

MITCH CARDWELL

...IS A VERY BUSY MAN

PAUL CURRAN & ARIEL AWESOME

BURNT CROSS-Carcass of Humanity-LP
CCCPN-Knulla, Knulla, Knulla-EP
CHEEKY-Deal With It-EP
IN DISGUST-Reality Choke-10"
DNA-On DNA-2xLP
HUNX AND HIS PUNX-Good Kisser-EP
PISSCHRIST-Victims of Faith-LP
RED HERRING-Faster Moving Forward-LP
RUBELLA BALLET-Anarchy in the UV-CD
SHOREBIRDS-It's Gonna Get Ugly-LP

LAYLA GIBBON

ANIMALS AND MEN-Never Bought, Never Sold-LP
HARRY PUSSY-You'll Never Play This Town Again-CD
RATIONAL ANIMALS-Perception Becomes Reality-EP
OOGA BOOGAS-Romance and Adventure-LP
BLACK RANDY-side of split EP
HERDS-both EPs
CONDOMINIUM-Pupils EP
TOTAL CONTROL-Stare Way-EP
SCREAMING FEMALES-side of Hunchback split EP
MILKY WIMPSHAKE-One Good Use For My Heart-EP

BOB GOLDIE

BROWN SUGAR-Deportation-EP
RATTUS-Fucking Disco-EP
DILLINGER FOUR-More Songs About-EP
NO SLOGAN-Killed By Gentrification-EP
BLACK MARK-Wrecked-EP
FAKE OUT / FEMALE SNAKE-split EP
SUBHUMANS-Death Was Too Kind-LP
GERM ATTACK-A Bleak Future-EP
HIGH SOCIETY-No Fun-EP
SHOREBIRDS-It's Gonna Get Ugly-LP

KENNY KAOS

IMPULSE INTERNATIONAL-Saturday Suzie-EP
SHIRKS-Dangerous-EP
CONNIPTION FITS-Shart Sandwich-EP
THE GET OFFS-Airplane Fight/Drunk-45
UPTOWN BUMS-Just the Other Day-EP
WILD ZEROS-Homesick-EP
DILLINGER FOUR-More Songs About-EP
PENETRATION-Our World/Sea Song-45
THE CONNIE DUNGS-I Hate This Town-EP
THE CATALOGS-Scrunchy-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

THE GET OFFS-Airplane Fight/Drunk-45
A/V MURDER-Missle Command-EP
TYVEK-Sidewalk-EP
MR CALIFORNIA-Crazy Toons-EP
MOVIE STAR JUNKIES-Mother-EP
OOGA BOOGAS-LP / CCCPn-Knulla-EP
SHUDDERS-LP / PROTO IDIOT-LP
BLACK RANDY/RHINO 39-split EP
SUBHUMANS-LP / ANIMALS AND MEN-LP
Star Struck - film

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only , or demo releases to the address on the previous page.

RAY LUJAN

SHOREBIRDS-It's Gonna Get Ugly-LP
ATLAS LOSING GRIP-Shut Out the World-CD
NO CHOICE-CD / DEAD TO ME-Little Brother-CD
MEASURE [SA]-Songs About People...-LP
MINUS-ONE-CD / PENETRATION--45
THE POPSTERS-Our Bites Bring You Back-CD
SUBHUMANS-Death Was Too Kind-LP
MEKONS-The Mekons Story 1977-1982-CD
MONIKERS-Wake Up-LP
ADOLESCENTS-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

MILKY WIMPSHAKE-One Good Use For My Heart-EP
ANIMALS AND MEN-Never Bought, Never Sold-LP
BURNT CROSS-Carcass of Humanity-LP
RED HERRING-LP / DNA-DNA on DNA-2xLP
LIBYANS-LP
MEKONS-The Mekons Story 1977-1982-CD
PROTESS/SIGNAL LOST-split EP
TYVEK-Sidewalk-EP
GRAHAM DAY & THE GAOLERS-Triple Distilled-LP
OOGA BOOGAS-Romance and Adventure-LP

NICK MANGEL

GEPØPEL-Complete-LP
TOTAL CONTROL-Stare Way-EP
SUBHUMANS-Death Was Too Kind-LP
MASSACRE/SEKAANUS-split-EP
KAOS-Ayacucho-EP
HUNGER-Hope-CD
GRUESOME STUFF RELISH-Horror-LP
RATTUS-Khomeni Rock-EP
SKITSLAKT-Victim-EP
ASEDIO-El Ultimo-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

PISSCHRIST-Victims of Faith-LP
VITAMIN X-Full Scale Assault-LP
BLACK MARK-Wrecked-EP
VIOLENT ARREST-Criminal Record-2xEP
BONECRUSHER, NUTS & BOLTS, RAT CITY RIOT-live
DISCIPLES, I-9, HAMMERLOCK, RIOTGUN-live
HARD TIMES-Demain Nous Appartient-EP
NO SLOGAN-Killed By Gentrification-EP
SWINEHOOD-I'm a Fuckin' Misanthrope-EP
BLACK SISTER/KRUPSKAYA-split EP

FRED SCHRUNK

SHOREBIRDS-It's Gonna Get Ugly-LP
DILLINGER FOUR-More Songs About-EP
THE MISCASTS/YOUR PEST BAND-split EP
MONIKERS-Wake Up-LP
CHEEKY-Deal With It-EP
COPROLITAS-Naftalina-EP
RED HERRING-Faster Moving Forward-LP
ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH-LP
TOTAL CONTROL-Stare Way-EP
SCREAMING FEMALES-splits and live

CISSIE SCURLOCK

CONDOMINIUM-Pupils-EP / HERDS-both EPs
PISSCHRIST-Victims of Faith-LP
KAOS-Ayacucho-EP
NO SLOGAN-Killed By Gentrification-EP
A/V MURDER-Missile Command-EP
ANIMALS AND MEN-LP / CUT SICK-EP
PROTESS/SIGNAL LOST-split EP
VIOLENT ARREST-2xEP / LIBYANS-LP
CHRONIC SEIZURE-Live At WHPK-EP
TOTAL CONTROL-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

KAOS-Ayacucho-EP
CONDOMINIUM-Pupils-EP
VIOLENT ARREST-Criminal Record-2xEP
HUNX AND HIS PUNX-Good Kisser-EP
HIGH SOCIETY-No Fun-EP
GERM ATTACK-A Bleak Future-EP
QUICK FIX-Rat Race-EP
HERDS-both EPs
BURNT CROSS-Carcass of Humanity-LP
SHIT SA-1983-1985: The Boski's Cut CD

ZINE TOP TEN

Cracks In the Concrete #10
Doll #256
Equalizing Distort Vol. 8, #6
Got Myself #2
Mountza #3
Pipe Bomb #40
The Rise and the Fall #11
Runx Tales #1
Short, Fast, & Loud #20
Smile, Hon, You're In Baltimore! #10

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305 October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306 November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

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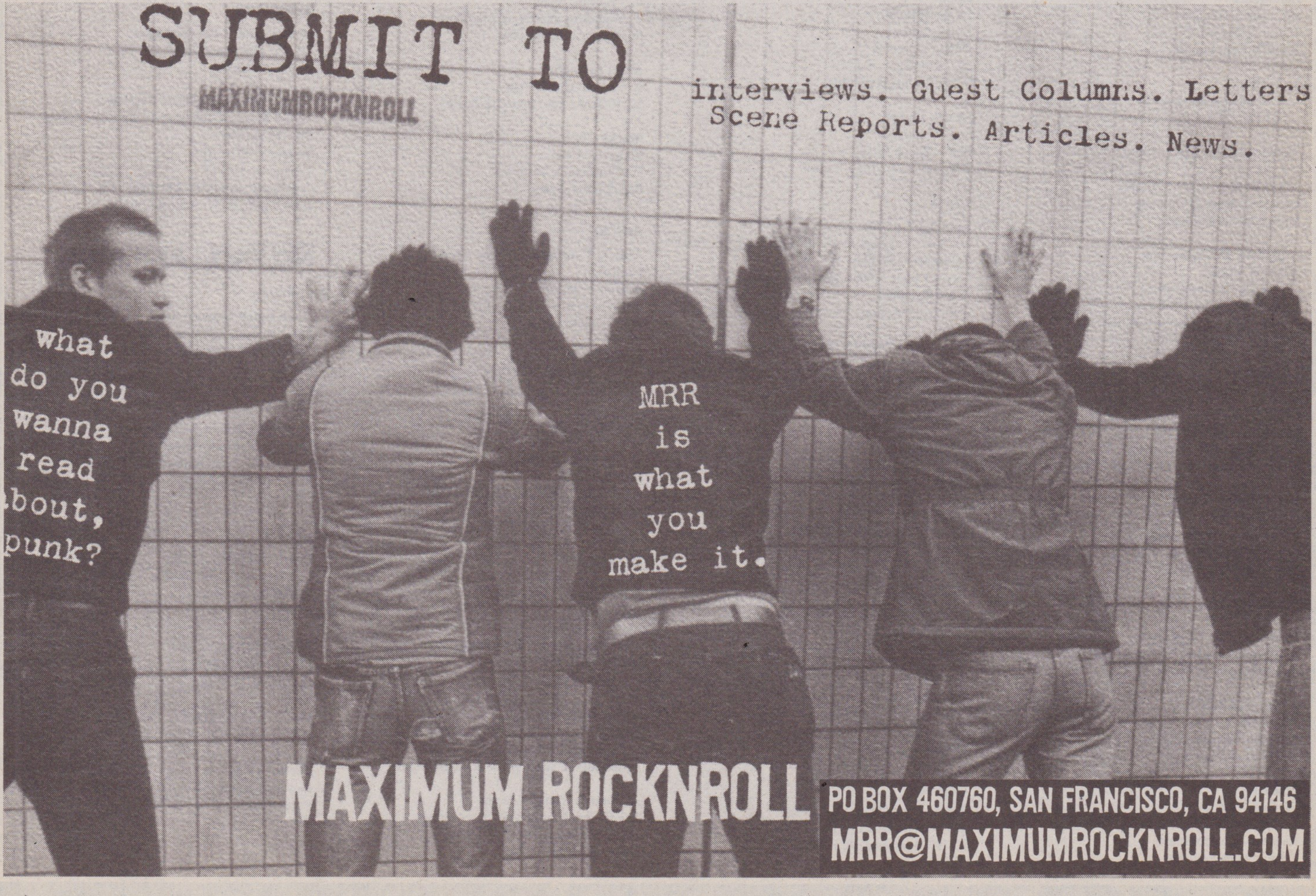

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LETTERS

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Dear MRR—

In a recent issue there was a letter from Nuclear Death Terror expressing some displeasure at their songs being present in the CAH Records distribution downloads. While I feel that NDT's beef should be with their label for licensing their material against their wishes rather than with Nick CAH, I would like to make a few comments.

First, I understand the desire of a band to resist the commercialization of its music. Over the years some bands have strived to do this by not recording, only playing free shows, not making any kind of "merch" etc. However, once a band starts charging for gigs and making recordings it starts down this slippery slope.

NDT should have been clearer with their label about not wanting their material made available for digital distribution. This will continue to be an issue in DIY punk for a long time, and it's something many bands need to think about—even bands who have broken up long ago or whose records are out of print. Who "owns the rights" to a band's music is an ongoing area of debate in a world where there are rarely contracts between bands and labels, and most people look askance at the capitalistic notions of intellectual property rights.

Second, while I generally agree with NDT on their views about file sharing, I do take issue with their insinuation that Nick at CAH is some sort of profiteer off the punk scene. Nick is a very hard working and honest guy. I've known him for over ten years and can attest that his distro and label are run on DIY principles and that he's always got the best interests of the bands and the scene at heart.

If money alone was his motive, Nick could probably make a lot more money doing almost anything else. I'm sure his main motivation for running a label and distro is that he loves the music and ideas behind DIY hardcore. While some might disagree with his business practices, he is certainly not out to rip anyone off or screw any band over. Simply sending him a few emails could have probably cleared things up handily.

Third, a wise record store owner told me a long time ago: "It's a big world." While that seems simplistic, keep in mind that people from all walks of life and interests are into punk and hardcore music. Some people like to collect vinyl, some like tapes and CDs, some prefer downloads and so on. I'm sure there are plenty of people that don't mind paying the prices Nick charges in his download store for the convenience, or to support the bands and his label/distro,

Nick is up-front about the percentage he gives the bands from each cut. If people don't like it, they don't have to buy it. Ultimately the "consumer" has the power to vote with their money if they don't like what is on offer. That goes for most everything in life, not just music.

I should hope my points are well taken and not interpreted as an attack on Nuclear Death Terror. I am a fan of their music and distribute their records. I just want to point out that there are several sides to this issue and I welcome further discussion in these pages.

—Felix Von Havoc

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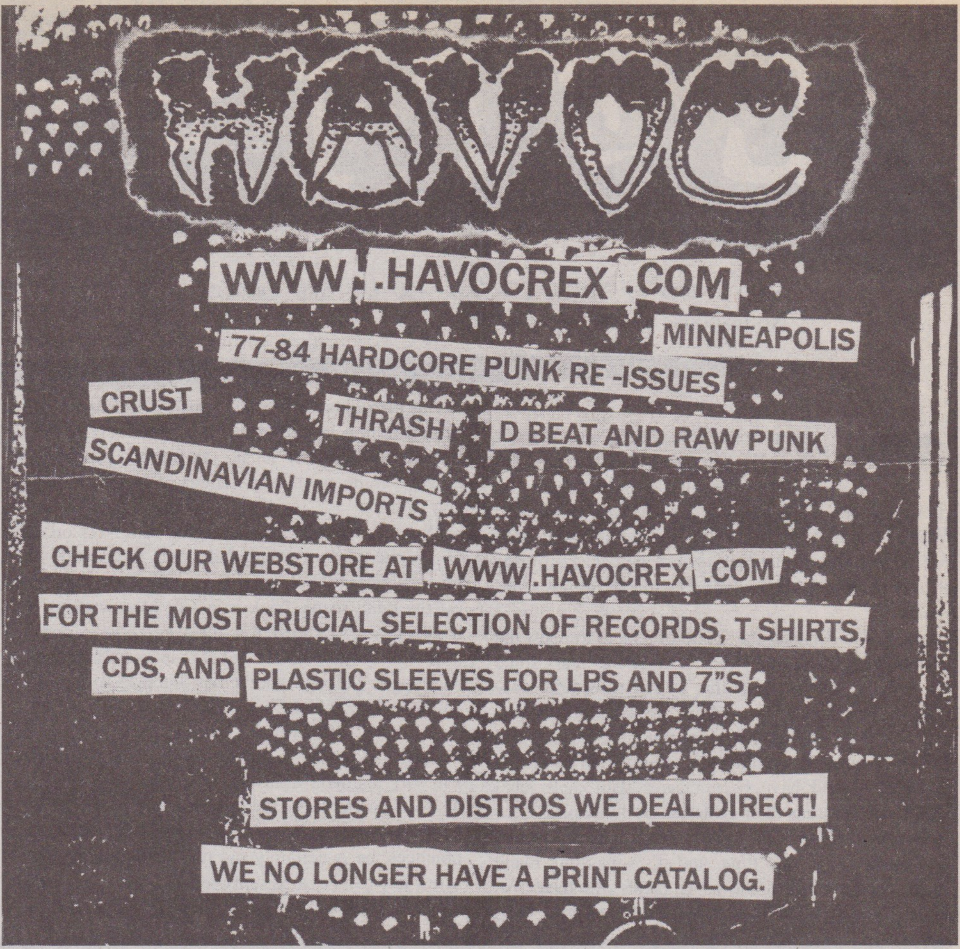

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COLUMNS

I'd say it happens once or twice a year. A show that reaffirms or re-inspires why punk is important and relevant, one that fills you up, carries you through the shit we call life. One you can really say makes it all worth it. Some of these moments get added to the annals of punk history, repeated and made legend. Some are only remembered tenderly by those few who were there. Some others are made into memorable moments in post production, given a glossy sparkly sheen by time, and remembered more by those who were not there than those who were.

In search of the past

The night before, I worked a smaller show, one that deserved a bigger crowd, but it was a cold, blustery night, and wintery rains will keep punks home with hot cider here in California. (To those accustomed to trudging through snow banks to get to the show, I know you think California is perpetually temperate and that we are just cry babies, but it isn't so! It gets cold and miserable here, I swear, and not a single person I know has a decent rain jacket. But I do wish we had more of your fortitude sometimes.)

I was listening to the dark hypnotic post-punk/death rock of Swann Danger, wondering why they aren't a cult sensation yet, when a reporter from the *Daily Californian* came to ask a few questions for his article about the 20th anniversary of Green Day's first show at Gilman. I should have given a fake name, told half-truths, or refused to comment—but I never think of these things in the moment, and I can slip into an overly helpful mood while working.

He asked about my feelings about Green Day, and was clearly disappointed that I had none. I told him I was six at the time of their first show at Gilman, and didn't know anyone that was there for it. He asked angled question after question, until he finally just asked what he'd hoped I'd say all along

"Don't you think they sold out?" he said, with his pen poised to write in his little top bound notebook—like a kid playing reporter.

"I wasn't here when it happened. I wasn't even punk yet."

"But you can still have an opinion about it…"

I'm not one to turn down having an opinion, so I told him, "You have to have stood for something to begin with to sell out. And maybe I could blame them for spawning countless horrible pop-punk bands or for mainstreaming punk… but they weren't alone. I hope you understand they just aren't on my radar at all."

"But don't people talk about them here?" he said slowly putting his notepad down, tucking his pen in his shirt pocket.

"Only tourists and reporters."

He shook my hand and left, saying he'd be back to try and find someone with an opinion or more insight. I was angry, mostly towards myself for bothering to talk to him. Then at him, and every other reporter who shows up to get a good line to put in their article about the mega-band, trying to craft a narrative where there is none—either trying to paint the club as a bitter ex or a proud parent. It never occurs to them that we are too busy running a club to be constantly contemplating the past, and that some of us have never known a scene that included a punk Green Day. To us, it never happened.

For the record: sure it's revisionist history, but as far as the punkness of pop-star mega-bands go, If you're not now, you never were… not to me anyway.

I stayed a little mad at myself for talking to a reporter, knowing he could probably find a fraction of one of my sentences to use the way he wants. I went home, went to sleep, and dreamt about the apocalypse.

Try not to blink, or sleep

It can be any combination of things that make a show amazing, but there is something extra, something like magic that can push it over into the realm of perfect. Everyone you want to see is there, people you haven't seen for years came out or drove in for it. There is an air of excitement, the bands are not only playing well, but playing as if they are playing for posterity, playing how they want to be remembered. (Add to that the hundreds of vegan tamales, and something truly magic happens.)

After an amazing set by Stormcrow, and a pretty interlude by Amber Asylum, Asunder took the stage in total darkness. I don't mean it was very dark, I mean the stage was a pitch-black void, and they played so well, so tight, that it seemed impossible (without some sort of night vision or extrasensory abilities). All three bands played short sets (for them) of about half an hour or so, so that Corrupted could blow everybody's minds and play for two hours.

Let me guess, you're thinking, "Two fucking hours???" You're right, I exaggerate. They actually played for only an hour and fifty-four minutes—an hour and fifty-four minutes of the heaviest, slowest, most epic drone/doom/sludge. Shit that can be a mindfuck even when you aren't beyond tired and hopped up on too much coffee.

I've been waiting a long time to see Corrupted. After hearing their split with Phobia, I had a friend tape me a copy of their *Llenandose de Gusanos* record. I was nineteen, and walked through the forests of Santa Cruz listening to that record, eating too-strong weed food, and in the process scaring the shit out myself. For a few hours I forgot I had a Walkman on and just figured this must be the sound a forest at sunset makes.

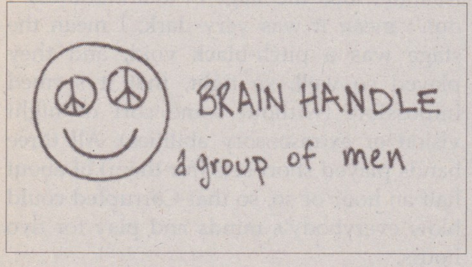
I was out of my head, but it was the first time I actually enjoyed living in that weird burnout, forested beach town. To see them now, sober, but older, was much the same as then, only not scary, just transformative.

To see a band carry out an epic vision, see a show transcend into event, and to know that what is happening is special the moment it happens (not years later while reminiscing), is really all that you can ask. Particularly for a band that you've been waiting and hoping you would get the chance to see.

You can talk all you want about what was. About what must have been the perfect moments in our shared punk history. You can even write trite articles in local newspapers, but don't be so hung up on the past that you miss the moments that are now, with current bands and current faces. Don't miss your chance to say, "I was there".

Thank you to Jay for all his hard work putting the Corrupted show together, Karen for all the glorious food, Pat for keeping shit secure, and to all of the other Gilman staff/volunteers that make a show like this possible. Thank you to Corrupted, Asunder, Stormcrow, Amber Asylum and Swann Danger for providing the soundtrack to a weekend I won't forget.

Send all drawings of scary woodland creatures and treatises on selling out to: Ariel Awesome, PO Box 301, Berkeley, CA 94701. And electronic mail to arielawesome@gmail.com



Hello. Let me paint a picture for you: Maple Leaf, of American rock outfit Brain Handle, is out on the corner on November 4th, Election Night, waiting for Shart Vacuum (guitar player of Brain Handle). The air is ripe with patriotism. Bruce Springsteen is mumbling on his tape of Lou Reed's "Street Hassle." Across the street, Eggs, Ginger Soda, and Flapjack (the drummer, bass player, and guitar player of American rock outfit Brain Handle) watch the election reports on the television with a gaggle of young professionals.

A white truck with a blue cab stops at the corner. Maple Leaf opens up a new can of Miller High Life and crawls inside the truck. Shart Vacuum is driving. He leans over and offers a sip from his 100 percent pure pomegranate juice. "It's on now, doggies," he exclaims. The truck is rolling over to East Liberty to interview Da Chump, former drummer and founding member of American rock outfit Brain Handle.

The truck arrives at Da Chump's house. Maple Leaf and Shart Vacuum enter. Da Chump is behind the bar. One ill-looking patron is on the couch. No food is to be served. No dignity here. Utter filth everywhere. Bright lights shine on the surrounding garbage, only to exemplify the worthlessness of this living room bar. Finally, after much confusion and argument over Maple Leaf and Shart Vacuum entering the establishment, all parties settle down for the interview:

Maple Leaf: What were your initial thoughts when Eggs booted you from Brain Handle?

Da Chump: *(laughing nervously)* I was upset, but happy that I would be able to watch Monday Night Football. I knew I would miss you guys though.

(Maple Leaf cracks a beer and is immediately reprimanded for bringing his own drink into the "bar." Maple Leaf proceeds to open a tab and orders an Election Night Special $2.50 shot of Crown Royal.)

Shart Vacuum: So, is it true that you were axed via voicemail?

DC: No. I remember I was living at Tundra House and Eggman called me. He was really nervous, so I knew something was up. I was told it was a consensus, but apparently it was not. I've since found out that only two members wanted me out of the band.

ML: You have remained comrades with all members of the Handle. You even drove for a stint of the tour. But, you have never seen us play. Why?

DC: I will only watch Brian Handle if I am sitting behind the skins. I loathe no other band more than Brain Handle in the history of music. The closest I came to hearing you was in John K's car. He was playing the demo and I recognized one of the riffs from the four to five songs that we wrote while I was in the band.

SV: You mean the three songs we wrote with you? Don't exaggerate.

DC: It was four to five songs and a cover. Regardless, I recognized about five seconds of the song and hit the eject button.

ML: Didn't you realize that some of the Shit Mayor riffs, a band in which you sang, were stolen from Brain Handle? How does that make you feel?

DC: I was honestly unaware of that band stealing Brain Handle riffs. This makes me think that part of my musical career was complete bullshit.

ML: So, why did you open an illegal bar?

DC: Well, the lack of reasonably priced bars in my neighborhood and my partially unemployed status, mainly. In addition, I wanted to help the everyday man drown his economic woes. I'm barely profiting from this venture, but it has helped with some much needed extra revenue. I'm unemployed.

SV: What is the name of the bar?

DC: The Oboe Bar.

SV: Any significance to that name? Any other possible names you didn't end up using?

DC: There is no significance to that name. I just thought it was funny. I also thought about calling it Phill's Place or Shitty McGinty's.

(much laughter ensues)

SV: Shitty McGinty's is so fucking funny. I say you change the name to that.

ML: Can you elaborate on you hatred for Paul Q. of !!!, Babybird, Midnite Snake, and the Modey Lemon?

DC: What am I to say about Paul Q? Man, the guy likes to be in bands. Not since the days of John R has one man graced the skins for so many bands.

(Da Chump interrupts the flow of the interview and insists on showing us a clip from the Mr. Roger's show involving a discussion of the size of balls. Even in context, we laugh like three fucking idiots.)

DC: To finish up that thought, ego is something that I've always hated. Let's just put it this way, he's Pittsburgh's Damon Che.

ML: Would you rejoin Brain Handle if asked? What role do you desire the most?

DC: It's funny you should ask that, because I actually came close to negotiations with several members of the band. Until I rejoin, the band is obviously bullshit anyway. Ideally, I would like to play the drums again, but I could definitely see myself singing or playing bass.

SV: Didn't you sing in an MXPX cover band?

DC: Yes, I have great pipes from that cover band.

ML: Would you like to add any other instrumentation to Brain Handle?

DC: I would love to add synthesizer, if you guys would change the direction to some late '90s screamo. Maybe even tambourine or tape loops, also.

(The Oboe Bar fax machine starts buzzing uncontrollably.)

ML: This one was just faxed in by Peppered Egg: "How have you kept it together in the post-Brain Handle years?"

DC: Honestly, I'm not sure that I have. The only purposeful thing I've done in the last three years was the brief stint of driving Brain Handle on tour.

SV: Speaking of the tour, again, did you have any plans to sabotage it in any way?

DC: No. I didn't really have direct plans to sabotage the tour. I did, however, make my opinions of Brian Handle known to everyone I met on tour. Hopefully people now know the truth about the bullshit behind the group.

ML: So, who is your least favorite Brain Handle member?

DC: That's easy, Bass "Ass Munch" Player. He moved away, I don't care. Looks like I am going to lose that guy as a friend on Facebook.

(The conversation turns to a dredging of the murky details of the fateful day in Butte, Montana when Bass Player flushed the toilet while Da Chump was in the shower.)

ML: Have you been involved in other musical projects since Brain Handle?

DC: Sadly, it seems that there was a precedence set with my dismissal from Brain Handle. I played in the Weird Paul Rock Band for a while, but left due to lack of interest in playing.

ML: What about Ice Capades?

DC: We are still a band, but we have no upcoming releases, shows or practices.

(The doorbell rings. Easter Eggs' tenants, Soupy and Carolyne enter. Soupy notices Da Chump's new bike and a discussion of Klein bicycles and their dodgy environmental practices ensues.)

ML: At which point in time have you felt the closest to Brian Handle as human beings?

DC: I would have to say on tour, when everyone reached a consensus of hatred for Bass Player. If I had my way, Ass Munch Player would have been jettisoned from tour. I would have taken over on skins and The Ghengis Egg would have moved to bass.

SV: This question has been in the back of my mind since tour. Which band do you like better: Braid or Drive Like Jehu?

DC: Drive Like Jehu is better than Braid.

ML: No way!

SV: Do you have any closing statements?

(A small interlude is taken while Maple Leaf and Da Chump argue about the definition of a mugging. Da Chump was once mugged with an actual ceramic mug, so he makes a good argument of his case. This discussion climaxes in a very drunken Maple Leaf trying to burn Da Chump's arm with a lighter—an action which does not please Da Chump.)

DC: Well, I don't really have much else to say. Everyone should check out Phill and Ed's Bogus basement show: http://bogusbasementshow. ruinthejoke.com. Also, you might see me around as Grandpa Murder's personal assistant. I can be contacted at (412) 621-0888. Thanks.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

A new year. Three years to go.

Seven items of prurient interest for those who dabble in contemporary punk / hardcore curios.

1. *CAVE* fanzine from Brazil. Written and published by Caveman. I'm a mono-lingual type, so I can't actually confess to reading it. But with an assortment of bands that I like covered (most from the United States, whaddaya know?) including SEX/VID and GEHENNA, I've started bi-monthly courses in this strange Amazonian dialect in order to gain knowledge. Here's how some internet translator interpreted a section of the introduction, just to give you a little perspective: "And voice goes if kneel before me in praise." Confusing?

Well, this creep has diagrams within on how to engineer a plutonium based atomic explosive, a guide to constructing crystal meth from simple household chemicals, photographs of Kurt Cobain alongside fetishistic imagery, the cover of 'Satori' decorated with druggisms. It's a smorgasboard of weird punk shit that's highly appreciated by myself, and if anything I think the band photographs (the usual muscular young men using their instruments appropriately) could have been replaced with more cultish imagery.

The only way I could really commend this higher is if I could read it, but the attitude seems sympathetic to my own aims, so if you have appreciation for the more iconoclastic elements of hardcore musics and a knowledge of Portugese, this would be good pre-ritual reading.

2. The first release on the Adult Crash label, which I really should have illuminated earlier this year, is the rippin' RIPPING HEADACHE record. Definitely off-centre thrash here with a great *Thou Shalt Not Kill* / every band that likes that record (SHARKATTACK, VIOLENT MINDS) recording sound, maintaining a LARM-esque velocity peppered with inventive guitarwork. I think this record will appeal to internet nerds and gutter punks alike.

3. The OOGA BOOGAS are a band from Melbourne, Australia, who play rock-based music, most easily summed up as a combination of their other bands (i.e., EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING and THE SAILORS), or "punk garage rock." They toured the United States this year, and released the *Romance And Adventure* LP.

I've listened to this record a lot over the past couple weeks since they returned, and the most concise description of its quality is that I could picture myself listening to it in another ten years and finding something new to appreciate about it. It's difficult to penetrate, and I feel it will be celebrated by only the most persistent of listeners.

On first listen, I found the track order confounding and awkward, with many songs tending toward amorphous states in need of editing, and their "TV Party" moment (that is, a song on a great record that is distracting and goofy) in "Oogie Boogie" will probably forever frustrate me.

Over a few listens, the solid garage punk songs really hold the more exploratory / weird tunes down, and the whole LP has the feeling of possibility to it that I'm coming to appreciate more and more. If this all sounds like crit-wankery, I'll spell it out: Stick with it because it'll surprise you. On the AARGHT! Records imprint, one of the finest modern purveyors of punk musics.

4. Also from Melbourne is PATHETIC HUMAN, who plays a crude style of power violence influenced thrash music that dribbles into dirge at its finest moments, which a close friend of mine declared proof that what the world needs to learn from SIEGE at this point is the power and glory of "Grim Reaper," being that their "fast" moments have been simply duplicated to perfection by artistes like those in DROPDEAD, etc.

When PATHETIC HUMAN get weird, they get great, which could be a blanket statement for a lot of the bands around today. As records are churned out in earnest tribute to other bands and records (SCAPEGOAT's tribute to CROSSED OUT, for instance, or WASTE MANAGEMENT's tribute to most every moment in Boston hardcore that mattered) which tend towards a collection of duplicates and inter-references that I'm seeing evidence already of becoming a tiring and exhausted approach to modern punk / hardcore.

This new 7" contains elements of everything discussed in these last two paragraphs—fortunately for all of us more of it is unpredictable and psychedelic than tame and easy. Their upcoming split tape with local noisecore mongoloids COLLAPSED TOILET VIETNAM promises to deliver.

5, & 6, & 7. Adelaide's SNAKE RUN and Melbourne's CUT SICK have both had a productive year of releases, and their new 7"s are proof that a lot of modern bands are becoming obsessed with over-documenting their progression, to their detriment. USELESS CHILDREN had a little more resolve, and followed a demo with a great complete sounding CDEP.

The first SNAKE RUN 7", *Relax*, and subsequent cassette release was fairly standard thrash, not offensive, not memorable. This 7", *Lies*, is much better. If you like the early Boston hardcore stuff as documented on *Boston Not LA*, particularly the Gang Green songs, then you'll probably like the primitive thrash bursts of *Lies*. The entire look and feel of this record is such a step up from their previous efforts, I'd be prepared to say this is a different band and discount their history as indulgences in experimentation, for whatever worth and value, they got them to this.

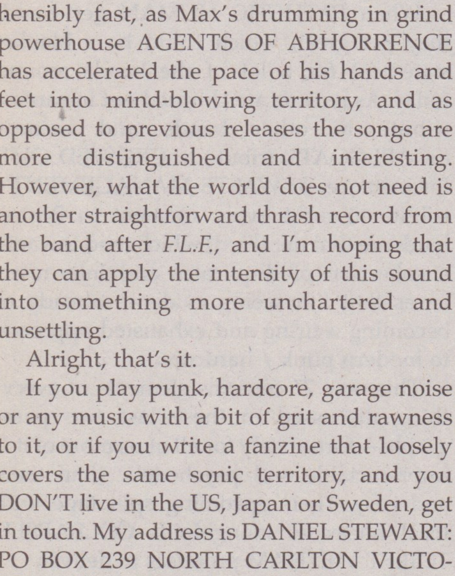
The USELESS CHILDREN CDEP is a great starting point for this local three-piece. Jacinta has a great petulant bratty scream and the guitar-work Rob employs here is a strong indication that he can fuckin' play and write great songs. No doubt they have heard of a Japanese band called COMES. Haven't you?!

The new CUT SICK 7", *Fraudulent Little Fuckers,* should be discussed alongside the new CDEP from USELESS CHILDREN, who share a guitarist with CUT SICK. Suffice it to say that *Fraudulent Little Fuckers* has made their previous releases (similar to SNAKE RUN) pretty much obsolete, and the new USELESS CHILDREN is an illustration of the potential CUT SICK could follow and develop on from within its own, uh, band.

This is the ultimate achievement of this band so far; the speed is almost incomprehensibly fast, as Max's drumming in grind powerhouse AGENTS OF ABHORRENCE has accelerated the pace of his hands and feet into mind-blowing territory, and as opposed to previous releases the songs are more distinguished and interesting. However, what the world does not need is another straightforward thrash record from the band after *F.L.F.,* and I'm hoping that they can apply the intensity of this sound into something more unchartered and unsettling.

Alright, that's it.

If you play punk, hardcore, garage noise or any music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you DON'T live in the US, Japan or Sweden, get in touch. My address is DANIEL STEWART: PO BOX 239 NORTH CARLTON VICTORIA 3054 AUSTRALIA. If you'd like to email me, try distorttheworld @gmail.com. 21/12/2012.



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING BORN AGAINST

Originally written for *Seven Inches to Freedom* #7.

The DEAD KENNEDYS may have established themselves as the first US hardcore band to critique and lampoon American political culture and punk itself, and BLACK FLAG may have been the first US hardcore band to deviate musically toward more noisy, weird areas, but BORN AGAINST took both of these characteristics and amplified them dramatically, all while establishing themselves as the most important hardcore band of the '90s.

In late-'80s New York, a few hardcore bands were tired of the usual tough-guy-core and empty-phrase-youth-crew. They began writing more sincere, less cliché lyrics, and vicious, short hardcore songs that drew more influences from the early '80s DC scene. Two of these kinds of bands that were most influential to BORN AGAINST were LIFE'S BLOOD and CITIZEN'S ARREST, and both bands also contained members that would go on to create or join BORN AGAINST. Together, both bands lyrically formed a stark contrast to the "WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT!" youth crew bands by painting bleak pictures of life in inner cities, ruminating on personal turmoil and seething over political corruption. People began paying attention to these new bands, and this scene became the groundwork for ABC NO RIO.

BORN AGAINST sprang up from the remnants of these bands after their demise with Sam McPheeters (vocalist) and Adam Nathanson (guitar) as key members that would remain throughout the life of the band. BORN AGAINST took the same lyrical vibe as the previous bands but expanded on it by attacking American culture viciously. This became one of McPheeters' most important contributions to the band and hardcore in general; lyrics that were sometimes funny, sometimes tragic and always searing with contempt for the pointlessness and cruelty of right-wing American politics and the sweet-seeming country folk who raise their children to worship the flag and cross.

Musically, BORN AGAINST was embracing more discord in their songs than the earlier bands, and venturing into areas that weren't rooted in punk for musical influence. At BORN AGAINST's peak in 1991, NIRVANA were just beginning to explode into mainstream music and bring in the whole "alternative" era.

The scene that some of the alternative bands came from—not Nirvana or Smashing Pumpkins perhaps, but maybe earlier bands like BIG BLACK, THE MELVINS and SONIC YOUTH—gave BORN AGAINST its tendency to write with noisier chords and harsher sounds. As the band wrote more songs and changed bass players and drummers, the sound of the band began to take more varied influences than the late '80s New York bands that had inspired them.

Adam, who went on to start distorted, political, folk punk band (YOUNG) PIONEERS after the breakup of Born Against, displayed some of his tendencies toward the folk sound in the later Born Against recordings. McPheeters made the sound of the band further unique with his odd, soulful style of singing. When not screaming or blathering on unintelligibly, McPheeters' vocals would suddenly turn deep-pitched and sing in a way that made the outrage in the lyrics sound truly heartfelt.

McPheeters would also bring controversy to the band through his lyrics. Uncomfortable subjects would be brought up, like where "Mary and Child" attacked pro-life ideology, and "Eulogy" spoke fond memories of a friend not deceased, but in the eyes of Sam, at least as good as brain dead after embracing religion and converting to Krishna. Adam Nathanson also wrote a large part of the band's lyrics, and he too brought controversy to the band—and not always from their lyrical output, but from speaking outright in interviews about what he and Sam thought was going wrong in the hardcore community, and more importantly, who was responsible.

Most famous of the controversies is Born Against's WNYU debate with SICK OF IT ALL and In-Effect Records. SICK OF IT ALL were being taken to task by Born Against for releasing a record with In-Effect and self-censoring their own record to be sold at corporate stores. Other issues sprang up throughout the course of the radio show, such as glamorizing violence in the hardcore scene. The debate (which can be found floating around the internet) lasted close to an hour, veered from controversy to absurdity, and created more bad blood on both sides that would last for years to come.

Born Against comment further on this dispute, and disputes with other hardcore bands and personalities—such as Dan Mahoney and NAUSEA—in an interview with Ebullition's Kent McClard in No *Answers Fanzine* #10, which is still available from Ebullition. In each of these disputes, BORN AGAINST make the case for DIY ethics relentlessly and militantly and spare neither enemy nor friend from criticism. Cheaper record and door prices and independence from corporate culture were pivotal issues the band wouldn't keep quiet about.

Regrettably, the band eventually imploded amid personal and financial problems when they were writing some of their best records. Members would go on to form bands such as MEN'S RECOVERY PROJECT, (YOUNG) PIONEERS and WRANGLER BRUTES. McPheeters would later become as known for his artwork as for his label, Vermiform, in addition to his writing and spoken word performances.

The musical impression the band left is

undeniable. Legions of bands took a more discordant approach to writing hardcore songs, particularly in the New York/Tri-State area. Where a band like INFEST inspired the entire powerviolence genre almost on their own, BORN AGAINST gave birth to a plethora of noisy, chaotic, messy hardcore bands with sardonic lyrics. Bands like GUYANA PUNCH LINE and COMBAT WOUNDED VETERAN wore the influence clearly. Some of my personal favorites from the Long Island area were tremendously influenced by BORN AGAINST, particularly MILHOUSE and SCAPEGRACE. Perhaps the best example of a band that wore the influence is HAIL MARY, who released most of their records on McPheeters' label Vermiform and was constantly, criminally underrated, most likely because of their similarities to BORN AGAINST. HAIL MARY, while similar musically, carried more of a vocal approach similar to B'LAST and ventured lyrically into more disturbing, personal topics.

The influence of music is clear, but what about Born Against's rebellious attitude toward the hardcore scene? While they later became disillusioned and jaded about earlier disputes, BORN AGAINST took stands, stuck to their principles and purposefully made situations uncomfortable to draw attention to what they thought was wrong. They didn't fake punk attitude or do it for shock value, they argued rationally about immoral business practices in the punk scene, fought on behalf of kids and the DIY ethic and talked shit where it needed to be talked. This is what makes them a notable hardcore band as much as their music. This is what makes them important.

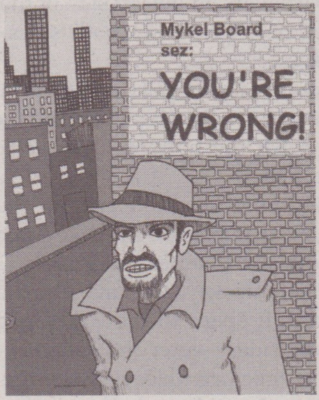
ENDNOTES:

1. Mail me: fahy_john@hotmail.com or John Fahy / 15011 Lakeside View Dr. / Apt. 2402 / Fort Myers, FL / 33919 / USA

2. I have a few Cult Ritual EPs that my friend Chris put out, email me to see if I still have some left before Paypal-ing me at the email above. Also available, of course, is: *Giving Back to the Community* DVD-R bootleg video comp featuring C.R., INDECISION, SPAZZ, MILHOUSE, HALFMAN and DROPDEAD. DIVISIONS s/t 7" EP: Blistering, furious, heavy, heavy hardcore punk with poisoned vocals. WE NEED TO TALK 7" EP: Varying from fast to sludge abruptly, catchy hardcore tunes, hateful, SCROTUM GRINDER-esque vocals. Newest to the Human Crush Recordings catalog is another shady endeavor: *Apathetic System: DIY New York Hardcore Bands '88 - '93* DVD-R video comp with BORN AGAINST (of course), LIFE'S BLOOD, CITIZEN'S ARREST, and RORSCHACH.

As with *Giving Back to the Community,* these DVD-R's are stolen by cool punks, given to me, and I burn bootlegged shows onto the discs and sell them for a cheaper price than the bootlegger sold to me—and for a cheaper price; $5.00 ppd. All 7"s are also $5.00 ppd. All DVD-R money goes to putting out records such as the all-Florida hardcore comp with Divisions, Dehumanization, Murder-Suicide Pact, Cult Ritual, Merkit, Dead Friends, Consular and Mehkago N.T., and also a 10" EP from the now-deceased THE LAST CRIME with Kevin from BEYOND/1.6 BAND singing over creepy, weird hardcore songs.

3. As stated above, this column is from *Seven Inches to Freedom*'s controversy issue. Joe's got an article on RUPTURE's shady lyrics (and those that dealt with RUPTURE) that I'm really interested to check out, and you should too. Write to me for issues or get him at Seven Inches to Freedom / PO Box 457 / Fort Myers, FL / 33902-0457



"If all Americans want is security, they can go to prison." -Dwight D. Eisenhower

Recap: I'm on the plane leaving Port of Spain, Trinidad for Caracas, Venezuela. My week has been a paradise of spicy food, Stag beer, great new friends, Trini-punk, girls with asses you want to call home, and a kind of English that oozes Jamaican, Indian and African.

It's been my best first week ever in a country I didn't get laid in. Trinidad is a free place. You can drink outside, smoke inside, say hello to street-walking trannie hookers, and never show your ID for anything.

The locals, however, warned me. It's dangerous. There's a high crime rate. I shouldn't show my camera or wallet. Basking in the Caribbean sun, I begin to wonder if the price of freedom (Trinidad is one of the freest countries I've ever visited) is danger.

I don't sleep on my last night in the country. You wouldn't either if half the country were buying you drinks. So, half dead, I board this plane to Caracas. I want to see if Hugo Chavez is as cool as I think he is. He's got the balls to stand up to Bush. He gives money to poor people in New England who can't afford heating oil. The US press hates him. What's not to like? Right? Yeah, right.

No one's gonna meet me at the airport in Caracas. Johnny, my Myspace punk pal, has to work late. I won't see him until tonight.

Like in Trinidad, I'll do one night in a hotel in Venezuela. That way, I have a touristy address for the immigration man. Then I'll switch to punk rock.

The plane arrives in Caracas about 8:30 a.m. The flight was twenty minutes—not enough to fall asleep. I'm so tired I feel like I'm sleepwalking.

I pass through immigration and customs.

"Passport... What's your Venezuelan address? You're a tourist?..." Stamp... "Next!"

It's suspiciously easy, if commonly unfriendly.

On the way out, I walk through a large sliding glass panel. On the other side of the panel are two uniformed men.

One points to me. The other takes my backpack.

Uh oh, here it comes: the customs guards on the *other* side of the door—just waiting for you to let your breath out, to go to the bathroom to pry the cocaine-filled condom from your asshole, to twist the heel on your shoe and spill the heroin into a plastic bag.

"You speak English?" asks the guard who took my bag.

I nod.

"Where are you going?" he says.

"I'm going to my hotel," I tell him. "Hotel La Floreta."

He leads the way, away from the sliding panel, carrying my bag. Tight grip.

"I want to get money from the bank. From a machine," I tell him. In case he's a federal agent, trying to catch me playing the black market.

"The machines only give you 1.95 Bolivars for each dollar," he says. "I give you three por un dollar."

"I'd rather go to a machine," I tell him.

He shrugs and grabs my bag tighter.

"Follow me," he says.

We walk. We walk to the right. To the left. Around in circles. To an isolated machine. He gestures. I go to the machine and insert my card. It spits it back at me.

"It no work," he says. "We try more."

We walk. We go downstairs. Across a huge lobby, to a gaggle of machines. He gestures. I walk up to a machine and insert my card. The machine spits it back at me. Another in the same gaggle. Same result. A third. This one works... as all third tries work in stories. It's Writing 101. Look it up!

I withdraw about $100 in Bolivars. Then, I go back to the guy with my bag.

"Ok," he says. "Now we go to taxi to

hotel."

"I want to take the bus," I tell him. "I don't want to take a taxi."

"No buses," he says. "You go by taxi. 150 Bolivars (about $75)."

"I can't pay 150 Bolivars," I tell him.

"You change money with me," he tells me. "I make cheaper. Look," he pinches his uniform and holds it out from his body. "I am officièl. From the airport. All is okay. Okay?"

Yeah right.

Exhausted, bleary minded, I fish $50 out of my wallet. I give it to him. He counts it and then reaches into his pocket. He gives me 150 Bolivars, counting them carefully into my hand.

"I give you discount taxi," he says. "For you, 120 Bolivars. I ask my friend."

For you, 120 Bolivars? Where am I? 47th Street Photo? Oy vey!

(You can read about the rest of my adventures with this official. They're posted on the blog: http://www.mykelsdiary.blogspot.com.)

That's the potatoes. The meat of this column is my actual stay in Caracas. I meet Johnny that night. We go to a bar in "El Barrio." It's supposed to be a dangerous neighborhood, but looks friendly enough to me.

"Is my car okay?" asks Johnny, looking out the bar window to where the car is parked, across the street. "I just want to make sure no one is breaking into the car."

Johnny tells me that he's going to Columbia. The people are nice there. I can stay at his place if I want to, his brother is there. But I have to leave early, when his brother goes to work. And I can't come back until his brother is home. There is only one key.

You can't use keys as a sign of real danger. They're only *perceived* danger. Frightened people buy more locks. People may be scared because bad guys lurk on every corner. *Or*, people may be scared because they *think* bad guys lurk on every corner. They read it in the papers. See Fox 5 News... America's Most Wanted. It's hard to tell the reality. But it's easy to tell the reality that people are afraid. The more keys, the more fear.

In any case, I decide I'd rather stay in town, with a couch-surfer—actually the family of a couch-surfer—I met in Trinidad. He said I could stay with his mom and sister in Caracas—in the room he grew up in. The family'll put me up for a week.

Flash forward: I write this in the apartment of my Venezuelan hosts, a middle class place in the center of Caracas. Mom and her daughter, both bigger than the World Trade Center (used to be). They don't go out. Never get any exercise except walking from one room to the kitchen. It's dangerous outside. The city is full of criminals. They just stay in and eat. Crime is everywhere, they tell me. Keep a few Bolivars in your pocket and leave your wallet at home. Don't show your camera. Don't show your computer. Don't walk past that street you can see from the window. It's dangerous!

Right now I'm trapped. My host family has gone to I donno where. Because of *security* here, you need a key to get in and out—a key... what am I talking about? Five keys. Ten keys. Dozens of keys.

To leave the apartment building and complex you need:

Key #1 to the apartment door (key necessary from both sides—enter and leave).

Key #2 to the metal gate just outside the door (key necessary from both sides—enter and leave).

Key #3 to the gate protecting the alcove of two apartments on the left side of the elevator (key necessary from both sides—enter and leave).

An electronic key to call the elevator to your floor. Inside the elevator, you need the same key to push the buttons to move to your chosen floor.

The electronic key to leave the building through the main entrance (key necessary from both sides—enter and leave).

The electronic key to leave the building courtyard. It opens the gate (key necessary from both sides—enter and leave).

The electronic key to leave the entire apartment complex—about half a dozen buildings and a small park (key necessary from both sides—enter and leave through the main gate).

And if there's a fire? It's all electronic! So much can go wrong with electronics. It's not a simple key in a simple lock. I don't want to think about it.

So my hosts are gone. Not home. I'm trapped. Can't leave. I can't get out the front door, let alone the two gates before the elevator. Okay, I'll just sit here and write. Wait for them to return.

Flashback #1: I walk into a discount luggage shop. I need to buy a bag to carry the punk stuff I pick up from my friends. And a beach towel. Somehow, I lost mine during my one-night stay at the hotel.

Gabriella, the woman, I'm staying with, told me there was a 30 percent inflation rate in Venezuela.

"You'd better buy today," she said. "If you buy tomorrow, it'll be a dollar more."

Only gas is cheap—cheaper than water. Caracas has five million people and four million cars. You'd drive too if gas were 45 cents a gallon. Whoops, I bet you drive anyway.

Back to the shop: I pick out my towel and bag and head to the cashier. A young salesgirl, who's been following me since I entered the store, follows me to the front.

"That'll be thirty-eight Bolivars," says the man at the register (in Spanish).

I fish out my money.

"I also need your..." I don't understand the word, but it sounds like *secaro*.

"I don't understand." I tell the guy, in Spanish. "My Spanish is not that great."

"Secaro! Secaro!" shouts the salesgirl, as if by shouting, she could make me understand better.

"My Spanish is not that good!" I shout back, in English.

They both look at me like I'm dangerous. But I open my wallet, fish out my driver's license, and show it to the cashier. That's the ticket.

So Venezuela becomes the first country I've ever been in that makes you show ID to pay cash. And I was in Poland during Commie times!

Back to the present: Still stuck here. What else can I write about? Well, there are posters of Chavez everywhere. Wall posters, most in that cutout Communist style that Castro used to like.

There are also photos. Every politician wants his photo next to a photo of Chavez. And there's Che. Not quite as many Che posters as Chavez, but it's close.

Chavez tried to change the constitution. He wanted to give himself more power. Take decision-making away from the legislature and put it in his own hands. He rewrote the constitution and put it to the vote. He lost.

Then, like Mayor Bloomberg here in New York, Chavez decided to ignore popular opinion and put in the laws himself. There were immediate protests. They continue to this day. The protester's motto? *No es no!*

There were petitions. Thousands of people signed, opposing Chavez ignoring the popular vote. Gabriella, my hostess, was one of them.

Soon after signing the petition, she lost her job. She is a petroleum geologist in a country where the government owns the petroleum industry. Because she signed the petition, she can no longer get a government job. She can no longer work at all.

I wonder where she and her mother went. Maybe they went to buy food, a ton of it, since it'll cost a lot more tomorrow.

So I'm thinking. Maybe my idea about Trinidad was only half right. Maybe danger is a necessary by-product of freedom—but not only that. It can also accompany vengeful totalitarianism. Control doesn't mean lack of danger—or fear. These feelings can co-exist, or maybe *must* co-exist with control.

Maybe I'll talk to Gabriella about it. She's coming now. I can hear the key in the lock.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com), blog subscribers (mykelsblog .blogspot.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links, a few more endnotes and a chance to comment on the column]

—> *I went to the right school dept:* The National Coalition Against Censorship reports that in 2005, the US Secret Service visited "Axis of Evil: The Secret History of Sin." It was an international exhibition of stamp art at Columbia College in Chicago (ene of my alma maters). Two federal agents took photos of Al Bradtner's "Patriot Act." The art project showed fake 37-cent stamps with a revolver pointed at GWB's head.

Turns out Columbia was the brave school. When the same exhibit was shown at UW Green Bay, the chancellor removed Bardtner's work before displaying the exhibition.

—> *It only took 'em 600 years dept*: In an extreme example of good news/bad news, England has finally removed a law against blasphemy. It is now legal to say "God is an asshole," but it may be *illegal* to say, "Satan is a homo."

See, the same law that allows blasphemy, makes "free" speech illegal if it "incites hatred against gays." It also makes "free" press illegal if it includes "violent pornography." The law punishes possession, as well as creation of such material. Ouch!

—> Keith Dobson from York, PA sent me a bunch of clippings from the local paper. My favorite is about the arrest of Janet Brannon in Delhi, Illinois. What was she doing? Tending bar—in the nude. The charge was "public indecency."

Seems, however, that nobody actually complained about her bartending. The cops just discovered it on a "routine check."

Yeah right.

I say some cop missed getting a blowjob *that* week.

—> *Maybe the bartender shudda been dancing dept*: The Iowa state attorney general's office asked the Iowa Supreme Court to review a judge's ruling that nude dancing is a legal "art form."

Seems like the lower court judge ruled that a strip club was protected under a law allowing nudity in relation to art.

Yippie!

I say some judge GOT a blowjob that week.

—>*Funny if true dept:* I got a postcard from a save-Tibet group. I don't know if its true, but it's so close to THE ONION that I believe it.

According to this postcard, on September 1, 2007, China passed a law that says, "all Tibetan Buddhist teachers, including the Dalai Lama, cannot be reincarnated without the permission of the Chinese government."

Talk about totalitarian! Yowsah!

—> *AMNewYork* reports that Serita Armstrong, a former Brooklyn traffic agent, has sued the NYPD. Why? Undercover narcotics cops, cuffed, frisked and arrested her because she "blocked their access to crullers and chocolate glazed."

When she told them she was a traffic cop, they arrested her for "impersonating an officer." The Brooklyn DA latter dropped all charges against Armstrong. Who knows what happened to the charges against the cops?

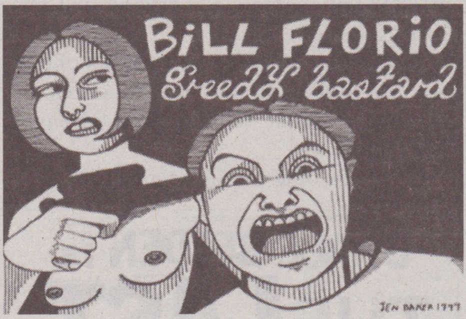
—>*Not all cops are donut thugs dept*: Cook County Sheriff, Tom Dart, ordered his deputies to stop evicting people from foreclosed property.

"Many people we've helped throw out on the street are just renters," he said. "We will no longer be a party to something that's so unjust."

Yeah Tom! This donut's for you!

—>Thanks dept: My pal and Howard Stern look-alike, Stewart Brodian is a DJ on WDIY, an NPR station in Pennsylvania. He loves playing indie music on the air—especially if you're from PA! So send him CDs, rip one if you don't have one handy. He's at POB 1253, Easton PA 18044.

Stew invited me and my pal Sid Yiddish (the famous shofar-blowing-throat-singer) to his show in October. After what we did, I hope he still has a show in November.



I used to have a problem with the idea of going to a movie theater by myself. I'm not exactly sure what brought this notion on. I always thought that going to the movies was supposed to be something you did as a social activity, and if one went alone it meant you we're a loser.

This would be equivalent to drinking alone, or eating alone at the same diner every night to the point where waitresses felt bad for you, and would make conversation just because you're some poor lonely soul who has nothing better to do than stare at his soup every night. For some reason I had no problem sitting up playing a video game shut in my house for twelve hours, but going out to see a movie was hermit-like.

There are a lot of odd ideas I gained growing up, and I think most people end up with them. Sometimes you sort most of them out by the time you're 30, and sometimes you don't sort much of anything out—depending on who you are and just how high the shit-pile of baggage was heaped on you as a kid.

I used to feel weird about flirting with girls that we're more than, say, 18 months younger than I. I suppose when 18 months is ten percent of your whole lifetime it has a different meaning. I also used to have a fear of large parrots. Actually I don't think I've overcome that one.

Sometime not very long ago I built up the courage (and the want to see a movie no one else was interested in) to go to the movies alone, and it really wasn't a bad experience at all. I then did something I haven't done in a million years: sit in the theater all day on a Sunday, and watch four movies for the price of one.

After doing this I realized that unless you're watching a karate movie in the Bronx, going to the movies isn't really very social after all. I find it totally disgusting that someone can bring hot dogs, nachos, Taco Bell and deep friend jalapeño poppers and sit right next to me burping and farting; and it seems like this happens to me pretty much every time I go to a non-foreign non-art film.

It sounds a little simple to equate growing up with going to the movies by yourself, but sometimes that's how you figure these things out. Lately I've dealt with a lot of people that are older than me but still lack any signs of real maturity.

When I was 12 I totally flipped out and made a conscious decision to make sure all of my friends became my enemies. In retrospect, I had nothing in common with most of these people, and at 12 it actually was somewhat of a horrifyingly refreshing way to start all over again. Three or four of them publicly humiliated me for the last time, and instead of shrinking away or trying to pretend everything was ok, I decided to make sure everyone knew it was not ok and that I would not be fucked with again.

To my parents it seemed like a very harsh answer, and I can't say they supported me burning all my bridges. Looking back, it was a turning point in my life and ended up being the point that led me where I am now, which in all honesty is a very good place.

Nowadays, I know I have grown up. For one thing it's rare that someone would get me in a position where, 1. I'd get that angry and, 2. I'd have some sort of anxiety they could exploit. But I know a lot of people in their forties and late thirties who haven't expelled demon number one. I think it all boils down to overcoming fears. Why do most people have problems? Well, there are some people who happen to have a dark cloud over them—maybe physical or mental illness that really dropped them in an outhouse hole, and even if they climb out, being covered in five-year-old shit and blue stuff isn't going to make them a social butterfly.

But, I'm not talking about them. Everyone has some depth of porta-potty slime to wade through over the years, and some people just refuse to clean it off. They can't shake the fears they acquired in adolescence.

Let's take a fictional friend of mine, a composite of several people I know as an example. Let's call him Keith Shocker. I actually knew someone named Keith Shocker when I was growing up. He had bright red spiky hair, sort of like Bart Simpson, too!

So Keith is say, 39. He dropped out of college and has had a series of odd careers, all of which he got into by lying his ass off at job interviews. He's always been underpaid, he's played in several bands but really can't play or sing, he's started a lot of projects and never quite finished any, and he's been married and divorced and has a new girlfriend every year. Hey, girls do go for the sympathy thing—usually ones that think they like to help people. He has a lot of "friends," but most folks can only put up with him in small doses because once he feels comfortable with someone, it's a cue to abuse them in some way. Borrows money, feels obliged to say harsh words, or generally if he knows that you have some venerability he's ready to exploit it in some way.

I'm not saying Keith is evil, he just thinks that life handed him a short stick and when he sees something sticking out at him, he needs to grab it and bend it and possibly bite it off, without thought about consequences. He's constantly in a spiral of making friends and connections, and then shitting all over them and being a martyr when people begin to get tired of him. Keith isn't about to go to a movie alone. He probably has problems going to the movies if it's with another guy. He's walking around with a sweatshirt in summer because he feels fat, and will turn on a dime between bragging to someone about how great he is right to crying about what a fucked up situation he happens to be in.

I have to say I love Keith. It's great to have people like him around. It's so much easier to not be someone when that someone is right there to show you how not to do it. Another reason it's good to have the Keith Shockers in the world around is that I can put their bullshit back in their face when they go off bragging about nothing; or make them feel better when they suddenly go on and on about what victims they are.

This is actually good practice in dealing with all the people I really don't like and have to have some connection with for whatever reason. If I can do all this and they don't burn me as a bridge, I must be doing something right. It's because of the say 30 Keith-like friends I've had over the years that I am able to remain as calm and collected as I am as my going-to-the-movies-alone self. Because they are so fucking scattered, it forces me to organize my thought better.

They're so ungrateful it makes me realize I need to be more gracious. And while most people would say someone is a "waste of time," because of all the wackos I've called friends, I have to say it was time well spent—and probably gained me things I could sign up and pay for in a class.

Anyway, what the hell happened? I was going to talk about films. Eh, fuck films. Keith Shocker provides a lot more entertainment than anything I could spend $11 for. So think about the Keith in your life and next time you see him, make sure you lick your hand and give him a big slap on the back of the neck for me.

RIP Jamie Ewing – I realize I always gave you a hard time, but I've always had a soft spot for you, someone everyone will miss the fuck out of.

Also, Rudy Ray Moore, speaking of films you can holler at, be sure to check out *Dolemite, Human Tornado* and *Avenging Disco Godfather*.

Write me: bill@candids.com

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

A thousand shirtless shits, glowsticks clutched between sweaty fingers, drunk, perched upon cars, mouths open, screaming, whooping, chanting "USA-USA-USA!" A woman, on her knees, eyes watering, bubbling over with nonsense about messiahs and Barack Obamas and thank the lawduh, he is our *president*. Men crying, flags flying, women screaming, anger turns to "hope" turns to nationalism and aw hell, I'm moving to Australia.

Let's back up eight hours. I voted, for the first and most likely last time. I voted primarily so the homos could, you know, get married, but there was also this matter, these words on this "ballot." Blank spaces abound, asking me who I wanted to vote for in various elections. For the different positions, I (without hesitation) wrote in my own name, Paris Hilton, and I think I voted for Barack Obama as the county medical examiner, but I paused when I came to the box marked president. Who the hell was I going to vote for? The fat guy? The black guy? The skinny old guy who used to tell people to not get ice in their sodas? I balked. I froze.

I voted, I am ashamed to say, for the Negro (that's Spanish—I'm bi).

Hindsight clears the fog of confusion, and my decision was rushed, rash and wrong. You can't call me an anarchist, but I harbor no love for government, particularly not it's leaders, and if memory serves, the president is pretty much top dog over there in Washington DC.

Around fifteen minutes after I voted for Barack Obama to become the next president, I panicked. I began sweating profusely (this generally does not happen, as I regularly coat my body in antipersperant), and I started to cry. An additional five minutes passed before I realized why: I had messed up, and I had messed up bad.

Patriotism is the first refuge of assholes, to paraphrase, and there were assholes abound in San Francisco. I began the evening lazily sipping beer in the back of Arinell's Pizza, on 16th street. It was crowded with voters slurping down these cardboard/sauce/cheese wedges, filling their guts in vain hopes of absorbing the thirteen Sierra Nevadas they'd drank over the course of the past six hours.

At around 8 p.m., a tremendous whoop sounded from outside. I panicked, believing there to be some sort of earthquake/fire/volcano combination, and sprinted outside. In the streets, hundreds convened, screaming. Over the roar of revelry, I hear three words: "Obama has won!" And oh god, I made a big, big mistake.

Voting was one of one of the most glaring moral mistakes I've ever made. I tossed out my convictions and double-crossed myself, sucking in all the same bullshit blather that all these beaded freaks and suited shits intake/exhale and spit all over. I walked the streets in a daze, the people around me all smiles, all glee, all excitment. Linking arms, skipping, dancing, yelling, get the fuck outta here.

I voted. Should I quit being punk? I tossed this idea around as I met up with a few pals of mine, headed over to Dan Rincon's work for some sort of party (I can't even begin to describe how horrifying), and a night of drinking myself into forgetting that I had a part, however small, in this plebian happiness. I briefly considered using my newfound democratic lifestyle as a way to get laid by some starry-eyed Obama broad, tossed that idea aside when I remembered that I am a spineless jerk whose dick is probably broken.

I spent the rest of the night in a bar, surrounded by people who couldn't give a shit who won what or what half-black rich guy said what kind of economy is going to do this or that. I drank until I couldn't see, probably said something rash or racist, puked, passed out on the bus home. I barely woke up, stumbled the four blocks from Van Ness to Leavenworth, past puffs of crack cocaine, transsexuals for hire, muggers, thieves, junkies—the people that no John McCain or Barack Obama would think about (except to toss 'em in the slammer).

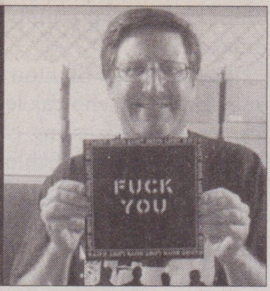
No one up here is celebrating, business needs to be taken care of, money earned and counted, president nothing, and not to sound like a Bl'ast song or something, but this is reality. I wish I coulda voted for that.

Next day in English class, at around 12:10 in the morning (guess you could call it afternoon), a chubby Jewish girl called me a hipster because I told (someone else) that I don't believe Barack Obama is going to fundamentally change anything. I was taken aback, I was offended, I coulda wept, but I kept the tears in, retorted, and sunk into my chair.

The homemade Barack Obama t-shirts around me stinging my eyes, my conscience cracked, my entire life shattered. I had voted. I had voted. I was one of these peasant-people, another ballot in the pile. Hipster? I felt in that moment the greatest horror—I wasn't a hipster, I wasn't a punk, I wasn't anything. I was a voter, I was an American. I wanted to die.

I appreciate all the letters I received last month. From the mother of two whose children listen to "The Subhumans and the Cure and White Zombie and Bob Marley": gas the little shits while you can, you're raising a coupla no-taste nothings. To the guy from I Object who has, according to him, been reading *MRR* longer than I have been alive (hope you had a great time during the '90s, sounds like you fit right in), I'm sure the mag has gone downhill since Crimethinc. stopped lambasting us with their rambling bulletins. Hopefully I'll be replaced by a one-armed vegan lesbian from New Hampshire soon.

AL QUINT



POLITICS 'N STUFF

November 4, 1980—I was a junior at Boston University. My roommate that year was a quiet, reserved guy by the name of Carl. We met at a dorm room lottery the spring before and, both needing roommates, we agreed to share a room—even though we'd never met before. After two years of disastrous roommate situations, Carl seemed level-headed and downright normal, with no annoying quirks. He didn't give me any problems and I don't think I gave him any, myself, although who knows what Carl thought—as I said, he didn't talk much.

But Carl was also a hardcore Republican, and my politics then, as now, were on the left side of the spectrum—although not nearly as far to the left as now. On that night of November 4, 1980, Carl giddily bounded into the room singing "Happy Days Are Here Again," after the results for the presidential election were in and Ronald Reagan was swept into office.

That was just about the only time I ever saw the guy show much in the way of emotion. Well, now that I think about it, he was rather animated when arguing politics with our next-door neighbor George, an ardent socialist, who was probably even more disgusted with Reagan's election than I was.

To quote Reagan's 1984 ad, it was "Morning in America." Well, morning for some people, mourning for others. The numbers were 489 electoral votes in 44 states for Reagan to incumbent Jimmy Carter's 49. In '84 it was even worse, with Walter Mondale winning only his home state of Minnesota and Washington, DC, for a total of 13 electoral votes to Reagan's 525.

I thought about that night, 28 years ago to the day as it turns out, while watching Barack Obama give his victory speech after his win in this year's election. Ellen jokingly started singing "Happy Days Are Here Again" herself, since she knew about Carl's celebration and we were doing the "shoe on the other foot" thing. I should mention that Carl did have one punk rock connection—his roommate the year before had been the stepbrother (I think) of Mickey Leigh, vocalist/guitarist for the Rattlers and his brother Joey Ramone. Carl told me about the time the Rattlers came to his dorm room and, when one of 'em sat on his bed, he had to get the bedspread washed since the guy's jeans were so dirty.

I'm not under any illusion that Obama is some sort of savior, messiah or "The Chosen One," as the right-wingers disparagingly call him. Actually, he *was* chosen, so that's accurate. I also think they're out of their fucking minds when they try to label him as a terrorist, socialist, Marxist or even leftist. Obama is a middle of the road democrat.

For one thing, he opposes gay marriage (read more on that below). His likely choice for his chief of staff, Illinois Congressman Rahm Emanuel, is hardly a Marxist—he's an unabashed champion of NAFTA and supported the war in Iraq. Obama has also stated he wants to further expand the military, although I don't think he'll be quite as confrontational or saber-rattling as McCain would have been. But it was interesting when I talked to my friends in Vitamin X (name drop) about the election and they said that Obama would be viewed as a conservative in many European countries.

I actually wish Obama *were* more to the left. If I had to pinpoint my political beliefs, I'd probably describe them as social democrat. Still, someone is going to be the president and I'd rather it was Obama than McPalin. And, as I've told friends who were on the fence or didn't want to vote at all, one thing to consider is the Supreme Court. Bush appointed two conservative justices, Samuel Alito and Chief Justice John Roberts, both who joined Antonin Scalia and Clarence Thomas to form a radical, right wing block.

There are likely to be two to three appointments in the next four years, and I'd rather have Obama making the selections—although they still require Congressional approval, of course. Considering how many democrats rolled over and played dead for Bush the past few years, is there any reason to believe they wouldn't have done it again for McCain? There's the possibility Roe v. Wade could be overturned. And considering the havoc wreaked on civil liberties and more protections for corporations from lawsuits, to give just two examples, the appointment of any more radicals could be catastrophic for decades to come.

One thing that I'm giddy about is, for everything the Republicans threw at Obama—his "connections" to Bill Ayers and Jeremiah Wright; his alleged socialism for saying he wanted to "spread the wealth around"; his being referred to as a Muslim for not having been born in the US—for all the frothing-at-the mouth bullies and thugs who appeared at McCain's campaign rallies, none of that shit worked. Every time McCain or Palin opened their mouths the last few weeks, Obama's numbers went up. The haters were never going to vote for Obama anyway, but that alienated the "swing" voters.

It wasn't a perfect day. As I write this, two days after the election, it looks as though Proposition 8, which would disallow gay marriage in California, is going to pass—although civil rights groups are going to challenge the results. Similar ballot questions passed Arizona and Florida, and Arkansas banned gays and lesbians from adopting children. So on a day that this country overwhelmingly elected its first African-American president, discrimination remains when it concerns gay people.

There's all this talk about "preserving" or "protecting" marriage—whose marriage? One reason that was forwarded for Prop 8's passage was the fact that many African-American voters, while supporting Obama, are also socially conservative/church-going people who take a dim view of homosexuality.

I was particularly disappointed that an old girlfriend of mine voted in favor of this bullshit. The thing, though, is she's bisexual and was in a few long-term gay relationships. In recent years, she married a man, "found god," so to speak, had her bisexuality "explained" to her by church leaders and is now an anti-gay marriage Republican. So sad... this is something she posted on one of those "social networking" pages:

"I am thrilled that it passed! Heavenly father has heard our prayers!!! Adds to my testimony of the power of prayer!!! And no... yes on 8 does not equal hate!"

What *does* it equal then, my friend? At the very least, it equals discrimination. I have an old photo of her wearing a hat with a button on it that says "Gay and Proud." It makes me think of Born Against's song "Eulogy," about the loss of a friend to the clutches of religious dogma.

Still, I never thought I'd see an African-American elected president in this country in my lifetime. That's at least one tiny bit of progress.

AL'S TOP 5 PUNK MOVIES

Since this is the punk movie issue, I've been asked to contribute my Top 5 punk movies. Yes, four of the five are documentaries or concert-type films, but I tend to prefer non-fiction above fiction. So, without further ado...

1. *Repo Man*: One of my all-time favorite movies, period. Funny plot and hilarious performances, and with a punk attitude and characters—even the non-punk characters don't have any sort of normalcy about them. The main character is Otto, played by Emilio Estevez, a post-teen punk stumbling through life and stumbling into a job as a repo man.

Harry Dean Stanton is great as Otto's mentor, Bud, who cajoles him into his new career of repossessing cars. And it was the pinnacle of Zander Schloss's career—he was Kevin, who Otto beats up in the early part of the film when they're working together in a grocery store. Zander went on to play with the Circle Jerks (still does), Joe Strummer and Two Free Stooges, one of the worst bands I've ever seen in my life. And they also featured Dick Rude, who played Duke.

In case you forgot, Zander's one of the guys who got the last word in *American Hardcore* by saying, in essence, that punk and hardcore is "over." Of course, that doesn't stop him from going out on the hardcore "oldies circuit." By the way, that's the last reference you'll see about *American Hardcore* in this piece.

Speaking of the Circle Jerks, they have a memorable cameo in the movie as an acoustic lounge act, which causes Otto to lament, "I can't believe I used to like these guys." Pay close attention because there are some great sight gags, some of which you'll only notice after a few viewings.

2. *The Decline of Western Civilization*: I imagine that Penelope Spheeris's first *Decline* movie will make quite a few lists. A raucous introduction to LA's punk scene ca. '79-'80. Not to use hyperbole, but the film does a good job capturing the rawness, anger and visceral nature of what was going on then. In addition to the live material and interviews with the seven bands that are spotlighted, there are also interviews with the "fans" or participants or whatever you want to call them.

I remember reading a review in *Trouser Press,* which talked about how those interviews were frightening and what people will remember most about the movie. I don't know about that—it's tough to beat Fear's obnoxious (and funny) crowd-baiting. Or Darby Crash making scrambled eggs while his girlfriend talks, nonchalantly, about finding a dead worker in their yard and thinking it was humorous. And getting to see X, Black Flag, a non-lounge band Circle Jerks, Germs, the Alice Bag Band and Catholic Discipline ain't too shabby either. Actually, leave out the last two bands mentioned there, although I did like the early Bags stuff. I've been hearing about a re-issue for years and hopefully it'll happen someday.

3. *URGH! A Music War:* It's a collection of performances from different locales, and not all of 'em are punk, but there's plenty to justify its existence. Featuring a lot of IRS Records bands (since the label's honcho, Miles Copeland, bankrolled it), including three songs by the Police, before they turned to complete shit (though they're far from the most compelling act here). I could just run down a list, but here are some highlights, off the top of my head:

The Cramps' "Tear It Up," with Lux doing all sorts of nasty things with the microphone. There's Gary Numan's "Down In The Park," where he makes an entrance in something that looks like a bumper car. There's the wound-tight "He'd Send in the Army" by Gang Of Four. Other notables include X, OMD, Chelsea, 999, Dead Kennedys, Echo and the Bunnymen and Wall Of Voodoo. The show-stealer, though, is the late Klaus Nomi and "Total Eclipse" and it's worth the price of admission by itself. Cabaret? Rock? A bit of each, with Nomi's space alien costume and incredible falsetto.

There's no narrative connecting the songs, but that would probably only get in the way. Jello Biafra once referred to this movie as "Ugh. A Music Bore," but it's far from boring. This needs a DVD re-issue, and while there's a bootleg version of it (I just own a copy of it on VHS that my buddy at a video store copied for me), don't hold your breath because of all the legal entanglements that would have to be, uh, untangled.

4. *We Jam Econo: The Story Of The Minutemen:* This is how you do a music documentary. You have the obligatory talking head interviews with the standard "luminaries" such as Rollins, Flea and Ian, but people from the SST family are heard from as well. A vintage 1985 interview and current-day reminiscences from George Hurley and Mike Watt represent The Minutemen themselves. The "story" mentioned in the title is comprehensive, merging the interviews with live performances.

What I like is that when the band starts playing, there's no voice-over and each song is complete. The DVD version features three full live sets from which the songs in the film were used. My favorite punk/music-oriented film in recent years.

5. *Dance Craze*: Another concert-type film and, yes, it's the Two-Tone era of ska as opposed to punk rock, but it captures a certain time/place blah blah blah…… This one brings back pleasant memories—it played regularly at the Somerville Theater in Somerville, MA in the mid-'80s and a bunch of us would go and end up dancing in the aisles. The film features Bad Manners ("Lip Up Fatty"!), Madness, Specials, Bodysnatchers and the (English) Beat. I haven't seen this in a long time and would love to own it on DVD someday. Some clips can be found on YouTube.

Runners-up: *Another State of Mind, Shellshock Rock* (a documentary about punk from Northern Ireland and another film I really need a copy of), and *What We Do Is Secret,* the Darby Crash/Germs biopic. I just saw the last one a few months ago and it's definitely exploitative but Shane West does a good job playing Darby Crash.

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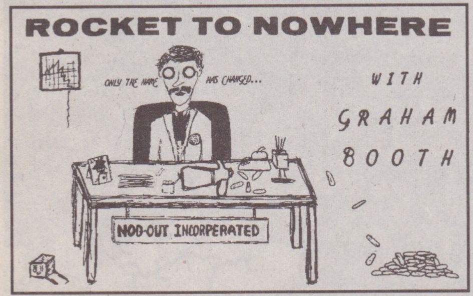
R.I.P. Pat Leonard (Moving Targets)



It's that time of year again folks. I just returned from my annual long weekend in New York for the WFMU Record Fair. For the uninitiated, there are record fairs, and then there is WFMU. I'm not exactly sure how it ended up this way, but where most record fairs are filled with crusty old dudes pushing crates of BEATLES and Common '70s RAWK LPs, WFMU caters to a more counter-culture / underground / esoteric crowd; dealers leave the BEATLES at home and drag out boxes of the "weird stuff" especially for the weirdos.

I'm pretty sure this was my fifth WFMU, although the years are all starting to bleed together. I do know it was my third time selling at it: a good thing since otherwise I would've been pretty short on spending cash! (Huge thanks to thee almighty CollectorScum who hooked me up yet again with the table space and price stickers galore.) Our Punk Collector Wall was in full effect for two days, and despite several laughably high price tags, we both managed to move quite a few records.

Laughably High Price Tags might be the theme of the weekend. This is not to say that there weren't deals to be had, but for the casual browser surveying the floor there were more than enough "aggressively priced" punk records to go around. Some of the more expensive highlights that presumably went unsold were JOY DIVISION's rare first *Ideal for Living* 7" EP, MISFITS *Cough Cool* 7", THE TREND *Band Aid* 7", NABAT *Scenderello Nella Strada* 7", and a couple BLACK FLAG *Nervous Breakdown* 7"s with Brick Wall sleeves.

If you'd like to get a feel for the prices, log in to Popsike.com, find the highest price listed for any given single, and round down to the nearest $50 or $100. Your only salvation from having to cough up the full eBay price was the hope that a seller might knock off another $50 or $100 in exchange for the cold hard cash in your wallet. Thank you internet!

I'm not sure how many of you read my WFMU play-by-play last year. That was my first year getting in early at noon with the coveted dealer badge—a full four hours before the public could get in the door. I felt like one of many vultures circling the aisles trying to be the first to swoop in on a fresh kill. Total collectro mania! I'm not sure how much of it was instinct and how much was blind luck, but I managed to come home with some rad records.

This year I psyched myself out. I knew I couldn't get my hopes up—what if I didn't find anything good?! Meanwhile the dealer exhaustion came rushing back. Lugging a 50 lb box of LPs gets old really quick. CollectorScum helped me out on that front, but even my DJ bag full of LPs and 45s got to be immensely heavy. You should try schlepping records around New York City for a long weekend sometime. Remember to go down/up plenty of subway stairs, and be sure to stay at your friends' sixth floor walk-up. Aaagh, I'm feeling tired already!

When we drove up to load-in on Friday I was similarly tired. We arrived right at noon, and were at the very end of the dealer line-up. Some dealers start selling records right there on the street, and I got the feeling things had already been underway for hours. It was a madhouse trying to maneuver around all of the dollies and carts full of boxes and boxes of records, but we managed to get all of our stuff to the table and covered it up tight under a tarp so we could get started digging early.

I recognized many of the regulars were already there scrambling across the room to get to whatever table had just set up. I was feeling kind of out of it, and I'm glad my hopes were low because I felt like I kept coming up on sloppy seconds. Some common dialogue I felt myself repeating over and over: "Oh, hey [insert random punk collector name], good to see you again. How have you been? Oh, you already went through this box? [I guess I won't bother looking through it then] Oh, what's that in your stack? Wow, I've been looking for that record for years."

Within minutes I learned of the first "score" of the day. Some guy had a BAD BRAINS *Pay to Cum* 7" in his box, the second pressing with tan/red labels had a $100 price tag. My friends were chuckling back and forth to each other the price as one of them continued flipping through the box. "Yeah, if that was the first pressing with the white labels and brown lettering it would probably be worth $100, but probably too expensive for the second pressing."

Then, at the end of the box my friend glances down at a white label 45 with $10 written on the blank sleeve. You guessed it, a first pressing BAD BRAINS *Pay to Cum* 7"! Despite the fact that they described a $100 BAD BRAINS single to his face, the dealer was oblivious and sold it for the $10 it was marked. Pretty good CollectorScum.

As it turned out, I felt like I was coasting in CollectorScum's shadow for most of the afternoon. I walked up to one table with him furiously digging among punk collectros only to be winded by a look at his accumulating pile. The seller from St. Louis had cleared out their 45 back-stock and brought it all the way to NYC with them! They apparently hadn't cleared their back-stock in 25 years, as they had a handful of super obscure late '70s St. Louis singles including the proto-punky DINOSAURS *It might be rose* 45, the lightweight pop pearl DEAR JOHN *Frustrated Conversation* 45, and several copies of the arty LANGREHR *New St. Louis Blues* 45. Punk rippers these were not, "punk" would even be a stretch, but great documents of a little documented scene, just the kind of stuff I get stoked about these days. Not this day.

Just as I was walking away from the St. Louis score of the century, I spotted one of the true old-timers hard at work on a box of psych LPs. I noticed a tasty looking box of 45s on the table so I walked up and started a conversation. While I was complaining about my lack of sleep, he was busy eyeing the LPs that the dealer was busy hanging up on his bulletin board. There it was in front of us, hanging by one pushpin while the dealer reached for a second. Before I could open my mouth, Bob said, "Hey, what kind of condition is that REMAINS LP in?" I think I've waxed poetic on Boston's '60s garage legends THE REMAINS before; here was a clean Mono copy of their one and only self-titled Epic LP from 1966. "It's in great shape, I'm asking $150." Oof, that's about half the going rate! The ever diligent Bob did a quick once over of the mirror-like vinyl, uttering, "Would you do $125?" And with that I witnessed another mellow harshing for the weekend.

I started getting depressed about everybody's piles so I sat on the floor and dug through a box I figured nobody else would touch at 1:30 p.m. on Friday... a dollar box of 45s. Boxes of 45s can be pretty tedious, especially when records don't have picture sleeves, but I braved my way through two big ones. Somehow I managed to dig out a copy of the legendary MAN TIT 45 right there in New York City! *MAN TIT b/w*

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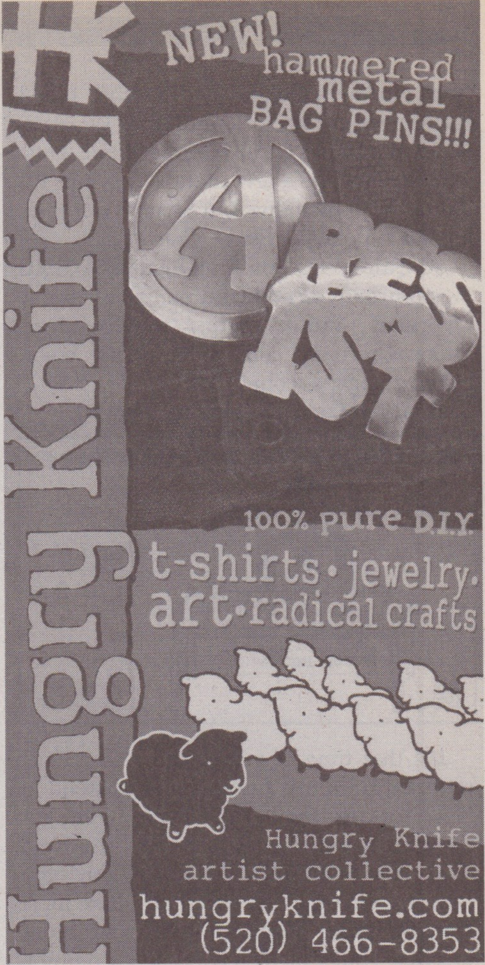
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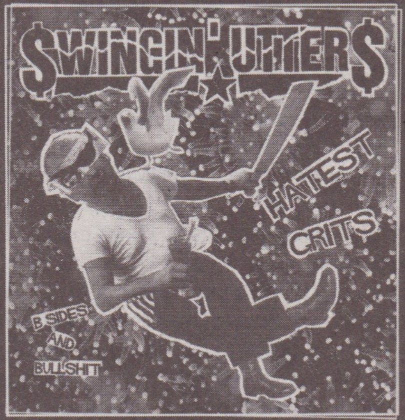
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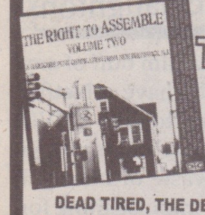
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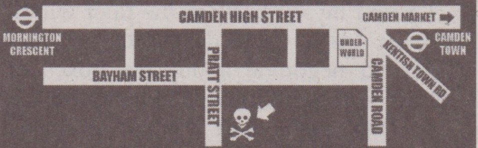
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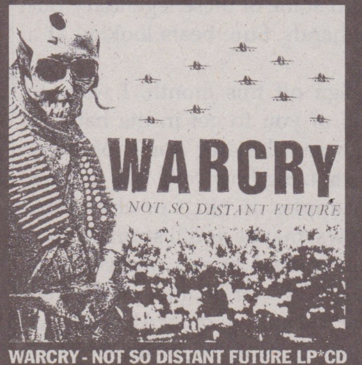
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PUSSY PUSSY REMEMBER ME is a pretty, er, "difficult" private downtown new wave 45 which gained notoriety long ago when Kim & Thurston of SONIC YOUTH name dropped it in a Forced Exposure interview. It has been a punk want-list staple ever since, although demand seems to have subsided among those who've heard it. Ah well, I'll take it for a buck!

I found a couple other cool 45s at another table, most notably the POM POMS *Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini* 7" with their killer punk track "Do The Slam" for $3. But I was feeling kinda bummed so I went back to the table to get set up and try to make some money. I spotted some message board friends who informed me they'd brought records to trade. One friend had a long-time want of mine, the NUCLEAR CRAYONS *Nameless E.P.* 7" from DC, totally wasted goth punk with a girl singer. You may know their tracks on the *Mixed Nuts Don't Crack* compilation LP. I knew that was coming, but I wasn't expecting my Canadian friend to have a MODERN MINDS 7" for me! Early and super rare Canuck pop from the Great White North—Edmonton, Alberta! I also pulled an unexpected Deutschepunk Klassiker, the MIDDLE CLASS FANTASIES *Tradition* 7"! Finally I can stop feeling sorry for myself!

We sold way more stuff than I expected on the first day, but the best part was seeing all the collectors I'm used to chatting up online. The overwhelming sense of community was somewhat unexpected; this little subculture seems to be going as strong as ever. And while the stamp collector nerdery is still there, people seem to be more and more into the music and less and less into collector b.s. and drama. It was refreshing to have an eBay / internet free weekend and just geek out about awesome records! Rad!

I don't remember too much else about Friday night's scores other than I finally got the BASTARDS *Impossibilities* 7" from Switzerland in a trade from a Quebecois. Someone said they spotted the uber-rare paste-on cover LEGAL WEAPON *No Sorrow* 12", and an epic trade went down with a MISFITS *Bullet* 7" EP vs. a DEATH *Keep on Knockin'* 7" from Detroit. The rest of the night involved some Thai food, a subway ride, and the aforementioned sixth floor walk-up.

We got a semi-early start on Saturday morning, but when we finally showed up at the fair it seemed like people had already been there looking for an hour. I basically walked in to see everybody rub their finds in my face. CRAP DETECTORS *Victims of the Media* LP here, REIG *Disarm* 7" there. A new Japanese seller provided for the most shocking scores of the morning, one noted message board super poster made off with a pile of twenty singles for $200 including [drumroll please] AMEBIX *Winter* 7"... ATAQUE FRONTAL 7"... FITS *Bored of Education* 7"... RED RAGE *Total Control* 7"... SICK PLEASURE 7"... SOREX *Portrait of a Prisoner* 7" and WEIRDOS *We Got the Neutron Bomb* 7". If I didn't already have all of those... tee hee. Huge score!

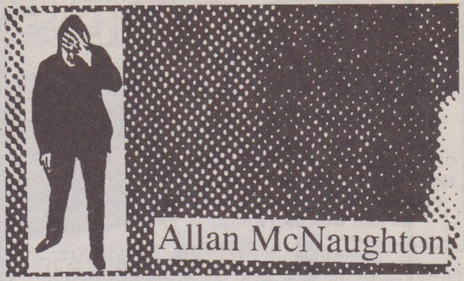
I was particularly distressed to see another friend brandishing a clean FEATURES *Floozie of the Neighborhood"* 7". Pennsylvania doesn't have a ton of pop punk classics, but THE FEATURES is a big one, and I've been trying to upgrade my cracked copy for a couple years now. Not a huge rarity, but they seem to have vanished as of late. I asked where he got it—turns out I'd already gone through the seller's "punk" stash the night before. Guess I shoulda gone through everything!

I found myself back on the floor within minutes, back at said dealers table. I was trying to negotiate about ten boxes of unsorted singles scattered around on the floor. That's right, there was soul and funk and '60s pop and garage and new wave and even a couple punk singles all mixed up amongst ten boxes. No small feat, but that damn FEATURES had my curiosity piqued.

There in the second box I spotted a familiar pink label. Pretty familiar, except that I was used to seeing it alongside a picture sleeve. No picture sleeve, but there it was, WIDE AWAKE MUSIC...THE NOTHING..."Uniformz"... NOVADISK. There was a new-ish pricetag on the blank white sleeve: $15.00. I struggled to keep my composure while I figured out how to break the news to my friend with THE FEATURES. What a weekend!

I'm sure there were plenty of other highlights that I'm forgetting, but I think you get the gist. It's great to know that eBay isn't the only place to get rare records these days. I think most attendees would agree it's way more fun to do so in the Real World. Even if you're just window-shopping, it's great to be able to hold some of these legendary rarities in your hands. Sure beats looking at a .jpeg!

Before I sign off this month, I want to encourage all of you to get in the habit of doing google searches for some of these records. It's amazing how easy it is to track down MP3 samples on blogs or elsewhere, and who knows, maybe you'll stumble onto some clueless record store's website and find a NOTHING 7" for pennies on the dollar. With the exception of MAN TIT, an acquired taste, I heartily endorse every record mentioned in this column. In this day and age, most of them are just a few clicks away!



I don't consider myself a film buff of any description. The wife and I have a Netflix account but have a tendency to keep a DVD for at least a month before returning it unwatched. A complete waste of money. I think watching films is an impulse thing for me: if something happens to come on the telly that looks interesting I'll watch it, or if I feel like watching a film I'll go to the video shop and see what tickles my fancy.

Unfortunately the video shop nearest us closed recently (prompting the switch to Netflix), although there is a really good one that's not that far away. I hardly ever go to the cinema these days, despite living in a place where you can hardly move without passing a great art-house theatre or multiplex mall. You get the best of all worlds here: the latest special effects blockbusters play next door to the most obscure indie documentaries, so choice isn't the problem.

Price might be though; it's ridiculous what they charge for films nowadays. When I was knee-high to a grasshopper you could go to the matinee and catch a Buster Crabbe *Flash Gordon* serial, the latest Charlie Chaplin, and a newsreel about good old Tommy knocking the Hun for six (all enjoyed while sucking on a bag of jujubes), for under a shilling.

Like most red-blooded boys growing up in the '70s, I loved Bond films. The first ones I saw in the pictures starred Roger Moore as Bond, which was confusing because I was used to him on TV as *The Saint*. However, there is only one true Bond, and that's Sean Connery. There was the added thrill that he was from Scotland, so it wasn't totally unrealistic to think I could grow up to be like him. Like most red-blooded boys, I wanted to be a secret agent when I grew up. The fact that I am not a secret agent (or an actor) is probably the only department in which I am not exactly like either Bond or Connery. James Bond films shaped me into the hyper-nationalistic, violent, xenophobic misogynist I am today.

My next great love was kung fu films. Bruce Lee became another hero of mine and I had a massive poster of him from the final scene of one of my all-time favorites, *Enter The Dragon*, on my bedroom wall. I remember being really bummed out that I was blond and definitely not Chinese so I knew I wouldn't grow up to be just like Bruce Lee. I have a hazy recollection of seeing *Enter The Dragon* at the cinema, but since it came out in 1973 (when I was three) I'm either wrong or I saw a re-release of it.

I definitely remember my dad taking me to see *The Big Brawl* (1980) starring Jackie Chan. I used to come out of films like that so excited and full of energy. The film wouldn't quite leave me for a while: part of me would believe that I was in fact a kung fu master, and that any passerby on the rainy Scottish nighttime street was a potential enemy from a rival Shaolin temple.

I think I came to the realization that there was more to the pictures than action films around the time the UK finally got a fourth television channel. Channel 4 was initially started with a remit to focus on obscure, fringe programming. They also had a reputation for showing a lot more skin than the other channels. As my adolescent self stayed up far too late watching Channel 4 on my little black and white portable telly in the hope of seeing some tits (or even the odd patch of pubic hair), I was inadvertently exposed to all kinds of artsy-fartsy experimental film making—not to mention plenty of social realism, documentaries, and a lot more queerness than I was comfortable with at the time.

As I got older (right up to the present I suppose) my tastes have centered towards the sort of gritty social realism exemplified by Ken Loach or the British kitchen-sink dramas of the '50s and '60s. I love Ealing Comedies. Film Noir. Bill Forsyth (*Gregory's Girl, Comfort And Joy, Local Hero*). What list of film favorites would be complete without *Spinal Tap*?

I almost forgot to mention one film that dominated just about every kid's psyche around my school: *Quadrophenia*. I wasn't a Who fan before I saw it and it actually took me a while after it to become one. I also was never really a mod—I wasn't anywhere near cool enough—but that film came along at just the right time for me and many others, shaping musical tastes, fashion styles, and aesthetics for years to come—in the UK at least.

I doubt whether The Jam and other mod revival acts, not to mention 2-Tone, would have been anywhere near as big without the movie version of the Who's rock opera.

Do yourself a favor and seek out some of the stuff I've mentioned above, and now you know the sort of stuff I like, get in touch with your own recommendations.

I'm writing this just after the voters of America elected their first non-white president, Barack Obama. It's still early days obviously (he doesn't take office for a couple of months!) and a lot of folk seem to have lofty and slightly unrealistic expectations for the man, but the mood is hopeful. I've said before in these pages that I don't put much faith in "democracy" or party politics, but at the very least it's encouraging that the leader of the free world is African-American.

Less encouraging is the success (by a slim margin) of Proposition 8 here in California. Proposition 8 contained an amendment to the California Constitution defining marriage as a purely heterosexual institution. This measure was sponsored by a cabal of conservative, right-wing, and religious groups in response to the Supreme Court's ruling that same-sex marriage was legal in this state. As someone who's been married for over thirteen years I often tell my queer friends that it's not all it's cracked up to be, but in all seriousness, marriage (rightly or wrongly) bestows certain rights on people, and to deny those rights to a class of people is discrimination.

"Defenders" of the "sanctity" of marriage insist that the proposition was not about discrimination or about taking away anyone's rights, citing that gays could attain all the same rights as married straights by entering into civil unions. This is not just a smokescreen; it's an outright lie.

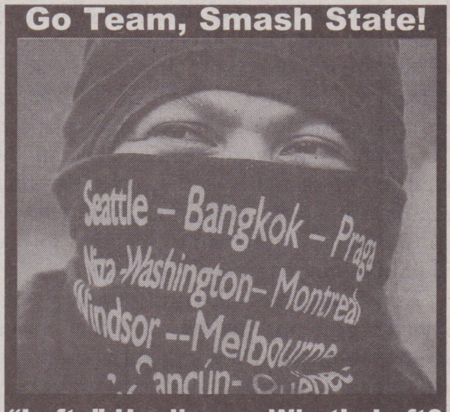
While a civil partnership does bestow some of the same rights as marriage, some crucial rights are still left out. For example, the US Immigration and Naturalization Service won't yet recognize civil unions. I have been able to live and work (and pay taxes) in the USA for so long because my spouse is American. If I was gay, forget it. Still, the fight against Prop 8 isn't over: the Yes on 8 campaign was funded heavily by the Church of the Latter Day Saints (i.e., the Mormons, who not so long ago promoted *polygamy*), but as a religious organization with tax-exempt status, they're not supposed to use their money to try to influence legislation. At the very least they should lose their tax-exempt status, but let's face it, it probably won't happen.

As a result of writing about some of my old favorite zines a few issues ago I heard from my old friend Adam of *Go!* fanzine, who was pleased to be able to demonstrate to his girlfriend that he was once at least "a wee bit famous." Glad to be of help Adam. See ye in the Halt. I was also grateful to receive the latest issue of *Seven Inches To Freedom*, an entertaining read out of Florida. This issue (#6) is in fact dedicated to the best of the Florida scene. Considering that the only decent thing out of Florida is Tom Petty (and I can only stand him in small doses), I expected a pretty thin issue, but in fact the zine is crammed with stuff. Including an extensive discography of almost every Florida label since 1989 and an argument for the first Scrotum Grinder 7" being the best Florida record ever. I'm going to have to take your word on that one, boys and girls. If you want to check it out yourself, I believe one US dollar will suffice (double it if yer forrin): Joe Lachut/SITF, PO Box 457, Fort Myers, FL 33902-0457)

While on the subject of zines, a recent visit to Issues (a great magazine store in Oakland) reminded me that I was remiss in not mentioning *Chunklet* when discussing my appreciation of mean-spirited humor. Although it doesn't come out very often, *Chunklet* never fails to entertain, despite the fact that it consists almost entirely of indie-rock inside jokes.

Also, for some reason, they take a lot of digs at *MRR* even though none of the writers (and certainly none of the readers) have probably read an issue of *Maximum* since the mid-'90s, if ever. The issue I just picked up, #20, is, predictably, dense with jokes in type so tiny you'll need a new prescription by the time you've finished it. I can't even begin to start listing some of the contents so just take it from me: you need it. It's a little pricey at $10 but one issue goes a long way. This will be in your bathroom magazine rack for months. Go to chunklet.com.

Wow, I think this might be one of the longest columns I've done for the mag. Still, I missed last month's deadline so I've got some making up to do. PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609, USA. I surf my ego at www.allan mcnaughton.com. I've also been a somewhat irregular contributor to Bricks And Mortar, the music blog started by *MRR*'s own cheeky mockney chappie Tim Brooks. See what Tim and I (and some other familiar faces) have got to say for ourselves at bricksandmortar79. blog spot.com. Cheers!


Go Team, Smash State!

"Lefty" Hooligan • What's Left?

It's been said of San Francisco, if you don't like the weather where you're standing, walk a few blocks.

San Francisco is famous for its microclimates. Walk down 24th Street and experience the fog-cooled heights of Noe Valley, the temperate climes of the Dolores to Valencia corridor, and the sunny warmth of the Mission, all in twenty minutes. Climb back up 24th and scale the socio-economic ladder, from working class to middle class, to upper middle class, getting whiter with the altitude. In addition to these socio-economic microclimates, there are cultural microclimates as well. Let's call them microcultures.

We live between Noe Valley and Eureka Valley. These aren't just arbitrary real estate designations, but actual, physical geography. They're also perfect examples of San Francisco microcultures.

Noe Valley is yuppie central. Young, hetero couples with good jobs, lots of money, two point five children, and at least one dog are the norm. It's about the only neighborhood in San Francisco where, in the middle of the current foreclosure crisis, home prices actually went up. And Eureka Valley is home to the Castro. For those of you who've been living in a cave, it's not merely San Francisco's historic gay neighborhood, but an international gay Mecca. Last year, Sean Penn filmed parts of his movie on assassinated SF supervisor Harvey Milk in the Castro, which was fun to run into walking around the neighborhood.

On Halloween, 2008, the Castro was jammed with costumed folks in full party mode. It wasn't like 2006, when a quarter of a million people literally closed off Market Street and the Castro with massive crowds. But it was a party nevertheless, unlike in 2007 when everybody from the SFPD to the ATF successfully shut down Halloween in the Castro to prevent a repeat of the year before when nine people were shot and injured during the festivities. Businesses were open, the dining establishments and bars were packed, and the sidewalks were crammed. Metal barricades kept people out of the streets and the police were out in force, so there wasn't the overt drinking, drug use, and public nudity of years past. Yet there were wild costumes, plenty of skin, overt sexuality and gender bending among the mostly adult, racially and ethnically diverse participants. It's nice to see Halloween in the Castro reemerge.

Noe Valley was also full of people. In contrast however, the crowds a few blocks over from the Castro were overwhelmingly comprised of young, white adults chaperoning their children for trick-or-treat around the neighborhood. Sprinkle in a fair number of adolescents, costume everybody much more conservatively, and you had the "safe and sane" Halloween touted by the authorities set on permanently banning Halloween in the Castro. The merchants of Noe Valley were key to promoting this family-friendly Halloween, staying open late, offering free candy for the kiddies, and hoping to increase their sales. The merchants and residents take pride that Noe Valley is like a village in the big city, complete with community newspaper and hanging flower baskets along 24th Street. It did have that small town feel walking around the neighborhood on Halloween.

Needless to say, Noe Valley and the Castro are overwhelmingly liberal. This is San Francisco after all, and Barack Obama won handily in both neighborhoods. It's still possible to view these two distinct microcultures as a political metaphor though. Those conservatives who voted Republican last November undoubtedly think that the whole country is in danger of becoming one big Castro Halloween party since Obama was elected, and now that America is in the hands of that "tax-hiking, government-expanding, latte-drinking, sushi-eating, Volvo-driving, New York Times-reading, body-piercing, Hollywood-loving, left-wing freak show" that is the Democratic party, to quote an infamous Club for Growth ad. In turn, old-time residents of the Castro are none to happy about all the "breeders" moving into their neighborhood, jacking up home prices, and threatening to dilute the Castro's gay culture. The growing number of hetero couples pushing baby carriages through the heart of the Castro has even sparked debate in the *Bay Area Reporter*, a local gay newspaper. That a Republican victory in November would have meant a win for cultural conservatism, traditional family values and the conventional nuclear family goes without saying, according to dyed-in-the-wood liberals who voted Democratic.

The November elections had implications beyond the metaphorical, as witness the overturning of gay marriage in California with the passage of Proposition 8. Gay marriage was supposed to be a shoe-in, ushered in on the coattails of Obama's victory. But some of the very same forces that mobilized to elect Obama in the state, minority voters in particular, turned out to be socially very conservative and opposed to gay marriage. Politics makes for truly strange bedfellows.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

SHE'S OVER IT

BY BRONTEZ

Despite the fact that I was a self-respecting grown-ass man I was still caught up in all these bullshit *foolish* scenarios with cute random *dumb* boys. Case and point:

He met all the qualifications for my very sacred "personal type." My very sacred "personal type" (at that moment) was early twenties, hilarious, wants to fuck doggy style, and harbors a little bit of self-hatred. He was perfect. We fucked and talked about our body issues. It was kinda beautiful. I wanted to be radical and expect something more out of him but it was hard to ask for; It's soo grim dating around here. There're (seemingly) too many cute boys to fuck. Everyone is really focused on staying unattached. Consequently, good people get treated like poop.

Despite all this, I felt like I had a right to demand he treat me better, because after all he *was* sticking his dick in me. It seemed only fair somehow. I was naive. That fool invited me to a (lame fucking indie rock) show where I was one of *three* of his romantic interests. Sloopy. Sloopy. Sloopy.

He only payed attention to one—this *drrrrastic* lil' art school boy. He invited me to the back alley where the two of them were obviously making out, and then his boy flashed me attitude. I remember this particular art school boy sitting on a porch at a party talking about how he *couldn't wait* to get his master's degree at art school because no one was going to "take him seriously" 'til that happened.

I remember thinking it was cool that he was serious about school, while simultaneously thinking that he was a total tool and a douche bag for saying that. I remember thinking how jealous I was that this motherfucker was *all over* the boy I liked, wasn't being particularly nice about it, and on top of it all had parents who payed *thousands* of dollars a year for this asshole to glue macaroni to poster board or whatever the fuck it is they do in art school.

There was this one part of me that thought it was lame for me to hate another fag just cause he liked the boy I liked, but then there was this deeper core part of me (the part that needs to be medicated) that wished someone would gay bash him, I mean, really fuck him up. But wait!!!!! Did I really just think that?!?!?!? That's fucked up...

I had to slow all this down. I know the boy I liked hadn't promised me anything, but I felt like I didn't deserve this. What the fuck? I didn't wanna watch him make out with some other boy after he invited me to. I felt like it was happening all over again. So many boys thought I was too "intense." I felt like he had said something before along those lines. Despite knowing better, I felt like in a direct competition scenario like this I couldn't help but want to compare myself to the other boy. I couldn't really argue I guess.

I mean, if art school boy was any indication of his "very sacred personal type" (young, white, skinny, mid-western, working *really hard* toward a masters degree in Art School, dreadlocks, doesn't really say anything unless he's drunk, willing to stand there and be your cute boyfriend, has a mullet with dreadlocks, ewwwwwwww)—then *yes dear* compared to all that I am *indeed* a lil' intense (old, bored, desperate, slightly clingy, and *very willing* to take my "father issues" out on any boy agreeable enough). But besides all that I'm *hella fun*. Why was he denying the bait? *Whatever*.

My suspicions were correct. He emailed and sorta-apologized, wished my band luck on tour, and said he and the other boy we boyfriends now. He said I was way "too cool" for him. He said everyone had seen me in my underwear. If I was "too kool for him" I took that to mean he was only into boys who weren't very cool. But then that would explain his whack ass boyfriend.

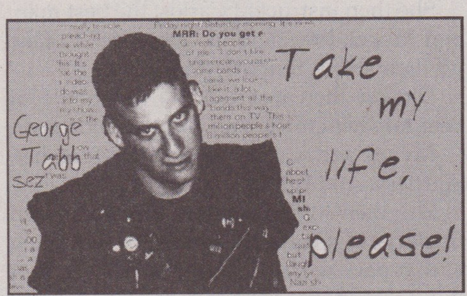
I related this experience to film. More specifically the Josephine Baker films. An old roommate and I got a boner for studying old dancers, and made it a point to rent all the Baker films and books on the subject. We felt our lives (at times) were a bizzaro-world version of Josephine's—minus the money, fame, glamour, and France—but the *frustration* was there. She did three movies: *Siren of the Tropics* (1927), *Zou Zou* (1934), and *Princess Tam-Tam* (1935). They were all loosely autobiographical.

In a nutshell, Baker's heroines were all naive dancer girls who got drunk at parties and danced their way into the center of nightlife. Subsequently she would then get dumped by her love interest, who would always end up settling for some "nice" (white) girl. At the end of *Zou Zou* (I think it was *Zou Zou*), she sees her interest kissing some other girl and she walks away shattered, alone, and beautiful. I watched this movie on drugs and had an epiphany: at the end of the day a sound mind and looking good is sometimes the only thing you have to hold on to. Along with all the lame-ass restraints of the '30s films, I think this is also the message these movies tried to get across.

Now at the end of the day *everyone* knows about Josephine's life. She danced till she was over it, said "Fuck you" to the Nazis, fled France, was a spy, adopted hella kids, went broke and refused to leave her house until they physically had to put her out (making her one of the first celebrity squatters!). She was even rumored to die reading a (good) review of her final comeback show. What a fucking life! I saw her life movie and saw that she got all her kicks in life because at her core she didn't let square ass boys piss on her parade.

I followed suit. The boy I (had) liked called me again. I wanted to break down, call back, and say a bunch of shit—but my friend had a book of affirmations, and in this situation one I had read spoke loudly to me: *"The only thing you can control is your reaction"* –Anonymous (Truer words were never spoken.)

I'm not calling him back.
Love,
Bronnerz



...Continued from issue 307:

Danger lies on the floor and spins around, showing everyone how wide she can open herself up. I swear I could see her tonsils.

The next thing she does is bind and gags Mykel in leather, and leads him around the apartment like a dog, explaining that this is what happens when someone gets married. I look at Marc, his face is still red, but now less so. I smile. He smiles back.

Danger then gives Mykel some toilet paper, and tells him to wipe himself. He does. I'm really afraid of what I'm about to witness next. She takes out some handy-wipes, cleans his ass up a bit more, then puts a condom on her tongue, and licks his butt. I make my way to the kitchen, quickly, and down another PRJ.

When I return, Danger has started everyone saying, "Bad, bad boy, nasty, nasty boy! Bad, bad boy, nasty, nasty boy!" as she hits Mykel with a whip. Everyone is saying this and I add my voice to the crowd. It was kinda fun.

"How many of you know what a foot-fuck is?" asks Danger.

I raise my hand, and then tell her it is when you fuck a girl with your twelve-inch pecker. She just looks at me, confused.

"A foot-fuck," she says, "is this."

She takes off a sock and shoe from Mykel.

"You have a small foot," she says. We all laugh.

Danger then puts two condoms on his foot, and inserts the whole thing into her vagina. Mykel puts his head back in sheer ecstasy. Evan asks him how it feels, and he says, "good."

***

Next, Danger throws the cape over her and Mykel, and says she is gonna give him a blow job. We all can't believe what we are witnessing. Her head starts bobbing up and down, and we hear Mykel groan. It figures Mykel would get head in front of everyone. He's that kinda guy.

Suddenly Danger throws off the cape and we see Mykel laying there, with his giant penis, erect, standing straight in the air. It takes us all a few moments to realize that we are not looking at Mykel's dick, but a dildo. We all laugh, as does Danger. Then start the "Bad bad boy, nasty nasty boy" chant again.

"How many of you have played pussy baseball?" asks Danger.

We all look at her puzzled. What the hell is she talking about?

Out of her duffel bag, Danger withdraws a baseball bat. She gives it to Marc.

"Come on Groomie," she says, "you can play some pussy baseball!"

Marc drops the bat on the floor, and warns all his friends not to take any pictures of him even near her.

"Well," says Danger, looking at Mykel, "you gonna do it?"

We all start chanting for a DH, and Scot, my ex-singer from Iron Prostate picks up the bat.

Danger explains to Scot that he is to kneel five feet in front of her, and that she'll be the pitcher, from up on the chair she was crouched on, and he'll bat.

Scot stands up, kind of drops the bat and grabs her breasts. Then asks for a cigarette.

Danger pushes him away, and again explains for him to kneel on the floor. He again grabs her breasts and asks for a cigarette. We all boo, and say we wanted a DH—a Designated Hitter. Not a Drunken Hitter.

Scot continues to paw at Danger, and finally I grab the bat away from him, and volunteer to be the DH. I was never really good at baseball in school, but I figured now was a chance to redeem myself. Playing pussy baseball, whatever the hell that was.

"Kneel down there, blondie," Danger says to me and my hair. I do so.

"Now get ready to swing. Remember, three strikes and you're out!"

I took the bat and banged it on the floor several times. Like I see the pros do on TV. I wanted to be like them. At that second, I wished I had some chewing tobacco.

"Get ready blondie," Danger said to me as she started to grind her hips around and around. I stared at her, and her pussy, wondering where the "baseball" was.

Suddenly she threw her hips forward, and this red thing comes shooting out of her vagina, making a "fwwoooppp" sound. I swing at it and miss. It lands on the floor next to me. It is a tomato. This woman was shooting whole tomatoes from her vagina. Pussy baseball alright.

"Ready for strike two?" asked Danger. Pitcher for the other team?

I tapped my bat on the ground, spit up some phlegm, due to my lack of Skoll, and nodded to her. She took a tomato from her bag, covered it in this lube stuff she had in a bottle that she also used for Mykel's foot, and a dildo she had Mykel stick up her ass earlier. Then she put the tomato up her pussy.

Around and around and around her hips went. I watched her vagina intensely, waiting for that pitch. Waiting for my chance to knock the ball out of the park, and hit a homer for that poor kid who was in the hospital, dying. Damn it, this homer was for him.

Danger thrust her hips forward, and out shot the tomato. Low and to the left. I didn't swing. Ball one.

Again Danger covered another tomato with lube, and inserted it. Again I got ready to hit that ball out of the park. As Danger grinded her hips, everyone started to chant, "George, George, George, George!"

Danger's hips went forward and out shot the tomato. A perfect pitch. Suddenly everything went into slow motion. I swung the bat, and it connected squarely with the tomato. It kind of made a squishing sound. I could hear everyone chanting as I followed through with the swing, and watched the tomato sail above Danger's head, barely clipping it, and fly out of the park. Or at least across the living room.

It was then I heard the theme song from *Chariots of Fire*. I stood up, baseball bat held above my head, and screamed. Then I ran around the carpet, being sure to touch all the bases, the whole time with the bat in my hands and a smile on my face. I had done it. Hit a homer. I gave that dying kid in the hospital his final wish. George Tabb, pussy baseball champ!

When I tagged home base, which was about twenty-four inches from third, everyone slapped my hand and chanted my name. We all threw our hands in the air in victory, and everyone gave me a round of applause. Even Danger. She ruled.

Next up was Evan, who, on the second pitch, hit a line drive to her crotch. It made a loud sound and I could tell it must have hurt. We decided it was a ground rule double.

Carlos was last to bat. On his first swing he popped out. Mykel actually caught the tomato. He actually touched it. It figured.

Finally, for the end of her act, Danger took a bottle of beer and uncapped it.

"How many of you know what a dush is?" she asked us.

We all looked at her. Stupidly. We were ball players. Not English majors.

"A dush is how I clean my pussy," said Danger.

"Oh, douche," I said. I had seen enough Summer's Eve commercials.

"Douche, dush, whatever. I'm gonna clean my pussy with beer," explained Danger.

She then instructed Carlos, the best man, and Mykel, the stand in "groomie" to take off their shirts. Stupidly they did.

Danger then inserted the full bottle of beer into her crotch, and emptied most of it.

Mykel and Carlos kneeled before her. Shirtless. And clueless.

She then told them this was the grand finale. And it certainly was. Like that thing at that park where Yogi Bear lives, she shot this geyser of beer out of her vagina, and all over Carlos and Mykel. They got soaked. With pussy beer.

Danger stood up, bowed, and we all clapped wildly. As she was getting dressed, we all shook her hand and told her what a great show she put on. She told me I was a great "pussy baseball hitter." I felt all warm and gushy and stuff inside.

***

Later, as we were preparing to make our way back to the city, Evan asked Mykel where he got the bottle of beer Mykel was drinking from. Mykel explained he had found it on the counter and it didn't taste too good, but that it was beer. Evan then told Mykel that that was the beer Danger had used for the "dush." Mykel shrugged his shoulders and kept drinking it. He didn't seem to care. Evan went on to explain that the beer was non-alcoholic, probably used to avoid yeast infections. Mykel spit out the beer and yelled, "no wonder this stuff taste horrible." Punk Rock.

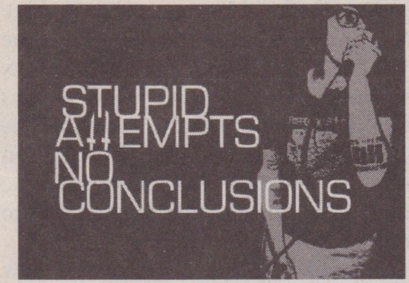
Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. My pal Vlad put out a new Halloween Comp called *All Hallows Eve* on Penny For The Guy and Beer Vampire records. It's awesome. How can you not like "Sea Monster's," "Living Inside My Head," "Box Of Crayon's" or "Be Careful What You Drink?" This record is pure punk rock fun! Yay!

2. Got lots of cool video games. *Brothers in Arms: Hell's Highway* from Ubisoft is a good WWII shooter with a deep story and a great history lesson about how we can develop friends in the worst of times—and how fuckin' Nazis suck. *Lego Batman* from TS for the DS, XBOX360, etc. rocks. We all loved Legos as kids. At least, most of us did. Because we could make things, then smash them. This game *is* that! You play as Lego Batman or Lego Robin, and *smash* other Lego creatures. No blood, lots of action, and honestly, more fun than anyone would expect. Brings back in the kid in you. I love this shit. *Mercs 2* from EA is a game where you can play a punk rocker complete with mohawk, and you run around South America fucking everyone over for money. It really is a great lesson in geography, but better, a lesson in American greed. The Oil Companies in the game are evil and hire Blackwater type groups to guard their "resources." You get to kill them and fight on the side of the VZ. The side of the people that is. Or you can be bad—your choice. But the game is a real eye opener about how we treat other countries and are seen by them. I'm tellin' ya, there are a lot of political and human lessons in these games that other mass media will not tell you. Also I got *NHL Hockey '09* from EA for all systems. Good solid "good day, eh, want a beer ya hoser" game. Better than the others with the new system for making slapshots. I'm not a huge hockey fan—but I'm liking it more with this game. The new *Sims Pet* game for the DS is cute, like the new *Viva Pinata* for the DS. Kids will love taking care of "animals." Personally, I tried playing it and my dog sat on the game system, jealous because I was making sounds about how cute *other* animals were. Doh! Then there's the new Sponge *Bob* game and the new *Line Rider* game for the DS. It lets you draw lines and figures that come to life. Great for kids to jumpstart their creativity. Let's face it folks, video games are now more than just *Pac Man*. They are becoming a part of our everyday life. Even Scholastic—the book company—is making a line of games to teach kids. I, for one, am happy about this. Like I've said, I know plenty of punk rockers who now work in the video game field and get to be creative, explore new forms or art, make bad jokes, and really teach others the rights

and wrongs of humanity. And isn't that what it's all about in the end, anyway?



I'm in Amsterdam, right? It's pretty embarrassing. I am on tour but it's a day off. We're not playing here or anything, so that's extra embarrassing. But I swear I didn't choose this; our non-stoner French tourmates arranged our itinerary. I guess it's just a small beautiful city everyone wanted to hang out in. It is kind of beautiful, I mean, there're a lot of canals and ducks and shit.

I like weed and all and appreciate the convenience of this whole "coffee shop" thing, but at the same time, I'm not that into being in a place populated mainly by 18-year-olds who are getting silently all high as humanely possible while watching MTV. I lived in a place like that once. It was called high school.

I guess this is a tour diary, which is conflicting. On one hand, I want to write about it, because touring is what I do more than anything right now—I'm at that punk age, you know?

Like when enough small groups of people in other cities will dish out some change in exchange for the fifteen-minute set by your somewhat okay-liked band to make these annual month-long things justifiable. Add that to knowing enough other people doing the same thing who have yet to grow sick of you and your habits and will therefore allow you tag along on their tours, making touring constantly available to you. Add that to being really impressed with the idea of touring as a kid, like it seemed like the coolest-fucking-thing-ever, so every tour you go on is ticking off this "childhood life goal" checklist in your heart.

Negate any ambition to have a relationship, job, or meaningful long-term personal project, and there you are, early 20s, give or take, always on the road. What else am I going to write about?

On the other hand, with tour diaries, it is fucking hard not to meander into "Touring is the best and I love being punk and it is so inspiring to do what I want all the time" territory (trite), or the *Get in the Van*-esque "Sometimes I don't know why they're here. Sometimes I don't know why I'm here," realm (annoying, and insulting to anyone involved in the tour, be it bandmates, bookers, or audience), or the usual "Here're some wacky anecdotes tacked onto a dry list of every city conquered" (boring, unless the reader is scanning for a call-out).

The band we are on tour with has a song called "Amsterdam." It goes "Ohhh, ohhh, Amsterdaaaam," and it's about being depressed in Amsterdam. They also have a song called "Toxic Touriste," which, in the non-French countries, is explained onstage in English. It's about people who travel to do drugs. Like, you know, American kids coming to Amsterdam to get high and safely relying on the fact that everyone speaks English, which, you know, they do. Despite this English-prominence thing, though, I'm having a lot of trouble trying to figure out what the fuck is going on most of the time.

Like I'm in this "coffee house," right? I'm already stoned, I'm just there to get an actual coffee but I don't think I want to stick around, especially since there's a mid-30s man in a full track suit close enough to me that our elbows are touching. He can speak English. He's gesturing over his own mouth. He's saying, "I like your piercings." I'm like, "Great, thanks." He says, "They are very nice. I bet you could do very…nice things with them." I'm like, frown.

"Hey," I address the man making my coffee. "Can I get this to go?" which is an embarrassing term to use, because I'm pretty sure it was invented by McDonalds.

He looks confused.

I point towards a paper cup on top of the till, one that's used being for tips.

He says something in Dutch. I look confused. The track suit man says, "He wants to know if you want sugar."

"Yeah, two, but…"

The coffee-making man drops two cubes into the shot, dumps in the milk, and pours the whole thing into a normal, non-disposable cup, I get worried and repeat myself, saying all extra clearly and loudly, "Can I have that in a paper cup?"

"Yes, yes, una momento, senorita," he answers, totally snarky. And I feel dumb, like another dumb customer making twangy English repeated demands. Like all, please understand me. If I talk louder, will you understand me?

He grabs the paper cup I've been pointing at, finds another receptacle for the coins inside, gives that shit a quick rinse, and pours my coffee in. I say "Merci," mistakenly (wrong country, fuck), and leave.

A few days later, I'm in the van. We're circling around Berlin, trying to leave it, right? The night before had been my first of a few where I tried to mingle with the locals while my tourmates choose sleep, so I could avoid looking like an idiot in front of my friends. So after our Berlin show (squat basement bar), the sort-of squat where we're staying is having a metal night (sort-of squat basement bar), and the guitarist from the grindcore band we played with is translating a joke about Helmut Kohl (German president) visiting a zoo. The punch line involves something about a mispronunciation of the word "dangerous," and when he finishes, I am at a complete fucking loss for words. The language barrier gapes awkwardly between us. It is like a fucking black hole of communication wherein every word spoken will be sucked in, and will never be interpreted in a way at all near to the speaker's intentions.

So I go sit with the promoter, this French kid who now lives in Berlin. Things aren't much better with him. Every sentence we exchange is like, "What? Sorry? Huh?" At one point, it is a literal five minutes to determine that he is talking about the band KYLESA, just because of the way he pronounced it; and then when this is established, all I can be like is "Oh. KYLESA. Two drummers, yeah, cool."

The only time dude uses enunciation I can comprehend is when he's singing along to NOFX, which happens around 7 a.m., immediately after which I nod out in his chair. We have to get up at ten, so this extremely strained social interaction seems like a weird choice in retrospect, and it's not even until the next morning, in the van, being lost, that I realize that every time I thought he was saying "Providence," he was actually saying " powerviolence." He was trying to figure out which of the five thousand CHUCK NORRIS bands I was touting with the patch on my hood, and I was like, "No, I don't think there's a CHUCK NORRIS in New Hampshire; I like the one from Vancouver." And he was saying, "No, powerviolence, powerviolence." and I was saying, "No, no. Canada."

And I really wanted to be like, "Isn't it weird how at least four bands with the same name were formed within a pretty small time frame? And how the one from Canada and the one from Brazil released their first 7"s within a month of each other and had a few really funny similarities common within the fastcore genre?" Like I want to talk about international trends in punk without the presence of one singular monopolized information source, but maybe I don't really have to say it; we're both 24 and know every single word to "Lori Myers."

And then Poland, fucking Poland—the surreality of it was obviously contributed to by this disorienting hangover I had. I don't usually get wasted. Like once a year, maybe, so when it happens, I feel pretty crazy and unfamiliar the next morning. But there was a band-gets-open-bar policy in Leipzig, and they were serving vegan white Russians, and there was an American who picked up on every subtle circa-'93 North American television allusion I made, so I was like "Oh my god, let's hang."

He tells me, "I love it here but no one understands me. They all think I'm a fucking nut job." And the night ends with me passing out in a hallway outside the bathrooms.

The next day we cross an invisible border, and I'm told I have to exchange my money into a currency of a worth I can no longer roughly convert back into Canadian dollars in my head. Our guitarist tries to enter a toilet room and gets yelled at by a small, round woman wearing a kerchief, pointing at a sign with new letters we can't pronounce. We have to drive thirteen hours on tiny winding roads, passing 90-year-old couples on horse-pulled buggies to get to our show somewhere really, really north, to a place called Olsztyn, which, when it comes out of my Anglo mouth, sounds similar to "Austin," which makes everyone laugh. Olsztyn, Texas.

Four days later, still in Poland, it's not any better. I'm in Krakow, going to see our friends GHOST MICE with our roadie on a day off. We are outside the show and some people of skinhead appearance approach and everyone's like, "Oh, fuck, here it comes," because you always hear stories of Poland being where Nazis will probably come to your show and start shit. And I hope GHOST MICE won't be offended by my saying that they are on the wimpier end of the punk spectrum, like, you know, they have that German member who plays children's toys in lieu of real instruments.

But it turns out the skinhead presence is the opening solo act and his friends. I watch him. The show is in a bar that is probably actually just a cave around which they built a building. The skinhead is playing an acoustic guitar with a thick chain rather than a strap, and his songs, which I obviously can't understand, are so riling the crowd is circle pitting. I am in Poland, watching people circle pit to an acoustic guitar. One especially enthusiastic kid crowd surfs the bag of concrete powder being used to keep the microphone stand upright. It falls, splits open. I think, "Why does it smell like a pool in here?" and then start choking and have to leave.

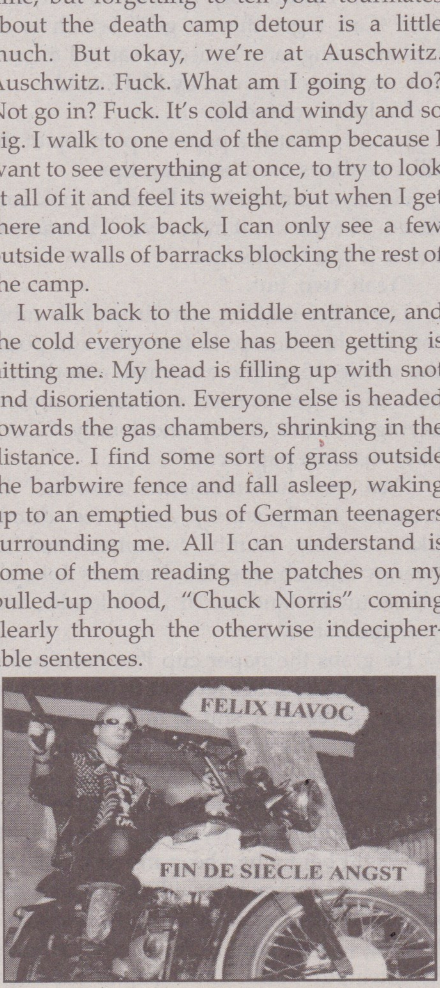
The next day, the van again, headed to the Czech Republic. I'm reading this Steve Martin autobiography about his stand-up career—a book someone else shoplifted from an airport gift shop. I'm at this part in the early days of his career, where, after learning in a college psychology class that conventional comedy is based around a raised tension that is released with a punch line, therein creating the laugh response, he decides to explore creating comedy devoid of traditional punch lines.

He wanted to see what would happen if he raised tension and never broke it, built it up to a climax only deliver an anticlimax. His theory was that the tension would have to be released via laughter sometime, but the audience would have to choose when to laugh rather than rely on cues, even if the choice was made out of desperation.

The van is pulling over, and I'm stoked because I think we're stopping for gas, which means a gas station store, and I've been really into Polish potato chips. They have delicious unconventional flavors there (usually vegetarian—I think), like these kebab & onion chips I had when I first arrived, and these delightful chicken, rosemary & blueberry chips I ate in Warsaw. And I've been meaning to try this wild mushroom & cream variety I've seen kicking around—maybe they'll have it at this store we're stopping at. I look up from my book and we're actually at Auschwitz.

I know that sometimes it feels overwhelming to have to translate things into languages everyone can understand all the time, but forgetting to tell your tourmates about the death camp detour is a little much. But okay, we're at Auschwitz. Auschwitz. Fuck. What am I going to do? Not go in? Fuck. It's cold and windy and so big. I walk to one end of the camp because I want to see everything at once, to try to look at all of it and feel its weight, but when I get there and look back, I can only see a few outside walls of barracks blocking the rest of the camp.

I walk back to the middle entrance, and the cold everyone else has been getting is hitting me. My head is filling up with snot and disorientation. Everyone else is headed towards the gas chambers, shrinking in the distance. I find some sort of grass outside the barbwire fence and fall asleep, waking up to an emptied bus of German teenagers surrounding me. All I can understand is some of them reading the patches on my pulled-up hood, "Chuck Norris" coming clearly through the otherwise indecipherable sentences.



I'm writing this the day after Election Day, so I'd like to say just a few words about politics before we move on to hardcore. Bring Down the Hammer played here recently, and Chad made many of the same points I did in a column a few months ago. Social change in this county has always come from the bottom in this country. Like the New Deal—forced on FDR by an empowered working class electorate who demanded the reforms that pushed him to the left.

I can only hope that under the new administration a recently empowered and enfranchised electorate pushes again for real social change, and enough progress is made to shut down the inevitable right wing backlash. I've gone on record in the pages of this magazine saying voting was a waste and that the status quo always wins. I still feel that there will be no real change through the current system, and its overthrow would be the most progressive step possible. However, given that such an overthrow seems remote from this vantage point, making social change at the local level and pushing from the bottom up is the best we can hope for.

There has been a lot of turmoil in the world of punk record labels and distribution. I've covered it in this column, giving rise to the "wall street journal of punk" vibe from much of my writing over the last few years. Well, take or leave it, I'm going to continue to write about this kind of thing because not too many other people are.

Since my last column on the topic, Profane Existence records, as well as Sound Idea store, label and distribution have all closed. Every distributor and store I talk to has seen a radical drop in sales—even below the already steep declines of the last few years. I've discussed at length many of the trends that are at work, but I'm ready to sound the alarm now and say that the bottom is rapidly falling out of DIY hardcore distribution as we know it.

There are tough times ahead, and a lot more labels and distros are going to pack it in. While some may argue this is a long overdue correction, I don't think the process of selection is going to be very fair. A lot of people (like Bob Suren of Sound Idea) who emerged in the '80s had a very strong DIY ethic. Indeed, one of the main reasons Bob had to close was that he refused to compromise many of his positions in an increasingly commercialized and unethical punk marketplace.

I would warn people to be alert for shenanigans as the "bottom of the top" gets closer to the "top of the bottom," to use music industry terms. That is to say, in a world where cash flow is increasingly nonexistent, bands and labels with little adherence to any artistic ethics might find it quite easy to take funding from major labels or beer or cigarette companies to get a leg up on the failing competition. Likewise, labels with crassly commercial "business plans" may prosper while either young start-ups or established DIY labels are going down the tubes.

Some bands have gained popularity far out of league to their merit from having a rich kid in the band or being picked up by a label with deep pockets that can afford to bankroll tours and records. I'm not trying to allege that such practices are widespread, just that people should be critical, because things are changing fast and a lot of the people who have held the line on '80s DIY ethics are about to hit a midlife crisis. I for one am going to fight it to the end; I refuse to allow the music I love to degenerate into a marketing vehicle for PBR and Fox/Myspace.

Because a lot of people have asked and rumors have been circulating, I'd like to waste a few inches of column space talking about what's going on with my label Havoc Records. Many rumors have gotten back to me that I'm closing the label, quitting, etc. This is not true. I have cut back quite a bit and just put out my first new releases in over a year. I have been very busy with projects outside of punk and decided to put the label into low gear as far as new releases go.

The label started in the early '90s as a vehicle to promote a new crop of bands that was starting in that exciting time. It evolved over the years with a second mission of promoting Scandinavian bands in the US. For a few years, from 2001 to 2005, I put everything I had into the label, and tried to really build up a DIY hardcore alternative to some of the bigger more commercial labels.

This strategy ultimately met with some mixed results and hard compromises. Just as I was about to try to expand and take things to another level, I had huge reservations and went the other direction instead. I just decided that I was not going to be willing to make the compromises necessary to keep up a large label in the current environment. Concurrently, most of the bands I've worked with have broken up or are inactive, and rather than keep building things up I decided to shift to a slower pace.

For the first nine years of the label I only did one or two 7" releases a year and ran a distro. That was good enough then, and it's good enough for me now. I'm still really into running a label and distro and get excited as a kid on Christmas when parcels of new records show up from Sweden or Finland.

I'm in for the long haul, I just won't be doing a lot the tour booking and putting out a lot of records like I was in the early '00s.

RALL DEAL

The accused terrorist appeared before the military tribunal, charged with conspiracy in a plot against national security. Because state secrets were involved and because harsh interrogation techniques were used to extract information, the defendant was deprived of a look at the evidence. Also denied were the defendant's traditional right to a lawyer, to face accusers, even to see the judges—they wore hoods.

No, this wasn't at Gitmo. This "court" met in the military dictatorship of Peru. And the defendant wasn't an Afghan or Arab turned over to US troops by a warlord out for the $10,000 bounty. She was Lori Berenson, a 31-year-old American citizen accused of aiding the Túpac Amaru Revolutionary Movement, members of whom she'd befriended.

The Washington Post and *New York Times* condemned Berenson's 1996 trial, calling the tribunal and the brutal circumstances of her detention a mockery of justice. In the US, most American liberals agreed.

Now President-Elect Barack Obama—a self-identified liberal Democrat who campaigned as a champion of human rights—wants to use the same kind of kangaroo court to try victims of the notorious Guantánamo torture camp.

Obama's advisers confirm that the incoming president wants to close Gitmo. It's long overdue. But they deny that they've made a final decision about what to do with the detainees. (There's no word about the secret prisons, Navy prison ships or CIA black sites where thousands of Muslim men kidnapped by the US have been "disappeared.") However, there's troubling evidence that Obama is reneging on his promise to do the right thing by the long-suffering detainees.

Insiders say that Obama is leaning toward the creation of "national security courts"—secret military tribunals where detainees would be tried without basic due process rights. They wouldn't get the right to review evidence against them, cross-examine prosecution witnesses, or—obviously, at this point—a speedy trial. Moreover, Obama hasn't ruled out subjecting future detainees to "preventive detention"—i.e., holding them without charges, like Bush.

"The legal team advising Mr. Obama on Guantánamo believes that prosecuting the 'high value' terror suspects such as [Khalid Sheikh] Mohammed—a group of about 30—will require the creation of a court designed to handle highly sensitive intelligence material, a cross between a military tribunal and a federal court," reports *The Times of London*.

"What a national security court is designed for is to hide the use of torture and allow the consideration of evidence that is not reliable," says J. Wells Dixon of the Center for Constitutional Rights, which represents some of the detainees.

Of the 255 prisoners, about 60 have been cleared for release but remain at the base because their home countries, including China, view them as political enemies and might execute them. Of the remaining 195, the Pentagon admits that there's no evidence whatsoever against 135. Obama's team doesn't know what to do about these 195 *misérables*.

That leaves 80 men, including the 30 "stars" like KSM, the alleged 9/11-mastermind. "If Obama wanted to move as swiftly as possible to close Guantánamo," reports *Time* magazine, "the strongest step he could take as president would be to simply shutter the camp by executive order and transfer all of the detainees to prison sites inside the US. At that point, in theory, the detainees would face four possible fates: being charged with offenses that could be tried in federal courts; court-marshaled according to the Uniform Code of Military Justice; turned over to the governments of their native countries; or simply released."

Courts-marshal of the detainees, who were dumped in Gitmo's supposed legal limbo specifically in order to deny them POW status and Geneva Conventions rights, would be bizarre. As discussed above, many can't go home. Moreover, most, if not all, of the high-profile detainees were tortured—a fact that would almost certainly destroy any chance of obtaining a conviction in a fair trial.

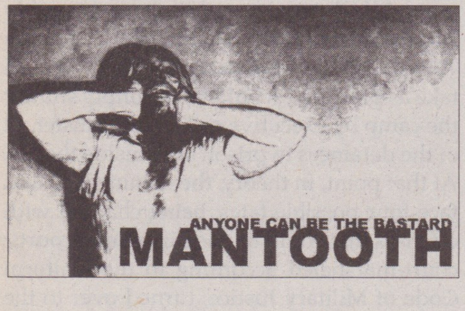
You can't hold a fair trial after holding a suspect for years while depriving them of access to a lawyer, family visits, or the ability to prepare for trial. The Founding Fathers understood this fact, which is why they ratified the Sixth Amendment to the US Constitution. "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial," reads the Sixth. A secret "national security court" held six years after "arrest" doesn't come anywhere close to satisfying this requirement.

Municipalities' interpretation of the Sixth Amendment varies. In New York City, cops have to bring you before a judge for arraignment within 24 hours of your arrest, or let you go. Other places allow a few days. Six years? Not even in Texas.

There's only one valid legal and moral option for rectifying the human rights nightmare at Guantánamo. On January 20, President Obama should fly to Gitmo, address its inmates and personally apologize to each one for the abuses and indignities they have suffered, and which have brought shame and contempt upon the United States.

The detainees should be set free. They should be paid enough money that they should never want for anything again, then offered the right to fly home or, if they prefer, anywhere in the US. Finally, Obama should walk out the camp's main entrance to Palma Point, where he should sign over control of the base to Cuban President Raoul Castro.

(Ted Rall is the author of the book *Silk Road to Ruin: Is Central Asia the New Middle East?*, an in-depth prose and graphic novel analysis of America's next big foreign policy challenge.)


ANYONE CAN BE THE BASTARD
MANTOOTH

DRILL

I worked at a machine shop when I was 16 years old doing odd jobs—scraping lead paint off machines, repainting these machines, dismantling them, and putting their remnants into a dumpster. I worked with a revolving group of teenagers whose collective interest was mainly trying to get high off paint thinner fumes. We all worked there because our dads were machinists who thought their boys were in danger of becoming shiftless summer bums.

The success rate of turning us into hard working Americans is questionable, as I spent most of my time there sleeping in bathroom stalls. A few of my co-workers did the same trying to come down off the buzz from the paint thinner.

From the outside the shop looked like your typical monolithic warehouse, nestled deep inside the endless bowels of an industrial park. Inside, the smell of burning metal stung where your nasal cavity meets your throat, somehow poisoning your saliva with the sour taste of metal. The ceiling was colonized by endless rows of malfunctioning fluorescent lighting that threw flickering shadows of oily lathes, presses, and the men that operated them for 25-plus years.

These were not blue-collar somnambulists; happy to have and do the job until death do they part. During lunch breaks, I would glance around and notice that there was usually at least one person sobbing into their tuna sandwich. These men did not keep their unhappiness a secret, and they seemingly anchored their misery on anything within swiping distance—most notably me and the other teenage summer implants.

While we worked, they would occasionally pelt the backs of our heads with heated scraps of metal. They would fall down the backs of our shirts. Trying not to scream, you'd dance wildly, trying to dislodge the burning shrapnel from the inside of your shirt.

The only time they spoke to any of us was to simply shout pussy as many times as possible.

"You eat pussy, son?" they'd ask.

"Yeah, uh, of course."

"Well quit hoggin' it—your dad married it after all!"

Even the slower boys saw the punch line coming. Everyone would laugh, even our dads. Their jowls would shake and their hysterics would eventually break into violent fits of coughing.

I guess one of the kids, Todd, had been waiting for one of these coughing fits for the set up for one of his own jokes.

"You been suckin' your wife's dick too much, eh?"

The coughing stopped immediately. The man he had directed this to, Jim Strickland, simply stared at Todd across the break room for what seemed like the duration of lunch. Jim was terribly obese and his eyes looked like black buttons sunk deeply into his fat head. He stared at Todd like nothing at all had been said, his windpipe audibly struggling to overcome the mucus building up in his throat.

The lights buzzed. The bell rang, signaling the end of lunch. No one moved. It was like we were all waiting for Jim to say we could. He stood up and pointed at Todd, who was now staring down at his uneaten egg salad sandwich.

"Your mother is a fucking pig," he said.

It seems kind of anti-climatic in type, sure. It was like he started the statement without any clear idea as to where he was going with it, but by the end an idea struck him that made his lips curl up at the ends like earthworms.

No one spoke to Todd for weeks following the incident. Not even his own father would talk with him at work. But after a while, it seemed for a while that nothing else would come of it. We assumed Jim felt vindicated and we could all go on with our lives huffing paint thinner and passing out in the bathroom.

It was late August when Jim called us all over to his drill press. We filled in a half circle around him and he waited until we were all accounted for before he called Todd to the front of the group.

"Boys," he said, "I want to thank you all for being such good sports all summer."

No one said anything. Some of us smiled and glanced at our shuffling feet.

"We gave y'all a lot of shit and y'all took it like men."

He paused and put his arm around Todd.

"Except Todd."

Jim paused again and licked his lips. We all stared at Todd like he was drowning and none of us knew how to swim.

"As we all know, Todd's mother is a fucking pig—"

"Just stop," Todd muttered, but Jim kept going.

"And I'd be a terrible role model if I didn't teach you boys something about how to fuck a pig."

Jim pushed through us and walked out of the building through the front door. When he returned he was carrying a squealing pig by its hind legs. He pushed through us again and laid the pig across the drill press. As I heard the drill begin to spin I turned away and began to run towards the door.

I heard the drill and only the drill. I didn't hear anything spill or splatter. The smell of burning metal still burned the back of my nose and left that metallic flavor in my mouth. For the first time all summer, I could not hear the dull drone of the florescent lights. Only the drill.

Världskrig
Nick Mangel

I have always had some degree of interest in film. I think what first inspired me, to be honest, was the Misfits. I was and still am a huge Misfits fan. When I first discovered them at the tender age of 12, I began to realize some of their songs were titles of horror movies (and some non-horror movies). So of course, like any budding horror punk, I sought out some of these movies.

This also happened to be the heyday of VHS "Ma & Pa" rental stores where there were tons of weird movies out there on tape—probably even more than are currently out on DVD right now, although hopefully that will change! *Night of the Living Dead, Monster From Green Hell, Horror Hotel, Braineaters*, etc., all classic horror films which I suppose I can thank Danzig for turning me onto, oddly enough. Shit I even did fanzines dedicated to horror movies and punk rock.

Over the years I have gone through periods of being intensely into horror, exploitation, splatter, and genre films. I am presently very into zombie films, and have been pretty happy to see how big they have become. Although there are quite a number of crappy grade Z zombie films being made, movies like *28 Days Later, Land of the Dead, Fido, Dawn of the Dead remake, Diary of the Dead, Resident Evil, Undead*, and many others are really brilliant films.

There is something about a good apocalyptic zombie film that just cannot be beaten. I actually liked *Diary of the Dead* a bit more than *Land of the Dead,* because I felt it has more realism and I appreciated the filming technique a little more. It's less polished.

I've also been into post-apocalyptic movies. Lately this genre has gotten a little more attention as being a legitimate subgenre. One good movie is *Threads,* a film about a post-nuclear war UK, which is thoroughly depressing but also realistic. *Omega Man* will probably always be one of my favorites of this style. *I Am Legend* was pretty good, but it just can't hold a candle to this one.

Def Con Four is an '80s post-apoc movie that is also thoroughly downbeat but quite engaging. It's about astronauts who work at a station in space that is loaded with nuclear weapons. A nuclear war takes place and they launch their payload and watch the world kill itself. After a while they run out of supplies and the station falls to earth. They find that society has crumbled into complete paranoia and barbarism. There are some typical '80s post-apoc stereotypes—like that cannibals overrun the earth—which seems to be a pretty big concern in a post-nuclear war environment.

Also of the post-apoc variety is a newer film called *Tooth and Nail.* It's part of a horror series, and has Robert Caradine in it. Yes. *Revenge of the Nerds'* Robert Caradine! If that doesn't convince you, nothing will. It's one of the only post-apoc movies made recently with a cannibalism theme. The economy has collapsed, and people die off for one reason—we ran out of oil. Those left are part of one of two factions: peace-loving vegetarian survivors, or psychotic cannibals lead by a somewhat lethargic Michael Madsen. Yikes. The movie is quite well made and is very atmospheric with its abandoned buildings and desolate cities.

There are a lot of movies now based on comic books, since studios have apparently given up trying to write anything original themselves. And I don't mean just *Batman, Spiderman,* or the *Hulk.* I was greatly amused by a horror comic called *Trailer Park of Terror* that came out a couple years ago. Well now there is a quite well done horror movie made based on it! It is a frightening tale of rednecks, trailer parks, and guitar playing zombies. I mean, it just can't be described.

The Weather Underground is a brilliant documentary about the revolutionary organization of the same name. We are all probably familiar with the name by now, after news reports that Obama "palled around" with Weatherman Bill Ayers, according to Guv. Palin.

The Weathermen have always been in my consciousness, because I grew up in Chicago, their main home base, and because my dad knew several of them through the anti-war movement and being a member of Students for a Democratic Society, which the Weathermen split off from. I remember my dad telling me about these people who showed up to protests with football helmets and crowbars looking to fight the police.

The documentary tells the story of the movement through the eyes of Underground members: their motivations at the time, their feelings looking back, and the mistakes they made. You may not come out liking them, but you'll certainly understand where they are coming from. It's also worthwhile because it interviews a few FBI guys who basically explain that they broke every single law this country has in trying to catch the Weathermen, which is why few of them ever spent a day in prison. It is called COINTELPRO, man.

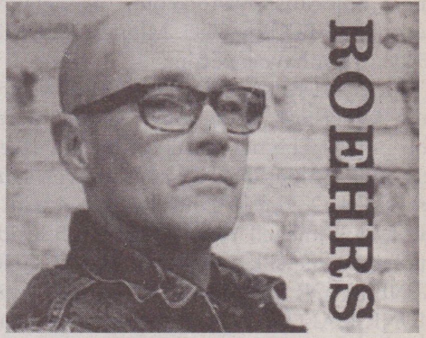
The History Channel. I am going to consider this as falling under the rubric of "film." I love this stuff. A lot of people think it is just stuff about the civil war and Nazis, but there is more to it than that! I love history and hate watching fluff TV like sitcoms, so THC (yes that's the abbreviation, you stoners) is ideal for me. You can call me a dork, but I love watching shit like *Modern Marvels:* "Chewing Gum," or whatever.

Also of note here is that as of typing this, last night Obama became the president elect. I don't know entirely what all this means, but it is exciting there will be a change from the last eight horrible years. He's inspired a lot of people, and I do think that when there are big problems like the economy and so forth, there is the possibility for making big changes.

Just look at the Great Depression and the New Deal. That was a move towards socialism and that is a good thing. I'm especially excited about the possibility of health care reform. I hope we can make another move towards being a country that takes care of its people and steps away from this cutthroat militarist capitalism we've been seeing. We'll see what happens though.

Well that is it for me this time.

Nick Daniels, PO BOX 18884, Oakland, CA 94619 / nickmangel@gmail.com



SHOOT TO KILL

Fuck! VIOLENT ARREST from England has a storming new double EP package available for you fucks! The new project is called *Criminal Record* and is co-produced by Grave Mistake Records in alliance with No Way Records. This thrash masterpiece is rife with hardcore riffs and mind-numbing hardcore puncture wounds! On record one (sides A and B) VIOLENT ARREST plow through "V.A.," "In Ruins," "Halt," "Bigot," "Shit For Brains," and "Suicide Squad." Record two (sides C and D) features "Barren," "Liars," "Retribution," "Youth Violence," "Cheat," and "Riot." This thrash is relentless hardcore with a direct connection to the days of yore—some members of this band's history with HERESY are legendary! This hardcore qualifies as "take no prisoners equals show no quarter" death-thrash! These seasoned veterans create more discomfort in two minutes than most young bands pull off in eight years! Get this double EP from: Grave Mistake Records, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com.

Yes! PISSCHRIST from Australia has come to eviscerate you! These D-beat monsters have unleashed a ferocious new LP on Yellow Dog Records/Havoc Records!! The new PISSCHRIST record is entitled *Victims Of Faith* and this shit will tear you a new asshole! PISSCHRIST initiates the beating on side A with "Punk Is Love," "Destroy," "Rise Up," "Victims Of Faith," "Rip Off," "Bullshit Media," "Attack," "Never Ending Nightmare," and "Same Old Shit." Fuck yes! PISSCHRIST is one of the most powerful thrash bands on the entire planet. Anyone who has witnessed one of PISSCHRIST'S remarkable live shows (as we did at the Hazmat in Oakland) will attest to the visceral, gut-level power of these Australian punks! Side-B plows through material such as "Left For Dead," "Fatal Control," "Deportation," "Detention," "Shortsighted Youth," "Run For Your Life," and "All Out War." Fuck!! Fuck yes!! This is some of the most dangerous punk and thrash perpetuated on the youth of this planet! You must pursue this release!! Contact PISSCHRIST at: PO Box 242, Northcote 3070, Vic. Australia, dbeat_holocaust@yahoo.com *or* Havoc Records at: PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com.

Fuck yes! KING GENERATOR has some new hyper-fast, brute-tough hardcore for you punks! The new package on the excellent Tank Crimes label features a seven song one-sided 12" that is skillfully etched with a rabid wolf image!! You also get a CD inside the handsome silk-screened package. KING GENERATOR includes Dave (drums) from MUNICIPAL WASTE, Jamie (guitar) from THE PROCESS, and Mike (vocals and bass) from TOMBS. On the one-sided, etched twelve-inch you get six blistering songs that all clock in at under a minute a piece. The songs are "Broken Dreams," "The Death Machine," "These Days," "Out Of Time," "Plagues," and "Tell Me Why," and for the finale you get three minutes and fifteen seconds of "My One Regret." Fucking A! This hardcore will burn your goddamn ears off!

Take a deep breath you fucks!! Tank Crimes has dropped the punk rock atomic bomb on you fucking cretins! The new VITAMIN X record is a brutal thrash attack entitled "Full Scale Assault"! This relentless hardcore will find you punks cowering in the dank, fetid corners of your squalid apartment! The fast and furious manic thrash is withering! With guest singer in tow, VITAMIN X fries your brain on select tracks: "Better Get Away From Me," "You Suck," "Grim Reaper," "Take It Or Leave It," and "Head Full Of Demons" are just some of the examples. This record along with PISSCHRIST is the supreme thrash anthems in all of current rock 'n' roll !

The Rumblers Car Club of San Francisco put on a rock 'n' roll bash on October 11th at the Retox Bar on Third Street. The bands and the crowd made the "Seventh Annual Return Of The Living Sleds" an event to remember! The mighty HAMMERLOCK from Oakland, California opened the show at an early hour. Travis and Liza Kenney pummeled the early crowd with an amazing set of original country-powered confederacy of scum rock 'n' roll! Cheyanne held court outside entertaining all the punks, skinheads, and rednecks. Fuck yes! Long live HAMMERLOCK! For those in attendance, HAMMERLOCK treated the crowd to these new songs: "Later Than You Think," "My Baby Loves To Hate," and "Two Inch Hole In The Side Of Your Head" as well as the classics "Older And Meaner," "Quick Justice Cowboy," "Carried By Six," and "I Shot My Baby." Look for a new split 7" from HAMMERLOCK with Texas punk rockers HIT AND RUN to come out in the new year on Steel Cage Records.

Next up was Sammy and his new band THE DISCIPLES. After twenty years in the punk rock trenches with FANG and the RESISTALEROS, Sammy has one of the most respected resumés in Bay Area rock 'n' roll. THE DISCIPLES were kind enough to go on early and were an inspiration to all the bands forthcoming! The members of BONECRUSHER were up front paying rapt attention! Sammy has the stage presence and the punk rock chops to stun you fucks. This straight-ahead, raw power rock 'n' roll will make the small hairs on the back of your neck stand erect!! If you paid attention you would have heard some Cheetah Chrome/Stiv Bators DEAD BOYS influences!! You must observe this list of rock 'n' roll mayhem provided by THE DISCIPLES: "Disciples," "Buried," "Killing Spree," "Shoot To Kill," "Verbal Abuse," "Ghosts Of Revolution," "Blessed Are The Damned," "What Did You Get," and "Bring It On."

After THE DISCIPLES we were in for a special occasion—he second ever show, the Northern California debut show , of I-9. I-9 consists of Andrea Kanel (vocals), Mike Kanel (bass), George (from BONECRUSHER on guitar), and their stalwart companions. This female fronted Oi! band kicked a lot of skinhead butt! Read this set list: "Doomsday," "High Alert," "Live Itm" "Motherfuckin' Rock'n'Roll," "Crazy World," "Politics," "Who The Hell Are You?," "Situation," "Lessons The Hard Way," "Wake Up," and "Corporate Cowboy." Fuck yes!

After I-9, RIOT GUN treated us to a set from Orange County, California. These veteran punkers cranked out six or eight originals plus a couple of high-octane covers for the skins and punks. Read this set list from RIOT GUN: "Misinfo," "Reclaimed," "Nobody's Heroes" (STIFF LITTLE FINGERS), "Glory," "I Hate Rock'n'Roll," "You're Right," "Too Many Mofos," and "Where Eagles Dare" (MISFITS).

When we recovered from RIOT GUN shredded the fucking surface of the earth we got the infamous BONECRUSHER!! Mike, George, Noah, and company fucking devastate planet earth! These fuckers are getting more powerful with every passing day! It's incomprehensible that these long-time skinheads can rock with this much authority! Bands populated by twenty-two year old neo-phytes wish they could harness this kind of crazed rock-and-roll power!! These seasoned veterans crashed through a set list that left the skins and punks dripping wet and limp as a dishrag! BONECRUSHER obliterated the defenses with a set list from hell! Read the list of songs: "Don't Need You" (new song), "Rejected," "No Escape," "Price You Pay," "Animal," "Under Suspicion" (new song), "The Struggle," "Idiot," "Crime Wave" (from the first BONECRUSHER record!), "Hell," "The Fight," "Working For Nothing," "The Good Life," "Gotta Believe," "S.O.S.," "Sights On Today," and "Porn Star." Fucking A!! BONECRUSHER is poised to release a new full-length LP with Mosh from Knockout Records in Germany as well as a new EP on Longshot Music from San Francisco soon.

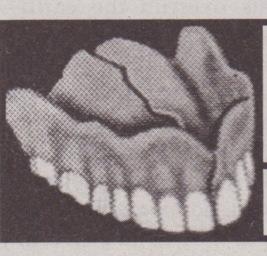
After BONECRUSHER we had WARDOGS with ex-members of the LUCKY STIFFS.

Next up was the Bay Area's skinhead treasure NUTS'N'BOLTS. These illustrious skins plowed through ten magnificent skinhead anthems including: "Cocadrie Catastrophe," "This Is Hell", "Beauty Sleep", "Young, Reckless, Irresponsible, Insane", "Better Days", "TheRapist," "Destiny," "Solitude & Corruption," and "Skinhead, Skinhead's What I Am." Look for a new NUTS'N'BOLTS 7" EP on Longshot Music in the new year. The new EP will contain the new tunes "TheRapist," "Baby I Hate You," "It's Up To You," plus one more. NUTS'N'BOLTS is prepared to fucking drop the hammer on you skins and punks! Look for this 7" in 2009!

The final skinhead triumph of the evening was RAT CITY RIOT with their brilliant set of working class skinhead ballads. These veterans can inspire an audience to thrash about with a few short blasts of working class music!

This show was a highly successful mixture of the most unsavory skinhead bands ever witnessed. Fucking brilliant!

Until next month, see you fucks at the bar!



NOTHING EVER LASTS

CISSIE

Free time seems like such a novel concept these days. I do have sporadic moments of free time, but I'm usually so burnt out that all I wanna do is stare at something. I grab my computer and stare, and it doesn't matter what I'm staring at, as long as my brain's not working. I can get caught up in YouTube for hours or looking up weird shit on

Wikipedia, and over the last few weeks I've found myself spending lots of time streaming *Arrested Development*, which is the probably funniest TV show ever.

Lately I've also been obsessed with David Attenborough's nature documentaries. David Attenborough is one of the most prolific nature documentarians and I'm sure he's old news to anyone that's a fan of nature shows, Animal Planet, and the like. I've recently become incredibly envious of his life—getting paid to travel and watch creatures that are rarely glimpsed by any human, who wouldn't want that existence? It all started when my friend Cat was visiting SF. While we were admiring the penguins in the science museum she suggested I watch *Planet Earth*. I'm not sure how I've avoided becoming familiar with Attenborough's name for this long. He's the master of capturing never-seen-before behavior on camera. I know I've seen his work before, but I never paid attention to his name.

Planet Earth is particularly awesome because it's filmed in HD and everything looks amazing. The footage of the polar bear attacking the elephant walruses is so sad. It's the rare occasion that I found myself rooting for the attacker. The bear was skinny and hungry, and it's such an intense and depressing sequence. Equally gruesome is the scene with a pack of lions attacking an elephant. It's so mind-blowing to watch six giant cats take down an elephant that is much bigger than any one of them. I can watch footage of penguins all day long. Their upright waddle is endlessly entertaining to me, and the fact that they can survive outdoors during the Antarctic winter accelerates them to hero status. The chapter that focuses on the cicadas is pretty incredible, not to mention all the crazy caves with the mountains of roaches feeding on bat guano and the birds that make nests with their own saliva (only to have them torn down to be used in soup at local restaurants). Anyway, I plan to spend this winter locked in my room, balancing my laptop on my stomach, staring at footage in Attenborough written, produced, or narrated projects. I'm currently watching *The Life of Mammals*, and *Life in the Freezer*, *The Blue Planet*, *The Life of Birds*, *Life in the Undergrowth*, etc are all in my mental queue for the coming months.

***

Now it's time for a visit to the *MRR* hype machine, and this month's subject is Kriegshög, a band that's not a complete stranger to praise in these pages. Heartfirst Records has done the world a huge favor and reissued the Kriegshög *Hardcore Hell* EP. The reissue looks and sounds just as good as the first pressing, which was released earlier this year on Hardcore Survives, and to sweeten the deal the redux version includes an extra track. I can't stress the pummeling, mindblowing, frantic full-on assault of the songs on this record. If you're a fan of noisy Japanese hardcore then you've probably already been clued into this release, but honestly if you like hardcore that's fast, powerful, aggressive, and angry in the least, then you *must* track down this record. It's one of the most intense sounding pieces of music I've heard in a long time. These songs are perfectly executed and sequenced. Kriegshög plays the kind of music that's impossible to have on in the background because your senses will simply be overwhelmed. You can order copies directly from Heartfirst by emailing stuckinthe80s@heartfirst.com—hopefully Flo still has copies by the time folks read this, act fast!! Heartfirst also has a record by Ruidosa Inmundicia in the works, and Flo has discographies of Bannlyst and Svart Framtid planned for his sublabel, Norwegian Leather. I'm excited about all these things! Oh, and if anyone has extra copies of the Kriegshög / Deathtribe split 7" recently released on Hardcore Survives, I need one and so does the *Maximum Rocknroll* collection...

***

I'm listening the Mob (UK) demo and the earlier versions of these songs are so much rawer and eerier than the properly released versions, which says a lot because I've always found the Mob to be one of the darkest and most depressing bands. The hollowness of the recording on the demo only amplifies this aspect of the band. They're still my favorite from the UK anarcho punk era. I think a CD of all the demos and outtakes came out last year, but I don't really pay attention to CDs, so I'm not sure. At any rate, I definitely recommend that fans of the band track down these songs in their nascent demo form. The Mob is perfect fall/winter music, just like I can't avoid listening to the Wipers when it's raining, I always pull out my Samhain records in October, and the Buzzcocks sound the best in the spring and so does Rites of Spring. Now, I'm listening to the Fix and they sound good year-round.

***

Not much *Maximum* news to report this month. We're still working on the new website, which will hopefully launch by spring 2009 (no promises), and it will be more exciting than anyone can imagine, just wait. We're looking for folks to help transcribe record reviews for an archive that we plan to have available on the website. If you have older issues of *MRR* handy (before issue #211, after #70) and would like to help with this project, get in touch for info. Also, we need a new truck because we are currently hauling all of the subscriptions and ISAL to the post office in a regular car, which is dying. If you are looking to get rid of a truck in the greater Bay Area, then let us know ASAP. Finally, you will notice that the layout of the record reviews has changed—now the addresses are all listed at the end of the section instead of after each review. Change is good.

***

One more thing, we still want to run stories that people have relating to the classifieds. We've received a couple so far and would like to run a spread with all 'em next year, so get in touch soon if you have any sort of tale relating to the *Maximum Rocknroll* classifieds section.

***

R.I.P. Frank Navetta (Descendents), Jamie Ewing (Bent Outta Shape), and Studs Terkel.
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In "strictly business, business never personal, I'm housin' news," last month was the first month in which we completely sold out of the magazine. That's right, we have not a single copy of #307, AKA the December issue, left. We sold out on the day we got it, after shipping out all the subscriptions and distro orders. You can still get the issue from our distributors, (maybe try Last Gasp, or No Idea or if you do not live in the USA check out page 5, which lists all of our international distros) or from your local punk rock emporium (Vinyl Conflict, Extreme Noise to name a couple) or maybe try a newsstand near you. One of the reasons we are out of the issue is that a few larger scale distributors picked us up. So hopefully that will mean you can find the mag with ease at your local news mart.

In further *MRR*-related news we need scene reports. Write one! Right now!

***

Now! Onto the fascinating shit that I have to say this month. In a top ten format! Bear in mind all of this was written with the Cro-Mags "Show You No Mercy" going through my brain on repeat. I think I have had this song in my head for over a week at this point. I am not sure if it's a problem or what the cure is.

1. Right now I feel kind of *insane* as a result

of eating a slice of pie for lunch and then some magical bar/cookie thing that our new distro coordinator Diane made for an extra nutritional dinner. Seriously since she has gotten here she has made some delicious cookie related treat almost every day, so in honor of the continuation of this most excellent tradition I am saluting *Diane.* (Feel free to sing that Husker Du song, though I have a feeling she hates it as much as I hate the song written by my nemesis Eric "slow hands" Crap-tron that features my name. Can you imagine a lifetime of being sung to by kreepy old dudes; 'You got me on my knees Laylerrrrrrr'? I do not have to imagine this; I get to experience it on a frequency that would numb your brains.) Anyway, Diane gets the number one spot for being a rad human, making cookies, eating rice a roni, and riding SF hills on a track bike, but being nervous about driving our shitty Volvo over those said same hills. Plus she has broken the coordinator curse and actually goes to shows *all the time* and is already playing music with a bunch of people. The back cover of this magazine was art directed by our combined brains, natural disasters, punks, armageddon, apocalypse, doomtown...you know how we do.

2. My favorite record right now is the all California, all collected from cassette tape edition of *Killed By Death,* number 13 to be exact. It's all killer no filler, which for compilation LPs is a rare feat, and the variety of punk covered ranges from post-Adolescents-Agnew-brother-radness (Der Stab) to the drag queen punk act, the Wasp Women, the stars of *Whatever Happened to Susan Jane?* featured in this very issue. How good a name is that for a punk band by the way? The Wasp Women emerged from the famed Angels of Light drag troupe, which was itself a splinter group from the Cockettes. I believe a dispute started because the Cockettes wanted to start charging for their show and the Angels wanted it to be free. Anyway there's a pretty cool movie about the Cockettes you should check out for further investigative purposes. I guess in punk rock terms Tomata Du Plenty of the Screamers is the most renowned name associated with that whole scene, but if you investigate further you will uncover more secret histories. The Wasp Women song on the aforementioned compilation is entitled "Kill Me" and is a synth driven drama fest with a definite KBD feel (stating thee obvious but it's true...) apparently featuring a member of No Alternative in the backing band. I have heard rumors that we have a complete Wasp Women tape somewhere in the vaults here, but I have a feeling it's just a live recording from the movie. Other stand outs, for me at least, on this record are Castration Squad, a rad all girl band from LA that I guess at some point featured Alice Bag, Dinah Cancer from 45 Grave, Elissa from the Go-Gos, Phranc from Nervous Gender, and the woman who played Tanya Hearst in *Desperate Teenage Lovedolls.* And they only put out a tape??!! Huh? If anyone has a copy of this they would dub for me I would be super psyched. There's a bit about them with rad fliers and an amazing manifesto on Alice Bag's website (www.alicebag.com/castrationsquadhome) Also dug the Blowdriers and the Tanks, in terms of rad lady punk, but seriously folks all songs rule on this... My only question is why is it that the best California demo in the *MRR* tape box is not on this comp? It's by Juvinil Justice, who were featured in the first issue of *MRR*...Hmmm!

3. Sheer Smegma – Audio Suicide 7", AKA Teddy and the Frat Girls. This is the sound of total over the edge end times music, it's not no-wave, there are no "waves" on this motherfucker. I did a little internet research and discovered that this was a family affair—some of the lyrics were written by a 13-year-old boy and a 7-year-old girl for what was their mom's band. Apparently the rest of the line up consisted of a 16-year-old girl on vox, a 20-year-old former debutante along with the wife of someone from the Eat. They hailed from early-'80s Florida and on that note when you hear this you'll wanna cut your ears off and get a new pair or at least form a band. It's the sound of bats turning themselves inside out. Or something. It's obviously on another level to most music...

4. Seems Twice – Non-plussed 7". The Australian Urinals? It's easily as rad and as uncatagorizable, got the same knowing/innocent combination, that simple yet fucked up quality to the music. What do you say about what may be the most perfect 7" heard this year so far?? Unfortunately it's a two hundred dollar record. Someone needs to reissue this pronto.

5. Trying to play something from the *We Got Power* comp on the radio, and being told that the initial *MRR* review stated that this very act I was attempting was bound to be near impossible... 20 songs on each side! I wanted to play the Tar Babies but I think I played Mecht Mensch instead, shit happens yo.

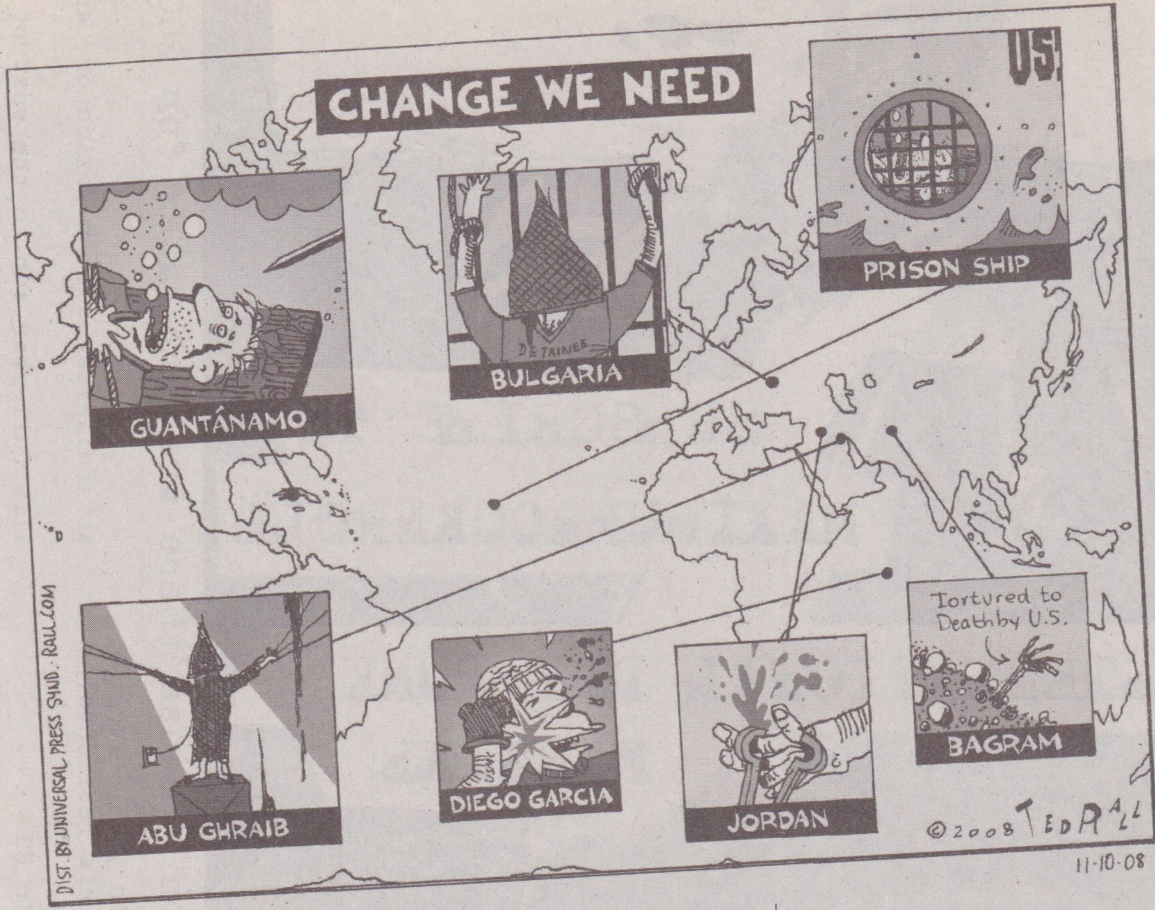
6. The Death LP is finally getting released! *And* we are setting up an interview with the band for *MRR*. A while back I was consumed by this song "Keep On Knocking" that I'd heard via one of those collector scum MP3 blog-type deals. It was by a mysterious African-American proto-punk band from Detroit circa '74. The music sounds like Detroit looks—crumbling factories, hard edged urban detritus—it totally captures a moment in time, a feeling, and it's fucking rad. It's not "punk" like a Ramones record is. It's punk like a more street version of the MC5, meaning it's genuinely exciting to listen to. I think proto punk as a phrase is thrown around a little too carelessly, used to describe music that is straight-up rock 'n' roll in some cases. But Death *is* punk sounding. It sounds like the music that would score a riot or a car chase. When you listen to it you feel like something is going on, if that makes sense. It's just got this rad, alive-yet-tense quality to it—total headphones music obviously.The rest of the LP is equally awesome, and I can't wait to see what the packaging is gonna look like and to talk to the band.

7. Putting together this issue has been pretty exhausting. I did a lot of the interviews, transcribed them, edited them, and laid 'em out too, alongside all the other shit that coordinating *MRR* entails. But I am pretty fuckin psyched on it. It's been super fun watching and rewatching all the classic and obscure punk movies mentioned within. We busted out a few soundtrack LPs and listened to many versions of "Richard's Hung Himself," ascertaining that the best version is on that Adolescents demos LP that came out a few years back. In more Agnew related ephemera, I am genuinely bummed that we do not have a copy of Rikk Agnew's solo LP, *All By Myself,* in the collection. I first got into this record whilst living in Orange County, looking after my sick Grandma just after I graduated from college. Moving from where I went to school, a small coastal college town in the UK to the OC, was kind of a brutal transition. Riding my bike 'round town whilst listening to "OC life is not the life for me / Stupid little chicks and egotistic boys..." definitely helped.

8. V/A – *Esta Sucia Cuidad* Tape (Cintes Podrides) When Invasion were in town (not playing shows unfortunately) we got given these tapes, and I just got 'round to listening to mine, which was clearly a stupid move because this shit *rules.* Seriously another case where there isn't a shitty band on the tape. So in short, Spanish punk is the best, Invasion made the LP of the year, so far, and there are a ton of bands on here that are so fucking good that need to put out records. Escroto De Rata rules, Residuos Electronicos make fucked up doom-time sounds, um shit, seriously this tape is just rad and you should form a million bands and make a tape comp to represent the scene in your town. The sound of the streets.

9. Total Noise Accord 7"

10. whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com or layla at maximumrocknroll.com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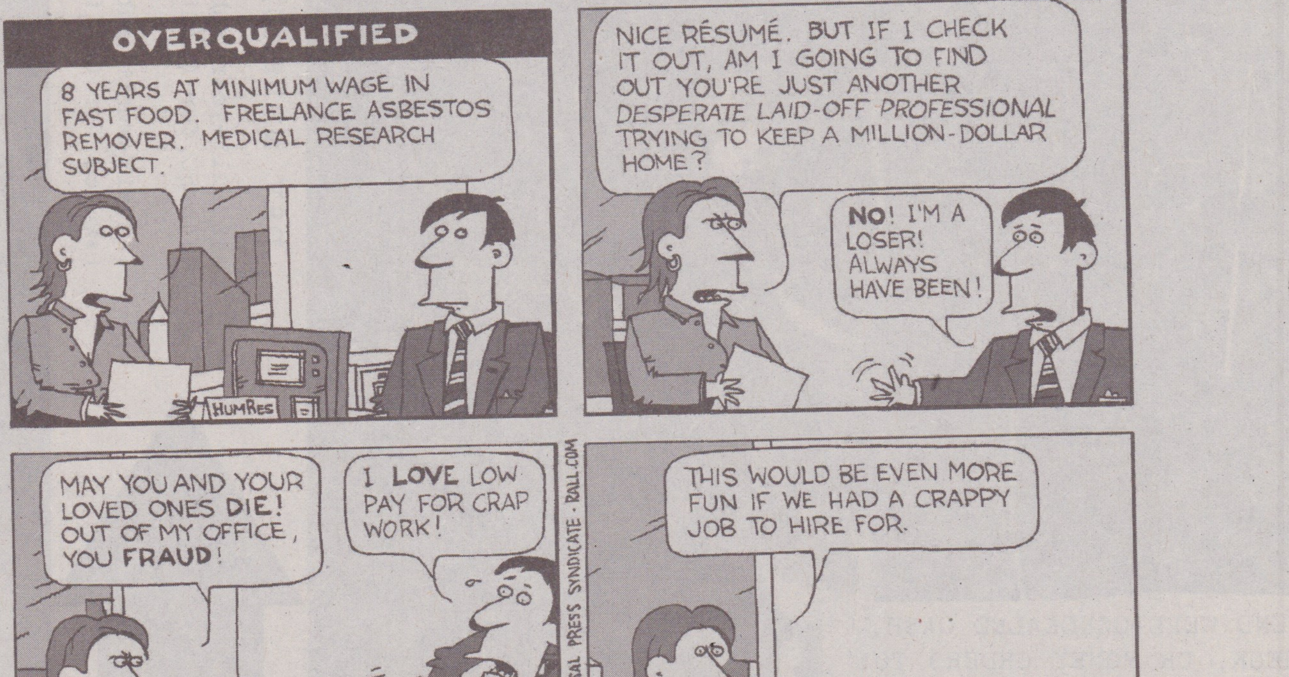
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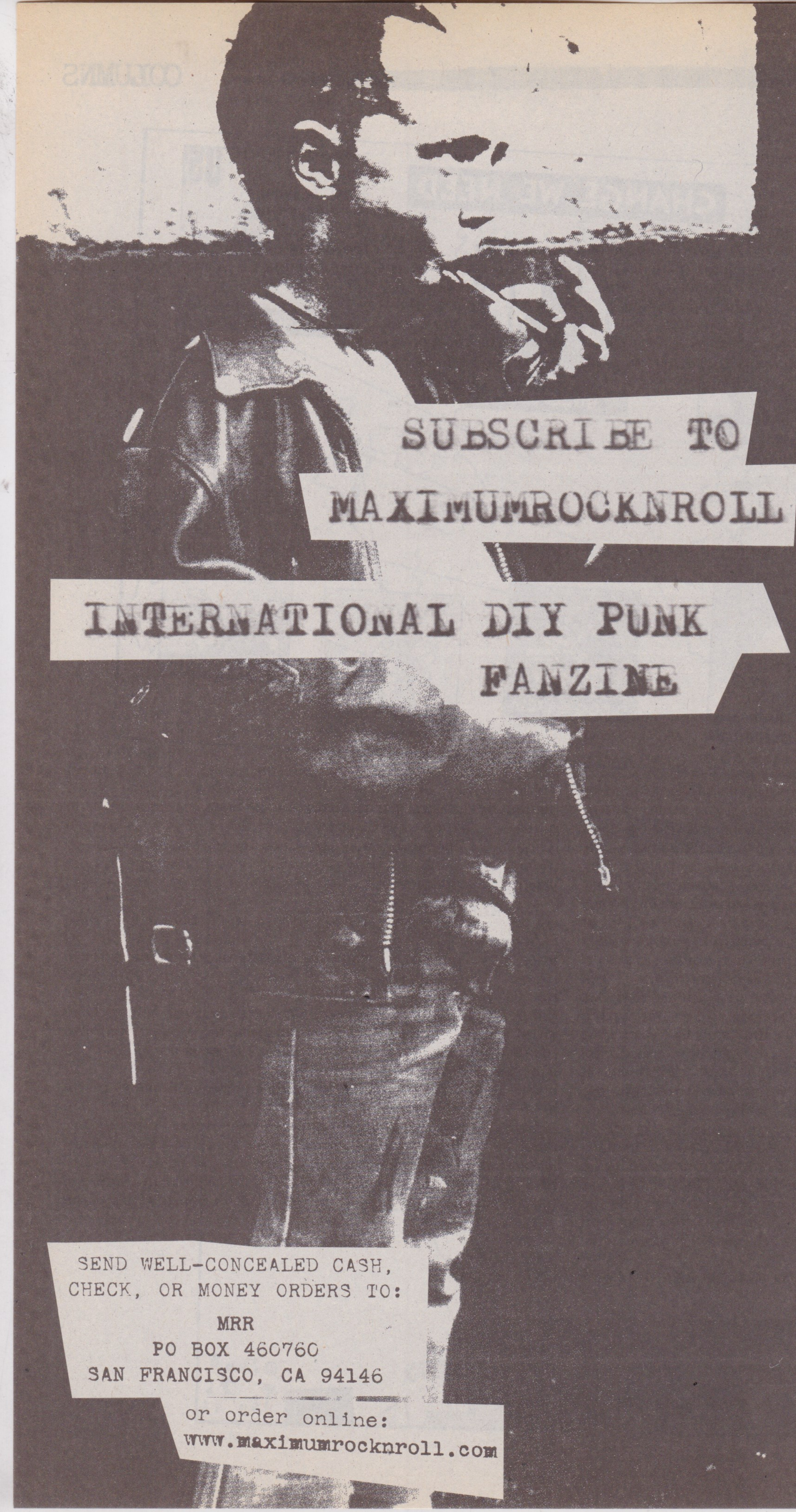

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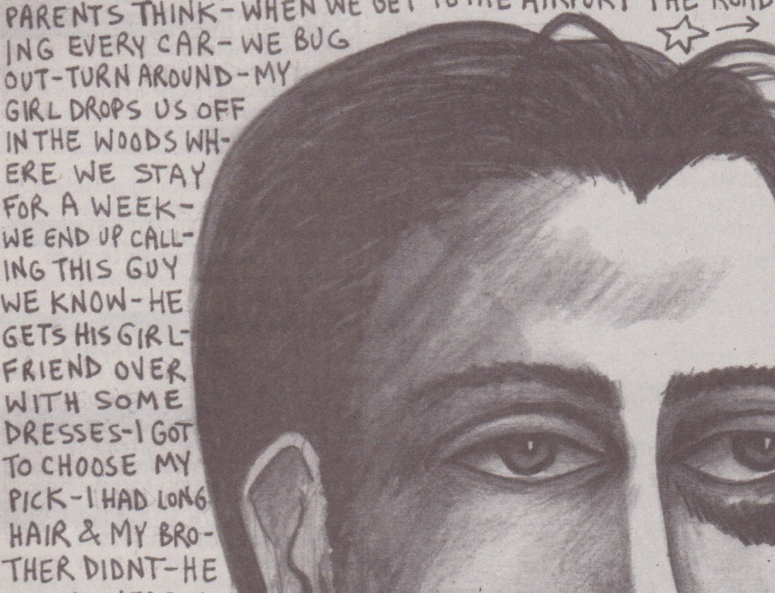
PEOPS

SO ABOUT WHEN I WAS 16 I WAS LISTENING TO ALOT OF CRASS; SUBHUMANS & BAD BRAINS WERE BETTER BUT I REALLY LIKED THE LYRICS OF CRASS - SO MY BROTHER & I DECIDED THAT RATHER THAN SITTING AROUND DOING NOTHING & BITCHING ABOUT IT THAT WE SHOULD TAKE ACTION - SO - NOT HAVING VERY MANY SKILLS WE DECIDED STENCILS WERE THE BEST WAY - WE HIT THE WHOLE FCKN ISLAND OF HAWAII & BECAUSE NO ONE HAD DONE THAT BEFORE IT HIT THE PAPERS PRETTY QUICKLY - ALL OUR SPRAY PAINT WAS DONATED FROM VARIOUS MULTINATIONAL CORPORATIONS - EVENTUALLY WE GOT POPPED - SO THEY BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF MY BROTHER'S 17 YR OLD ASS IN THE CELL BECAUSE WE WOULDNT TELL THEM OUR NAMES OR ANYTHING ELSE - WHEN IT CAME DOWN TO IT WE WERE LOOKING AT 32 MISDEMEANORS & 4 FELONIES - SO WE DECIDED IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO SEE THE MAINLAND - I ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TO MARDI GRAS & MY BROTHER LIKED FUGAZI WAY TOO MUCH - SO WE GET TICKETS UNDER FAKE NAMES TO THE MAINLAND & A RIDE SET UP TO THE AIRPORT INSTEAD OF TO SCHOOL LIKE OUR PARENTS THINK - WHEN WE GET TO THE AIRPORT THE ROAD IS BLOCKED & THE POLICE ARE CHECKING EVERY CAR - WE BUG OUT - TURN AROUND - MY GIRL DROPS US OFF IN THE WOODS WHERE WE STAY FOR A WEEK - WE END UP CALLING THIS GUY WE KNOW - HE GETS HIS GIRLFRIEND OVER WITH SOME DRESSES - I GOT TO CHOOSE MY PICK - I HAD LONG HAIR & MY BROTHER DIDNT - HE GOT TO WEAR A BASEBALL CAP - I GOT TO WEAR THE FACE PAINT - HE WAS A JOCK & I WAS THE GIRL - WE FLEW TO AN ISLAND WHERE THEY DIDNT THINK WE WERE AT - I ALMOST GOT FELT UP BY A HOME BUM WHO THOUGHT I WAS REALLY CUTE ☆→ TO THE ☆→ POINT THAT MY BROTHER HAD TO FONDLE ME HIMSELF TO KEEP THE HOME BUM AWAY - WE GOT INTO A FIGHT WITH A BUNCH OF MARINES - MET A BUNCH OF COMMIES - STAYED IN THE DOLLAR HOTEL A.K.A. DENNY'S - WE GOT FAKE I.D.S SAYING WE WERE FROM SOME STATE THAT WE NEVER WANTED TO GO - I THINK IT WAS OKLAHOMA & WE SPELT THE NAME OF THE TOWN WRONG - WE JUMPED ON A PLANE FROM MAUI TO BEAUTIFUL L.A.X. - I WALKED OUT THE DOOR - GOT SCARED AS FCK AT ALL THE CARS & PEOPLE - STARTED CHOKING ALMOST TO THE POINT OF PUKING FROM ALL THE SMOG - PICKED UP MY BACK PACK & SAID "I'M FINALLY FCKN FREE!" - SO - THIS ONE DAY 5 YEARS LATER WE ARE ON THE MOON WALK IN NEW ORLEANS - MY BOY GERM GETS INTO TOWN & WE'RE DRINKING - TOURISTS ARE TAKING PICTURES - HE'S ALL - "YO! JAI! YOU WANNA SEE SOMETHING FUNNY?" I WAS LIKE - "WHAT'S THAT?" - HE PULLS HIS PANTS DOWN FOR THE TOURISTS & TELLS THEM "TAKE A PICTURE OF THIS!" & THEN HE EXPLODINGLY SHITS ALL OVER THE BOARDWALK - SO - WE HAD TO LEAVE ——— QUICKLY!!



Jai - 08/06/2K8 - Loisiada NYC

I have known Jai since the early '90s - first met him I think while I was traveling on the west coast - he heard I was from NYC & asked if I knew his brother Skruffy - of course I knew Skruffy!! - anyway - Jai lived for years in SeeSkwatt getting up to much redickulous shenanigans - totally squatterly debauchery (ahh the good old dayz!!) - so - now Jai is living on the west coast but he was back in the Lower East Side this past August for the 20 year anniversary of the Tompkins Square Park Riot - there was 2 days of punk shows & you can see in this drawing that he is sporting a shiner that he got in the pit - if you want to contact him you can email to me & I will forward it!! - to contact Fly please email: fly@bway.net (please put MRR in the subject so I know it's not spam) - send snail mail to Fly PO Box 1318 Cooper Stn NYC NY 10276 - for Fly zines check microcosmpublishing.com - & stay tuned for new books coming soon!! from PM Press - www.pmpress.org

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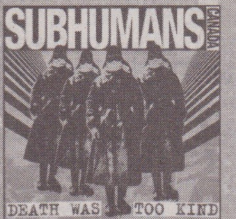

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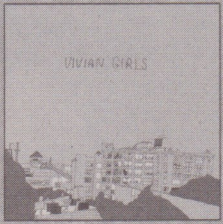

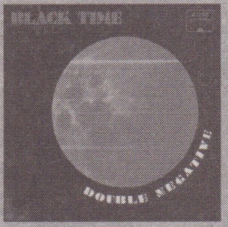

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NEWS

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THOUSANDS IN FEAR AFTER BNP PARTY LIST LEAKS

From an article in The Times/London

Soldiers, police officers, teachers and doctors were in fear for their jobs after the entire membership list of the far-Right British National Party was posted on the internet. More than 12,000 names, home addresses, telephone numbers and e-mail contact details were included in a major breach of data protection. The names and ages of schoolchildren with family memberships were disclosed. Some supporters were listed with comments such as "discretion required — employment concerns". A number had their hobbies recorded. The BNP said that its members could be vulnerable to violent attack as a result. Nick Griffin, the party leader, issued a statement saying that the list was "essentially genuine". He said that it was an old membership list that had been "slightly modified". Speculation was growing about whether the leak had come from a member angry about internal feuding or from an anti-racist infiltrator. Mr Martin Webster presented a dossier, which showed that the Anti-Nazi League had published addresses and telephone numbers of party members and officials.

Simon Darby, the party's spokesman, said that a disgruntled former member was the most likely source. The BNP won a High Court injunction against a former member in April preventing the material being used. Mr Darby said: "If we find out the name of the person who published this list, it will turn out to be one of the most foolish things they have done in their life. I wouldn't want to have done that — I wouldn't be sleeping very well tonight. We are worried because children's names are on the list. It is not information that should be in the public domain. We are always receiving death threats. No true nationalist would have put the lives and livelihoods of fellow nationalists at risk."

A leading lawyer said that members would not be able to sue either the party or the source of the leak. Hugh Tomlinson, QC, said that even though it was a clear breach of data protection law the legal remedies were sparse. If the information was taken by a disgruntled former member, then the party was not to blame. The person who leaked the list could in theory face criminal proceedings that could lead to a fine but not jail, he added. Keiron Lemar, a former soldier who served in Iraq with the Somerset & Cornwall Light Infantry, was appalled to discover that even his Service number was included in the entry. He told The Times that he joined the party while a soldier, although he was aware that the British Army "frowned upon" BNP membership. "I'm obviously disappointed," he said. "I work for an energy company. I'm worried about that because in my job I go round people's houses. I'm involved in all sorts of walks of life. I don't know how they would look on that. It could make the company look bad." He added: "I joined the BNP because I feel they are the people that stand up for Britain as a country. I'm not for the racist views. To be honest, all I've ever got was letters asking for money."

The list describes the occupations of some members that are deemed to be sensitive or of use to the BNP, such as NHS doctor, teacher, journalist, vicar, company director, scientist, engineer or construction manager. Others are listed as public speakers. The list appears to include several former police officers. Peter Fahy, Chief Constable of Greater Manchester Police, said: "Membership or promotion of the BNP by any member of the Police Service is prohibited." There is no ban on teachers, doctors and nurses joining the BNP, but its racist reputation is seen as incompatible with frontline public service.

Mr Griffin suggested that the timing was deliberate, coming before the European Parliament elections. Mr Darby said that the BNP had contacted the owner of the website, which had been hosting the list since Sunday, demanding that it take the personal information down, although he conceded: "Once it's out, it's out."

The BNP has been accused of racism because of its whites-only membership policy. The party emerged after a feud inside the National Front and won electoral success by ditching its neo-Nazi image in favour of the nationalist anti-immigration rhetoric coined by the likes of Jean-Marie Le Pen in France. It knocked Labour into fifth place in the Henley by-election, won a seat on the London Assembly and has come second in local elections in Barking & Dagenham, Stoke-on-Trent and Dewsbury, West Yorkshire. Gerry Gable, publisher of the anti-fascist magazine Searchlight, believes that the list is fresher than the one subject to the court injunction. A previous security breach happened two years ago when an undercover journalist exposed supporters including the principal ballerina Simone Clarke.

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CAL STUDY FINDS EX-GUANTANAMO PRISONERS BROKEN

From an article by Bob Egelko published in the San Francisco Chronicle

BERKELEY, California - The first extensive study of prisoners released from the U.S. detention center at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, finds that many of them are physically and psychologically traumatized, debt-ridden and shunned in their communities as terrorist suspects. "I've lost my property. I've lost my job. I've lost my will," said an Afghan man, one of 62 former inmates in nine countries interviewed anonymously by UC Berkeley researchers for a newly released report. Another man, jobless and destitute, said his family kicked him out after he returned, and his wife went to live with her relatives. "I have a plastic bag holding my belongings that I carry with me all the time," he said. "And I sleep every night in a different mosque."

The report, "Guantanamo and its Aftermath," also found that two-thirds of former prisoners interviewed between July 2007 and July 2008 suffered from psychological problems, including nightmares, angry outbursts, withdrawal and depression. Many also reported recurring or constant pain from their treatment in captivity. Six men said that for them, the treatment included being suspended from the ceiling in chains at a U.S. air base. The authors called for a commission to investigate conditions at Guantanamo and other prisons where terrorist suspects are held and, if warranted, recommend criminal investigations "at all levels of the civilian and military command." "We cannot sweep this dark chapter in our nation's history under the rug by simply closing the Guantanamo prison camp," said Eric Stover, director of UC Berkeley's Human Rights Center. "The new administration must investigate what went wrong and who should be held accountable." Other co-authors are Laurel Fletcher, director of UC Berkeley's International Human Rights Law Clinic, and Vincent Warren, executive director of the Center for Constitutional Rights, a nonprofit legal group representing some Guantanamo inmates.

President-elect Barack Obama has said he plans to close Guantanamo. During the campaign, he criticized the military commissions that President Bush established to try a small number of prisoners at the base and said he preferred regular civilian or military courts, where defendants have more rights. But Obama has not yet announced his plans for the trials or for the majority of inmates who are being held without charges. Asked for comment on the report, Navy Cmdr. Jeffrey Gordon, the government's spokesman on Guantanamo, said, "Our policy is, and always has been, to treat detainees humanely."

A few former inmates, their lawyers and interrogators have given personal accounts of Guantanamo and other prisons in memoirs and court affidavits. The 136-page UC Berkeley report is the first to examine the fate of large numbers of released prisoners. The report acknowledged that the inmates' narratives often lack independent confirmation. But it said they can be considered credible because they're consistent with other accounts - by other former prisoners, and by 50 past and present U.S. officials, lawyers and others with first-hand knowledge of Guantanamo who were interviewed for the survey. The 62 men in the study spent an average of three years at Guantanamo. Most were classified as enemy combatants before being released without charges, like two-thirds of the 775 men who have been held at the naval base. Of the 255 remaining prisoners, 23 have been charged with war crimes. More than one-third of the 62 said they had been turned over to U.S. authorities in Pakistan for a bounty; one man described standing outside an airplane with other detainees, hooded and shackled, and hearing an American voice tell the Pakistanis, "Each person is $5,000." Others said they had been arrested on flimsy grounds - for carrying guns that they used for personal protection, for possessing binoculars that one man used for hunting birds, or for failing to pay bribes to local officials. According to the men's accounts, their most brutal treatment occurred at a U.S. air base in Bagram, Afghanistan, where half of them were held before being flown to Guantanamo. The men said American guards regularly beat them, left them in freezing temperatures with thin blankets, used dogs to terrorize them, and, in the cases of six men, hung them from ceilings by chains for hours.

At Guantanamo, 24 of the 55 men who were willing to discuss their interrogations reported no problems, and a few described their questioners as "very nice." But others said they had been shackled in contorted positions and subjected to extreme heat or cold, both during interrogation and afterward. Eight men said their worst ordeal was being chained to the floor in a refrigerated isolation room, unable to move without being cut by the shackles. The report quoted a former U.S. military guard as saying prisoners were sometimes kept in such rooms in cramped positions for more than 10 hours. Other men described sexual humiliation and barrages of loud music and strobe lights for extensive periods.The cumulative effect of such treatment over time, combined with the prospect of indefinite confinement, would "in some cases clearly rise to the level of torture," the report said. Warren, the Center for Constitutional Rights director and attorney, said the nation owes the men an apology, compensation and a chance to clear their names.

BURMESE ACTIVISTS JAILED FOR 65 YEARS OVER PROTESTS

From an article by Ian MacKinnon in The Guardian/UK

A closed military court in Burma sentenced 14 pro-democracy activists to 65 years each in prison yesterday for their part in last year's anti-government uprising. The leaders of the 88 Generation students group had staged small-scale protests against the sudden fuel price rises which fomented unrest that led to demonstrations led by monks. At least 31 people were killed in a subsequent army crackdown in Rangoon. The severity of the sentences handed to the 14 leaders, including five women, at the hearing in Rangoon's notorious Insein jail stunned even those inured to the harsh military regime.

Another 20 activists, among the hundreds of political dissidents seized in swoops this year, are being tried on numerous charges and could face sentences of up to 150 years each. Some of those sentenced yesterday faced four charges of using electronic media and were given 15 years on each count, with a further five years for forming an illegal organisation. The best known among the group are Thin Thin Aye, also called Mie Mie, and Kyaw Min Yu, also known as Ko Jimmy, who were arrested in August last year. They also included Ko Jimmy's wife, Nilar Thein, who fled into hiding, leaving their four-month old daughter with her parents, but was arrested two months ago. Nyunt Nyunt Oo, the mother of Pannate Tun, said her son was sentenced to 65 years under charges that ban possession of illegal videos, making speeches or statements, and taking part in demonstrations.

"No family members or defence lawyers were present at the trial," she said. Defence lawyers Aung Thein and Khin Maung Shein were earlier sentenced to four months imprisonment for contempt of court, while other legal representatives were so tightly restricted that the activists stopped using them. The activists were part of the leadership of the 88 Generation that rose up against the regime 20 years ago. They were tortured and given long jail terms when the rebellion was crushed with the deaths of as many as 3,000 people. On release within the last five years they renewed their activism in less confrontational ways. The sentences came a day after a Burmese blogger arrested after the protests last year was jailed for 20 years and a poet was sentenced to two years. Amnesty International estimates there are now 2,100 political prisoners in Burma.

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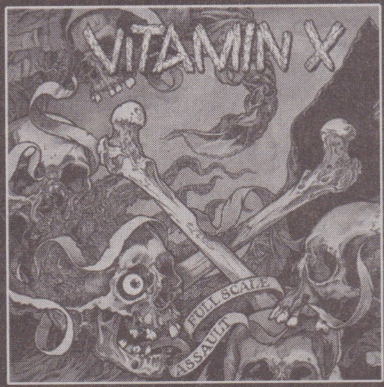

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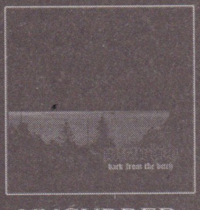

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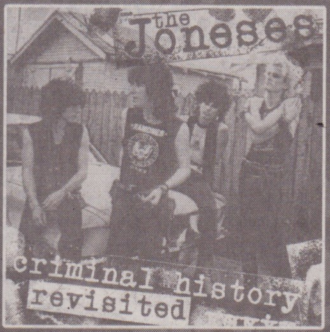

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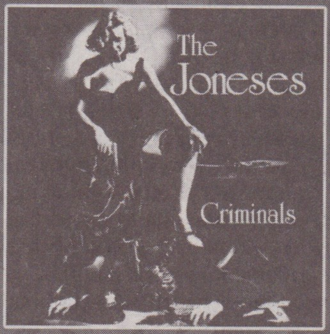

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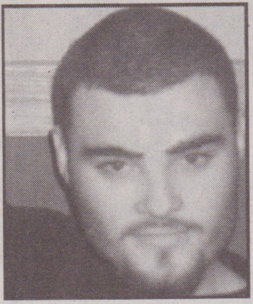
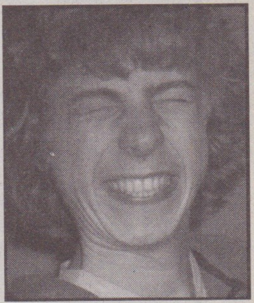
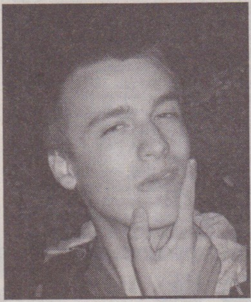
This month's question: What's your favorite punk film and why? (asked at a show with Ecoli and some others at SF State)



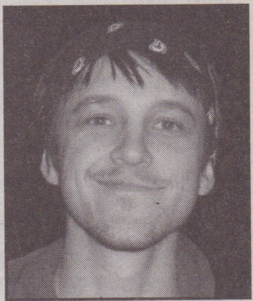
Alex, 18, San Francisco
The Decline of Western Civilization. I liked all the bands that were in it, and the whole west coast aspect.



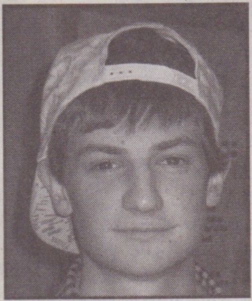
Matthew, 17, Walnut Creek
Billy Madison. I don't know, just the way Adam Sandler goes through all the grades again, it's hella punk rock.



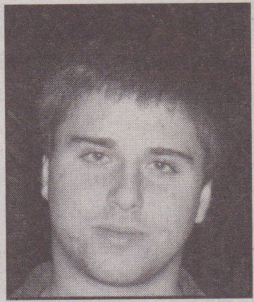
Billy, 17, Albany CA
Repo Man, because all the stupid punks die in the end.



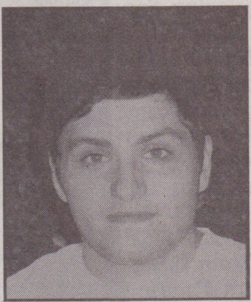
Josh, 28, Reno
Another State Of Mind. I think it's the ultimate tour movie, gets you pumped up to go on tour. You go out and it's rough, but it's fun. And it has a lot of cool bands.



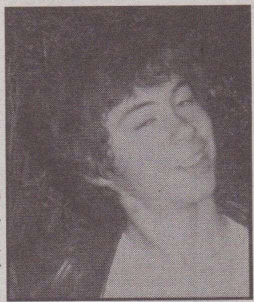
Alex, 18, Santa Cruz
Repo Man. It's the craziest movie ever, all this crazy shit happens to this guy that doesn't get resolved in the end, and it doesn't make sense, but it's good anyway.



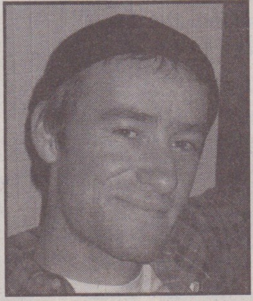
David, 19, Concord
Gummo, just because it's so fucked up.



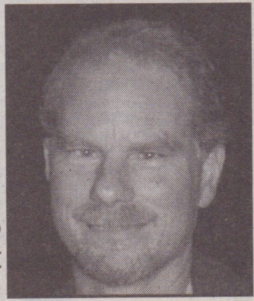
Max, 19, San Francisco
Class of 1984 and the first *Terminator*, because the punks are the bad guys and try to kill people.



Matt, 16, San Francisco
This isn't really a punk movie, but I saw *Unleashed* today, and they had this punk who was trying to kill the main character.

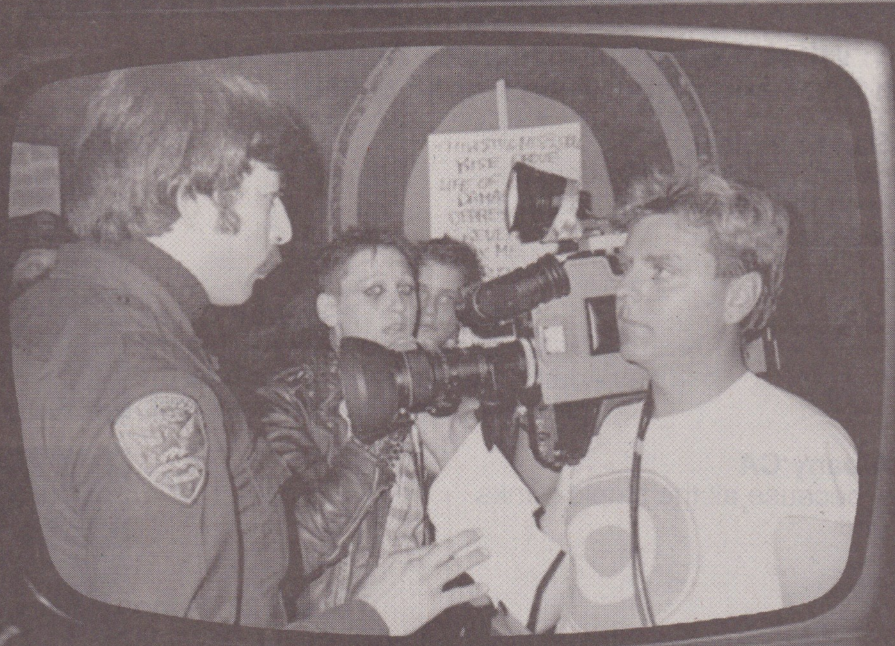


Andrew, 22, San Francisco
Rock 'n' Roll High School, because Togar SUCKS.



Jeremy, 41, San Francisco
Terminal City Ricochet, with that guy Jello who ran for mayor.

TARGET VIDEO



TARGET VIDEO

Target Video emerged in the late '70s as a means to document the emerging Californian punk scene, run out of a warehouse space in the Mission district that included a recording studio and space where bands like Black Flag could play shows. Sounds like utopia, right? Joe Rees and the rest of the Target Video crew managed to be at the right place at the right time to capture some of the most iconic moments in early punk and hardcore. The fact that they filmed the famous footage of Crime playing San Quentin prison and The Cramps playing Napa State Mental Hospital is indicative not only of the exciting music that was happening at the time but also of the lengths that bands and punks were wiling to go to be part of something interesting and truly boundary pushing. The Screamers Target video is a similarly life-changing, retina burning experience and is the only 'official' document of the band and their music. The Underground Forces videos combined post-apocalyptic desert weapons test footage with the music of Chrome, alongside live footage of bands like Negative Trend. Plus there's the Hardcore video featuring Code of Honor, Black Flag, Sick Pleasure amongst others. Joe Rees has been screening excerpts from these videos alongside rare unseen footage at places like UC Berkeley's Pacific Film Archive, London's National Film Theatre, and Los Angeles' Museum of Contemporary Art. There are plans afoot to continue reissuing the videos on DVD culminating in a documentary film of Target video story.

Introduction by Layla Gibbon.
Interview conducted by Layla Gibbon and Vinnie La Russa.

TARGET VIDEO

MRR: My first question is an obvious one—how did you start Target Video?
Joe Rees: I have to go back in time, get in my time machine. It's the '70s, and there were a lot of things going on in the San Francisco Bay Area. I was going to college as an artist at the time, doing sculpture and performance art. I'm hanging out with a bunch of people in art school, John Gullick and Dave Kerr… John Gullick was a visual artist, Dave was a painter, and they were forming a group called The Mutants. Of course Sally was there, and Sue, so a lot of people in the art school scene were going through this kind of transition from gallery art to performance art. A lot of people were experimenting with theatre and sound—Penelope from The Avengers was also going to the Art Institute at the time—and we all kind of knew of each other. When the bands started forming back then, they would play loft or art gallery type shows, then we started going to the nightclubs to try and find a place. The Mabuhay Gardens was one of the clubs that would offer us a stage and an opportunity for them to perform. I picked up a video camera in those days… Well, first I used film to record art-performance and dance and guerilla-theatre-type things, but then along came the punk scene. Of course I loved rock 'n' roll, and I was really into the idea of the importance of lyrics to the music. My friends who were involved had great ideas about expression; I think it started out as more expression than music. I mean, nobody really knew how to play an instrument—it was just getting up there and thrashing some kind of sound in order to express your feelings and ideas.

MRR: At the screening at the Pacific Film Archive when you showed some of the Underground Forces videos, you were talking about how heavy all the equipment was.
It's true—the first camera and deck weren't bad, but if you wanted to get a better quality image, you had to get your hands on some bigger equipment, and in those days they were monstrous. They weighed 35 lbs, and after a couple hours of performance with that thing on your shoulder moving it around, you felt like you'd got a workout in a gym.

MRR: I can't imagine holding that up for an entire punk show.
It's funny, I didn't really give it a lot of thought, and I was so excited about getting my hands on a better quality camera, a better quality system, that I would probably have done just about anything—beg, borrow, and steal—to get some equipment to cover the stuff. I was a student, I was working on my MA when I first got involved with the video part, and obviously didn't have a lot of money. I had to borrow stuff from colleges. I even had some kids that actually ripped off an Ingenue lens from their dad's camera and give it to me. It was amazing what people would do to support me when we first started; they were so behind the whole idea of capturing these events. So then I needed some way to show the material, and of course the first thing I explored was cable TV in San Francisco, and in those days it was called Channel 25. I would shoot these things and edit them in the deck, in the camera, I would try to edit it as well as I could. Then I would put it on cable TV in San Francisco. Quite often we'd go to a show at a club or somewhere at a studio, and we'd always wind up back at my studio—in those days I lived in warehouses—to watch the video, have a few beers, and talk about things. That's the other part of it that really helped develop a lot of the bands—it was instant feedback to be able to see themselves perform. It was real instructive and a good way to check yourself out.

MRR: Because of its instantaneous nature, was video seen as not being art?
Joe Rees: It had a presence, because it's just a realization of film. You were up against filmmakers who had that whole allure of film—the color, and black and white has that certain feel to it. Well, so does video, because video has that raw quality; the image wasn't that clear in the beginning, but video captures everything—it just rolls, like a type of security camera.

MRR: You mentioned before having people over to your house and watching videos. Was this the warehouse you had on South Van Ness Avenue?

Yeah, I lived there. I scouted it out and was real lucky and found that beautiful three-story building on South Van Ness in the Mission district. I met the owner and ended up with the whole building. I basically rented out the top floor to a business that used it for storage more than anything; they basically paid the rent on the whole building, which was great. We put in a video stage on the bottom that could hold 200 people down there. Subterranean Records rented the back room, which was a large recording studio; they soundproofed it, and the deal was that they could make their records back there and do what they wanted with their business and when it came to the organized video shoots they would record the soundtracks for me. We made a deal.

MRR: Did you ever do audio recordings or was it just strictly video?
Oh no, always… I have tons of original eight-track audio tapes.

MRR: I'm salivating.
Like reel to reel, you know—the professional stuff. I got stuff that's never been released, so much stuff, it's unnerving at times. I don't even know how to deal with it. I have such a humungous library. I have logged in a lot of the material, and would say 95% of it is logged in, but there's still that 5% of mystery that I don't even know exactly what it is. I know there's a lot of great stuff that I haven't even uncovered. We were on a roll—we were working our asses off for ten years and we produced so much material and I was all over the place. Not only San Francisco, LA, and New York, but I also went to Europe. We shot a lot of stuff on the road. I have so much punk rock, there's nobody in this world that could even come close.

MRR: So did you do films before The Screamers video? Which was the first one you actually released?
No, the first video ever released was called *Live at Target.* The Screamers came up from LA. We had met and I was totally crazy about their music. I still am crazy for them; I get goosebumps when I work on it. They basically moved in with me for a whole week and I borrowed a bunch of equipment and we just plugged away with some ideas. I recorded a studio and a live show. The live show was at the end of the week at the Mabuhay. I ponied up some money and got some people to run a back camera, and I was up on stage with my camera. Boy, am I glad I did that—to this day that's some of the most exciting and finest material. As you know, they never made a record, and I have all this great material. They were probably one of the most unique groups I've ever worked with. I was just totally blown away. We developed some real strong relationships and it's funny how it all turned out.

MRR: I read that they didn't make a record because they thought that video was the future and that records would be obsolete?
Right, we talked about that all the time, and I totally believed that myself. And look, it came to be, more or less. But anyway, if you've seen The Screamers video, it's only one-tenth of the experience because it was so exciting. They live on even though Tomata passed on.

MRR: Were they as odd in person as they seem in the video? Do you feel like they put on an act when they got on stage?
Yes and no. They were professionals even though they were kind of naïve professionals, but they had a certain persona they wanted to project. But as it pans out, when you look at the band, they were kind of a funny band, KK on the drums… I just saw him recently at the Getty Museum during a show there—he's a professional in Hollywood. But see, all of those people were involved with classical music, so they were trained. Tomata was the visual artist and kind of the natural talent—the others were skilled, trained musicians—and to

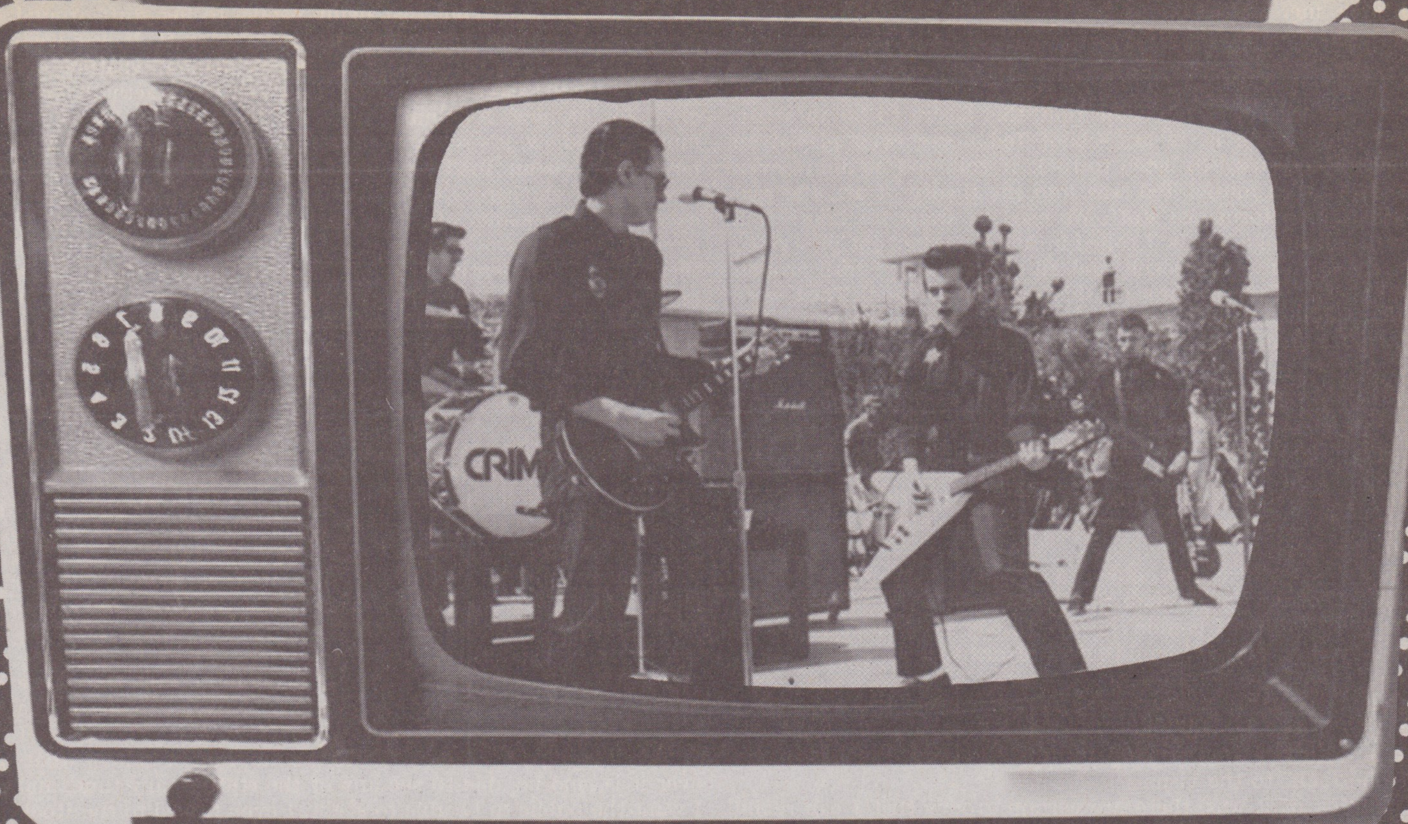
come up with that sound and to be so into it, it was amazing. If you were able to talk to these guys and met them, you'd understand. They had this great professional behavior, you know—we got a job to do we want to put on a good show. They were totally into the music, that was as solid as ever, the lyrics, what they wanted to say, they were 100%.

MRR: One of the things I was thinking about after watching all that footage at the PFA was that you have footage of Black Flag, and they would exist in the same movement as Chrome. That's one of my favorite things about punk is that it includes such disparate acts.
You saw all these people taking a chance on stage, having an opportunity to perform and to do their thing. Black Flag obviously is one of the big heavy armies to move out because they not only worked their butts off but they moved around all over the country. I don't know how they did it—all pile into that damn van and go from one town to the next—they pushed it hard. Of course, I got to see Black Flag. Since I had such a great studio in SF, a giant three-story building, I had plenty of room for them to stay and we became great friends. When they came to town, that gave me an opportunity to set up shows for them on our stage and in the recording studio. We'd bring friends in, anyone that wanted to come, and we'd do these events. I got to see different lead singers—I watched them go through three different lead singers, it was incredible. They really persevered, they really put it together and they had enough common sense to build a company around their music.

MRR: I wanted to ask about two of the videos you did—the one of The Mutants at the School for the Deaf, and the Cramps at the mental institution. How did you set those up?
As visual artists and art students, we all wanted to do performance-type art of some kind. That was how a lot of that stuff came about. You'd always want to think about where you'd want to do a show, what kind of interaction would you want to deal with. Sally Mutant said that I put it together, but I don't remember that other than the fact that we were always talking about our ideas of where we'd like to do a cool show. I think both of us came up with some contacts, we talked to the school, which unfortunately no longer exists. It was in Berkeley. That was just such a great experience, the idea of performing like *that.* When you put those elements together and you stir up the pot, you get these great things.

MRR: I loved the footage at the end of the child signing "puke."
Our idea was: let's have a great time, let's have some kind of experience, let's play here and deal with these people. I mean, we learned a lot from their experience and they had a wonderful time. If anything, when I'm dead and gone, that's what I want to be known for…that School for the Deaf piece, and the Cramps at Napa, which just turned out to be gold. You also have to throw in Crime at San Quentin. You look for venues where you can have an experience. That's the thing that's lacking today—people are narrow-minded about things. They have to start thinking about what kind of interaction they can have, what kind of experience can be created with music. That's where the power emanates. It's a Duchamp-ian idea—you roll out these things and see if they make art…you put yourself in these situations. I mean, you saw those patients at Napa, they were so into it—you couldn't have a Hollywood crew that performed as well as they did.

MRR: How did the nurses and doctors react to The Cramps when they were playing at the Napa State Mental Hospital?
Well, you have to remember when that was—it was way back in the '70s, and believe me in those days they, the hospital, were so happy that anyone would came around and put on a show for their patients. We didn't discuss anything, we didn't sign anything, we just agreed to come, showed up and said, "Well we'll do it in the patio out here." It was somewhat planned but still pretty loose. We're so paranoid as a society right now, god knows if you could pull anything off like that. It would be very difficult. Though I can't help but think that probably a lot of places out there, maybe an orphanage something like that could use some music, an event, somebody showing up and putting on a show.



Call them up and say you want to put on a free show for the kids; I can't help but think that they'd open up to do that. Way back then, there were also the hippies doing free events in the park. There was a hippy organization, can't remember the name, and they would line some of this stuff up. They did give us some help when it came to the San Quentin thing; no one else wanted to do it, but the punk rockers were like, "Oh yeah! Let us have it!"

MRR: Can you give us a play-by-play of how the Crime video happened?
Well, it's going to sound a little melodramatic but it's true. I got a phone call from the hippies. Go to San Quentin? An event like that? I'm there! It's so cool and exciting to get inside an old prison like that and do a show. Of course with Crime, they would dress in their police uniforms, so with all that, you have a surreal setting! When we arrived, and I had about three volunteers with me helping, we had to go into this room, and it's a real old prison so it looks like something out of Dungeons and Dragons—you got all these old walls, and we were told that if we were taken prisoner by any of the inmates that our ass is our own and that they don't negotiate. We were nervous but so excited, and the adrenalin was really pumping. In the video, there's a black female officer on the walkway and she's got bleached blonde hair. If you look at the inmates and then pan back and see her in the background, people think, "what, is this Hollywood?" But it's not, it's real—that was what the scene was like. Then you got Crime up there in their police uniforms performing to these inmates. Of course the inmates were so damn happy that anyone would take the time to come out there and give them a show. They were just thrilled to death even thought they didn't know what the hell punk rock was. They couldn't care less; it was just a performance, they enjoyed it. It's very rare to do a live performance in the middle of the day with bright sunshine. It was great for my camera because the old video cameras really needed a lot of light to make it look great, to really bring out the quality. Fortunately that was a pretty sharp video because it was in the middle of the daytime.

MRR: How did the band react after they played the show? What was the energy like?
They were all very excited! You don't go in there with the attitude, "Oh, this is going to be nothing, we're just going to thrill 'em." No, it was more like, "Wow, we're going to have an experience and they're going to have an experience." I don't know who had the best experience. You're trying to be humble, trying to keep somewhat of a professional front, so you don't look like a total *friggin'* idiot. But you're also in a situation where there are all these guards walking round, thinking, "Jesus what are these guys up to?" Imagine, dressed in police uniforms...

MRR: Do you have plans to release it commercially?
I just actually talked to Hank Rosenthal, the drummer, *Hammered* Hank. I'm working on a thing where I'm releasing some of the material for a documentary film that's being put together. My big plan now is part of the Underground Forces series, and I showed it at the Getty and at MOMA and the Fillmore, all over Europe, hundreds and hundreds of showings. My big plan now is to put together a big two-hour movie. It's going to be a best of, kind of a condensed story about Target Video, and that'll include Crime at San Quentin. No doubt.

MRR: How long was the actual show?
It was about an hour and a half.

MRR: Oh wow, I've only ever seen clips of it.
I've got about an hour's worth of material from that show, anyway—that was just one of the events. And you know all about The Cramps, we talked about that. The interesting thing is that there's actually a group of theatre people who have taken that Cramps video and recreated it on stage, in London. It's interesting how things are taken into society and chewed up and spit out again. I spent a lot of time all over England and Europe, and we were just really lucky that we had our own punk scene. It was a fertile ground in the '70s—the SF/Bay Area was perfect.

MRR: When you could actually afford the rent!
Believe me, some people slept in cars. Ted Falconi from Flipper—I've known Ted for years, we went to art school together. I mean, Ted used to live in a drainage box, one of those metal containers! A lot of people couldn't afford it even then, but they had this dedication, this desire to be an artist. The funny thing is, in art school Ted never even played an instrument; I used to listen to rock 'n' roll, and he didn't even used to listen music! Ted was into the theory of art, the real elitist art performance stuff. We used to argue for hours at a time, and smoke big Js. I rolled in this direction, got into video because of the punk scene, and all of a sudden I turn around and there's Ted and he's got his own punk band! They were called SST in those days—it wasn't a very good band, but Flipper is just mind-blowing.

MRR: He's one of the greatest...
To me, they are the sound of San Francisco—they're one of the ultimate groups. They got the front-line sound...

MRR: So, a lot of the video you shot was for the cable access show. When did you decide to actually release the videos? How did that work?
When I worked at the college, I would sneak into the video room at night. They'd lock the doors and didn't realize someone was in there. I couldn't afford to pay the production costs for a regular studio, I could never afford that.

MRR: One of the Underground Forces videos I've seen has a lot of Chrome footage, shot in a BART station. How did you work with them? Did they do the directing then play the "soundtrack" to the visuals?
The thing of it was, there are certain groups that I can really identify with, that are like a mainline to my soul. Chrome was one of them. I love their music, I still use it for credits and all sorts of different things. I can't get away from it. It's so incredible. They were geniuses, though also very private people, almost like The Residents. They didn't do a lot of live shows in the beginning, then they did that *Blood on the Moon* album, which just got a hold of my mind. It just hit me, I'd have all these images and all these ideas that I wanted to interact with. That was real early when I got into the Chrome stuff. When I caught up with Chrome, they were performing in the south of France for an event. The live show was OK, but they didn't have anything spectacular on stage that my camera could really deal with. When you listen to the soundtrack, you're way off in a different world—it almost reminds me of Throbbing Gristle. Hence using the visuals.

MRR: You were saying at the PFA the one band you regretted not getting to film was Minor Threat. Were there any other bands you had a connection with that you didn't get to do anything with?
There were some bands that I reflect back on; I listen to their music and I get real excited and have some ideas I'd like to share with them. I worked with Killing Joke, but it was a real strange relationship. They sent audio tracks from England, and I would put together montages from my library of visuals. I was so excited by their music, but when I finally met up with them and did a couple interviews with them in Paris, I realized I did not care much for them or their attitude. They were real jerks, but they were so talented and their music really stands out in my mind. I really admire what they've done.

MRR: How many videos did you actually release?
At one point I had maybe about 30 different videos on the market. We were hand-making them; I'd create a master by recording it onto a VHS, then we'd create a cover and package it ourselves. We'd put it out on the market ourselves, and it was all-volunteer. I was on the copier, cutting things out, doing the whole thing. It was an electronic magazine; we had ideas of where it was going and it worked for a while.

MRR: How many people worked on it? Was it a revolving staff?
It would fluctuate, but usually it was around six or eight people. It would take about that many people to lug stuff around and to deal with the everyday business type stuff. It was basically a business, by responding to phone calls and whatnot. We of course didn't have the internet then, and that's actually been great for us now. As time goes along I'll probably loosen up more; you know, it's really hard to let a lot of material go. But now I can go on YouTube.com and see a lot of my stuff—I never put it on there! I don't mind the material being available except for the quality of the sound and picture isn't as good as it could be. I'm working on some things with UCLA; I want them to take the entire library. The only thing I want at this point is a copy of everything on digital. I've been doing a lot of that myself, but I would love them to take it up because it takes a lot of time. It's not expensive, it just takes a lot of time.

MRR: So you have plans to archive your collection with a university?
I need somebody to take care of it. I can't at this point. I have all these tapes in a library, all these shelves of material. I get concerned about it—it has to do with the whole lifelong thing of the material. Everything was done on three-quarter-inch tape, information and research that I have read about videotape is that it usually lasts 20 to 30 years. Well, we're getting close to the end of the road and I want to get it transferred over. So far I can truthfully say it hasn't deteriorated to the point to where I'm worried about much of anything. I've talked to several different organizations. I want someone to take the entire library, I want it offered to the public, and I want them to take care of it in a controlled environment. I want it accessible—I want my family to be able to go to the museum or gallery whatever it is, and be able to see any of the stuff at any time, and I want the public to be able to see it. I even talked to the Rock 'n' Roll Museum, but I don't trust those people—they're too commercial. I don't want there to be any exploitation of the material. They'll start using it to sell Levi's or god knows what—you know, sell Viagra with it. You know, it's difficult enough... I give stuff out to use in these movies—punk rock movies by people who weren't even around for it. They have nothing to do with the punk scene and they put these movies together. It's so ridiculous. The people that were trying to put the Germs movie together, they didn't have any Germs footage. I talked to them, sat down with them as artists, as human beings. The only thing that I got from them was being a part of a hot scene that's going down in LA right now over dead punk rockers, trying to exploit it. Just to sell a few tickets? It doesn't make any sense to me.

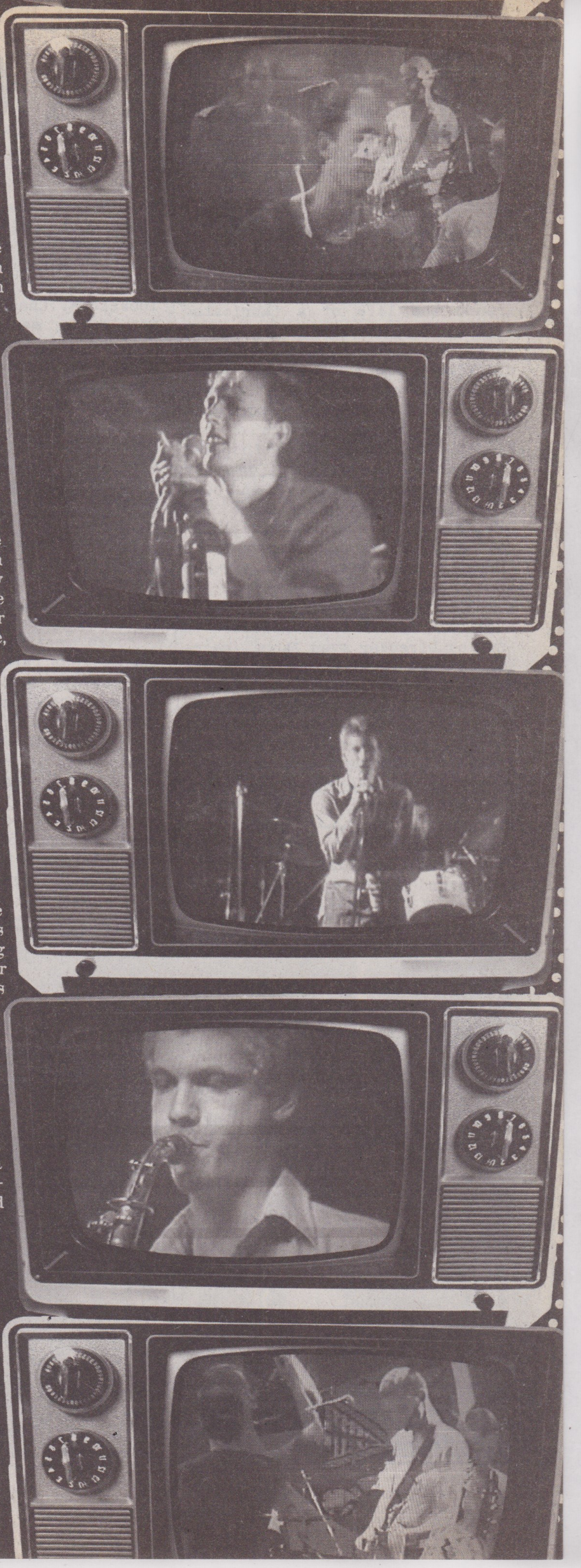
MRR: When you were making all this, the footage of the bands and your own work, did you have screenings of the videos? Would you rent out the Art Institute movie theatre or something?
Oh yeah, sure, all the time—I mean, I got a big ego to feed! I had a big show at the Art Institute, that was kind of a breakthrough. In 1980 I won the Adeline Kent Award which is one of these things that helps new artists promote what they're doing, and it's your peer group that decides who gets that award. I was the lucky winner and as a result of that I showed hours and hours of performance art and punk rock video stuff together at the Art Institute as well as putting up posters and memorabilia for the scene that was still going on at the time. That's when the French happened to be in town and went to the show. It was an art organization from Paris who had their pockets full of money and wanted to do something—they were on a mission to find something to take back to France. They approached me and asked me if I'd like to do this big show in Paris. We talked about a weeklong showing of Target right in the heart of Paris. They had projectors and screens, and in 1980 that got my attention right away. Plus they were willing to fly us over and take care of it all; definitely wanted to do that. We got that thing rolling—they put out an incredible poster and that place was packed. Every night I felt like a dishrag—they were never satisfied, they just kept going and going. The kids wouldn't leave, it was great but it was intense.

MRR: At the PFA screening, you had that footage of those Italian punks—was that the same trip?
I traveled to 22 countries, went on three tours from town to town. I had this agent in Paris, Gerard Drech, who was this star DJ there who had won all these awards for playing new music. He was really into the punk scene and had kind of launched it in France way back in the '70s. We met up and became friends and he became an agent for Target. He and his wife could speak several languages and set up these shows with these so-called cultural centers where they'll set up these tours through all these different towns. It could be the circus—I mean, literally, there could be a circus on this tour through Italy and France and Germany and in those days Czechoslovakia and on and on. We'd wind up in Scandinavia, into Portugal and on and on.

MRR: Did you see any bands play?
Absolutely! The whole idea was to come to town with our show and our posters and I brought my cameras, I shot material...

MRR: What were some of the highlights? Did you catch any early Italian punk...
Yeah, in those days Italians were totally crazy about communism, so they put on these big events that the communist party would sponsor that no one has ever heard of. They had their own style of punk, in their own language and so on. Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers, Magazine Criminali; back in those days they were really popular, there were about five or six different Italian bands... That was something that worked to our advantage; they saw us as representing some of the more popular bands like the Dead Kennedys. That was another thing, when I took that tour from Paris and started from there and spread out through Europe, a lot of the kids had never really seen the Dead Kennedys—they'd gotten their records maybe, but they'd never seen 'em. We became kind of a pre-launch of the whole punk scene because we brought along all this material. They had never seen Black Flag and on and on. We went through all these little towns, weaving our way from one event to another, in Italy and France and Spain, and it was amazing. Sometimes it would just be a town and you'd have 15 kids, but I was always treated well. It was almost a three-year tour; I'd pick up stuff and be on my way.

MRR: Thanks so much for doing this interview! One more thing, what do you have on the backburner? What are you planning to release on DVD next?
I have a passion for Negative Trend so we'll have to see where that goes. I'm working with Jackie Sharp who lives in LA and is one of the original members of Target. We're really into putting out this two-hour documentary about Target and the bands and our experience. We'll see where that goes. I've only got a couple years left till I retire here at the University so I can support my habit of developing all this material. As soon as I'm retired from the college, it's going to be all Target. I'm going to take more control over the material like before and we're going to put out a lot of the old material in a whole new way. Let's face it—with the equipment now, digitizing gives you a lot more opportunity to clean things up and to bring audio levels up and on and on. I still love playing with it. I still have things that I never even got out, I never got The Zeros out like I wanted, The Weirdos, I will do a lot of stuff I've always wanted. It'll all happen, long as I'm breathing air. I'm also an *MRR* fan—Tim Yohannan, I loved his soul and I miss him. Keep up the good work.



TAQWACORES

Article on the movie The Taqwacores *by Robert Eggplant*

Michael Muhammad Knight's 2003 novel, *The Taqwacores*, revolves around the life of a fabricated Islamic punk scene in Buffalo, New York. The book's focus on this specific scene is just one piece of a dynamic Islamic punk community that has been in existence for years in all corners of the planet. Originally a photocopied publication handed out for free from the author's car trunk, *The Taqwacores*, eventually made its way into the hands of Jello Biafra, who helped distribute it through Alternative Tentacles. Now the book is distributed by Autonomedia books and it is being made into a film to be released in 2009 by Director Eyad Zahra, helping to shed light on an unobserved movement.

Knight's book tells the story of a group of Muslim punks in Buffalo, NY, and it follows the lives of a handfull of characters, including a straight-edged Sunni Muslim, a drunken Sufi kid with a mohawk, a Burqa-wearing riot grrrl, and a Shi'a skinhead. The film builds on many of these characters and was filmed primarily at a punk house called The Tower, in Cleveland, Ohio. The Tower has been holding it down in this Northern Ohio city for close to nine years in three different locations. Cheap rent has allowed for house members to pursue a variety of projects, the least of which has been hosting bands. Two residents of the house, Nathan and Nick, related the story of the film company finding the house, "The film company contacted the Cleveland Indy Films commission, who got in touch with this guy Matthew T. He ran an underground film program and was involved with the predecessor of the Tower, a place called Speak In Tongues. He knew that by going to the Tower, the film company didn't have to make the space look punk."

House residents appear in some scenes, but largely do work behind the camera. Nathan does production design. Punk involvement in the film led Knight to think that *The Taqwacores* would not replicate the well-known Penelope Spheeris movie, *Suburbia*, which has captured the imagination of budding punks for over twenty years. Spheeris had punks play central characters and had performances by bands that played in the LA scene. Still, many people laugh at the movie's cartoon-like representation of punks. Through my conversations with Nathan, I got the impression that *The Taqwacores* was punk only in that it was filmed at a show space and included a few local punks in certain scenes as extras. *The Taqwacores* will have trained actors playing the punks, but its message promises to reveal a reality often left unexamined.

The movie is being shot by an independent company that goes by the name Rumani. The director has enlisted many of his friends and associates from school after offering it to bigger companies. Many of the bigger companies wanted to change the story and inject a love interest or action scenes. It is assured that the underlying story will not be tampered with and will emphasize opposing cultures and the characters' personal growth. There is an undeniable need to stop the wholesale demonization of Muslims and Islamic culture in American media.

Michael Muhammad Knight was on the set Saturday, October 18th, during the shooting of the big party scene. He had time to speak during a lunch break. "Its been really a good time," he said, speaking of the obvious exhilaration of seeing something he worked on becoming a full-on production. Though it was his first time on a movie set, he was not passively waiting it out. "I'm advocating with them on the way I see things. I don't know about film, but I make suggestions on the way people look, what they say." He says the story hasn't changed much from his book, admitting that a lot of screenplays mangle the original in the process. In fact, he says the screenwriter encouraged him to not make changes that he would have liked to make. "I wrote it six years ago. It's a religious book and I wanted to do new things. I wanted to create a new work, but he convinced me that people believe in the book. So it follows the book exactly."

Michael discredits any claim to starting the movement of Muslim punk known as Taqwacore. He may have helped define the name, but a Muslim punk scene has been active before any of the recent media

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attention, with punk music having a sustained influence that reaches a worldwide audience. The Muslim lifestyle likewise is a major worldwide phenomenon. Muslims are a people who have been under terrible strain from a stigma of being labeled as terrorists on the one hand, and by having a rise in reactionary right wing elements on the other. Since Knight's entry into Islam he has started to push for a radical approach to the practice.

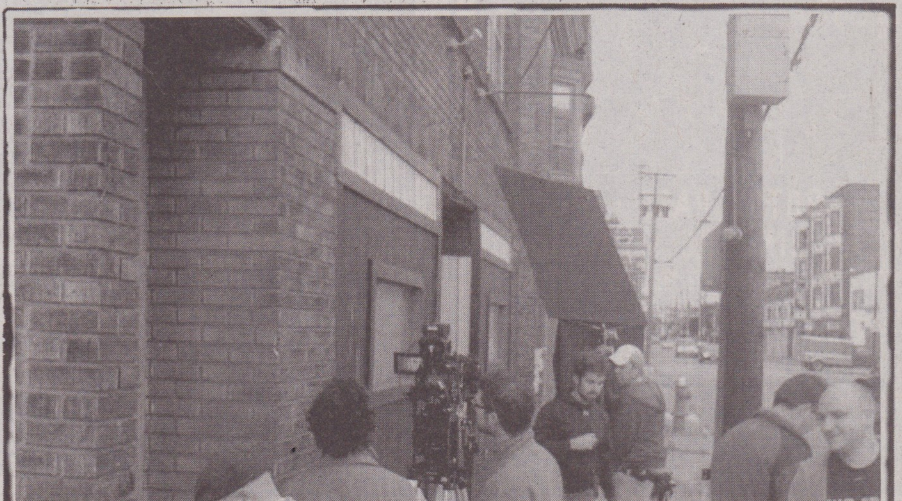
Nick Tower comments, "It's cool how the film presents Islam. It's a fuck-all authority attitude." He spoke as well during the lunch break while shooting the big party show scene. "I think this film starts a dialog that there's a human urge that leads them there (searching for a spirituality). Instead of ignoring questions of why punks go to major religions...I think the punks talk alot about the world of DIY, social movements, and politics but no one goes into the psychology of spirituality."

The Tower had close to 60 people, many of whom were the film's crew, mulling about during the filming, enjoying a lunch break. But 20 or so were punks from the house, the neighborhood, or in bands touring from out of town. The show scene will have three bands, two from Chicago (including Aswa), and one from NY. Actors will play the lead singer strutting before the actual bands. One of the bands will represent a group called the Kominas. The Kominas are an original Taqwacore band that eventually left the US to live and operate out of Pakistan. They actively try to reach the youth there by playing rooftop shows and they use elements of traditional music in their songs. In the movie it is likely the band will do those awkward lip-syncing dances, but I am sure much of today's TV watching punks would hardly mind. It remains to be seen what kind of discussions will be generated by the movie. Punks tend to like their art to be orthodox underground, which often translates to themes that are in bad taste.

For me the star of the movie could be the Tower. The more I heard about it, the punker it seemed. The building is an old Chinese restaurant with years of waste covering its walls. Alan Tower described the roaches and wreckage lying about also adding that, "The whole building seems like it will crumble." Inside the Tower, minor damage goes unfixed. In the show space someone ripped out the sink during a 9 Shock's Terror gig. Cleveland is located near a lake that contributes to the rot on anything in its vicinity. Scores of empty buildings await the inception of the next punk house. Having a full-on film crew invade the space also seems like an unbelievable feat. Alan remarks, "Everyone at the Tower is a pack rat. There are boxes of stuff everywhere. Especially Nick's stuff. He even had his stuff in other people's rooms. He has the biggest room…it was the restaurant's dinning room. He had it filled with so much stuff that he could only walk a few feet in it. He has shit like a bowling ball collection." One can imagine that the best scenes resulting from the movie happened when the camera was turned off.

The neighborhood also made an early impact. The director's car was broken into on the first day of shooting, causing him to lose a GPS device. According to Nick though, that's been the only negative experience during the shooting. In fact the Tower's good rapport with the neighborhood has made for smooth times. Nick commented, "The local gangbangers were invited to be extras but they slept in and missed the shot."

For punks who are used to hanging out in their caves and not paying attention to time, suddenly having an organized film crew invading their spaces from 7 to 7 creates a disruption. Nathan Tower reflects, "It's not fun. I would never do it again." He's probably referring to a lot of annoying things, including standing around and waiting as all of the elements of a shot come together. The results of an hour of set up usually only goes towards shooting a few seconds of film, and just a small portion of what's shot is actually used in the final product. And at times he feels funny by the activities, "I saw a documentary in the '80s on Christian punk camps and this kinda reminds me of that."



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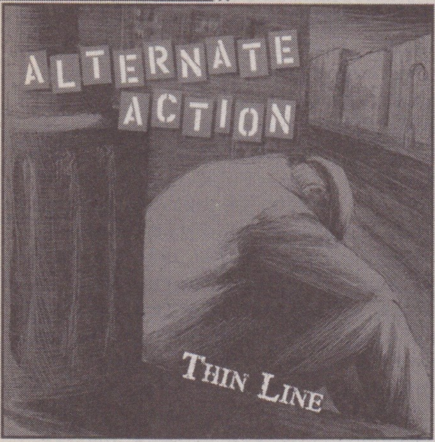
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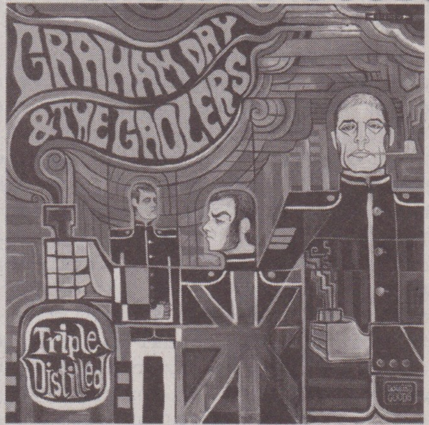
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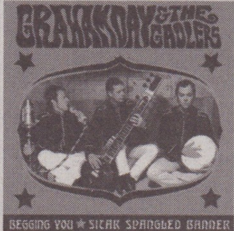
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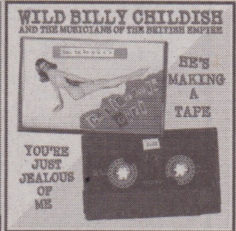
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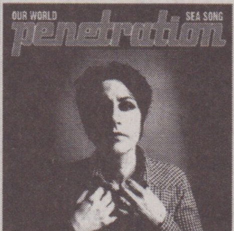
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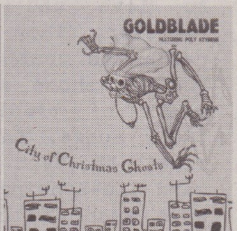
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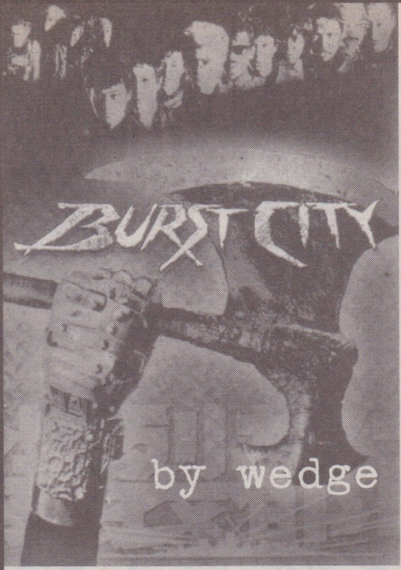


I finally tracked down an official DVD of the Japanese cult movie *Burst City*. This was originally released in early 1982 and has been unavailable until a Japanese DVD appeared within the last two to three years, and for some reason unknown to humanity, an American film company officially licensed and re-released it on DVD during June of 2006. My jaw fucking dropped when I found out about this release, and I was fortunate enough to snag a copy from a local shop...here are my two-cents on this baby!

Actually, I should start with noting that I never knew what the fuck this thing was until about 2001: I've been a *maniac* collector of "all-things-Japanese-punk" since about 1986. Over time I have seen references to a compilation LP called *Burst City* lumped in with hundreds of other minor releases on every want list, but when I found out that the main band featured on said compilation LP is the Roosters, I steered clear because this band is the *fucking most lame-ass-pseudo-Police-wanna-be-piece-of-pimply-drizzled-shit* I've ever heard in my life! Yeah, *worse* than the Mods. *I'm not kidding*! During the summer of 2001, I finally tracked down the official VHS video history of the Stalin called *Your Order*. (Note that if you're even a casual fan of the Stalin, you need this. There are no words to describe how mind-blowing and essential this video is…but I digress...) On *Your Order* there's a clip from 1982 that introduces guitarist Tam (if you don't know who he is and why he is probably the most important figure in the history of Japanese punk and hardcore, just forget about it…*you suck*) and shows them playing tracks from the *Trash* LP on the back of a flat-bed truck while a mob of people throw rocks and beat people with axe-handles and baseball bats and such. During this scene, up in the corner of the screen it says *Burst City* followed by a Japanese script...I have been on a quest ever since!!!

So, I get this DVD and first examine the sleeve. It's packaged like some modern-slasher crap, but it claims that the DVD within contains a (I'm paraphrasing...stay with me), "classic modern-film-noir neo-apocalyptic indie film that displays some cutting-edge camera work and brutal realism while also being a document of the first wave Japanese punk scene, in vivid detail"! Next, I Google search the movie and delve into the producer's profiles, and learn that this movie happened to be an actual "birth," for lack of a better term, of an entire genre/scene for Asian filmmakers, and all the dudes associated have since gone onto huge careers that are still going on today...whatever, *I want the Stalin!!!*

The movie starts with a very amateur-ish introduction of a sped-up filming of someone driving a car through a deserted highway; this opening scene is really bizarre! I am not sure, but I am convinced that the producers of *Liquid Sky* stole their entire production values from this scene...hundreds of extras in a full-on Off-Broadway musical piece singing and dancing about being "the dregs of a generation" and "*we are the nightmare you created and yet you never wanted...*" Sounds stupid, but it works! Next there's a bunch of shit I cannot figure out...sure, it's basically an excuse for the Roosters, Inu, and Battle Rockers to play songs live and have their outtakes used as the score, but I am just lost...the movie continues, a pair of iron-clad bikers drive up to a street sign and cry as the sign goes up in flames...some Yakuza dudes show up and are offered a very disaffected whore...some of the dudes from the featured bands are filmed working in an auto-repair shop and beat the crap out of their bosses...cut to aforementioned disaffected whore showering in a warehouse with one of the yakuza guys and a bunch of hobos show up and interrupt them, but tell them "to continue" or whatever—for some reason there are no subtitles in this scene—cut to these same hobos digging dirt, but one of the iron-clad bikers shows up and does his best *Bionic Man* impersonation and begins screaming and does not end until the movie ends...disaffected whore is then raped to death by some Yakuza dude in a studded chastity belt in a room full of punk rock graffiti and said Yakuza dude gets shivved by the whore's long-lost-lover...the bands play on and off and there's rioting like I have never seen! Somehow, this movie is supposed to be about rebellious youth protesting the building of a controversial nuclear power plant...but I'll take the director's word for it, because this is never touched upon, as far as I can tell.

Now, here's why I am writing this...god bless *the* fucking Stalin! They're cast as the *antagonist* band in this movie. Every time one of these bands does a *protest* gig, the Stalin shows up and beats the living shit out of them, grabs the equipment and plays whatever they can manage during the ensuing riots! Seriously, the fight/riot scenes are brutal in this film and it totally adds to the inherent violence in the Stalin's music. But, what's best about this is that it's exclusive Stalin tracks! Sure, its stuff from the *Stalinism* 7" and the *Trash* LP, but they are totally different recordings that kick the living fuck out of the vinyl versions! The best is their first appearance, note, almost 75 minutes into the movie, where they destroy everything, beat the fuck out of everyone and take over and play "Saru," but manage only for the drummer to play, feedback rages through the guitars, all the while about 30 people are piled up and murdering on stage, and Michiro is screaming unintelligible stuff through a megaphone (sounds like a classic 9 Shocks Terror gig...only 20+ years earlier and half a world away...) while the cops pull up and get their fucking asses kicked.

During the final scenes of the movie, the Stalin returns and Michiro throws two (count 'em, *two!*) pig's heads off the stage after packing them with lit explosives. One takes a cop's head off and a *full-on* stream of blood splatters all over the screen, pretty much as ridiculously graphic as anything in *Bad Taste*, but Michiro continues to dig into a bucket of (obviously) pig entrails and is swatting people in the face with them...*wow!* They manage to pull off parts of three to four different songs during this part, but *I swear to freakin' God* that one of them is not available anywhere else. Sum total, it's 15 to 20 minutes of Stalin destruction that made the $9.99 plus tax well-worth it.

Finally, I dig thru the "special features" and the linernotes from the original LP soundtrack are included...every band except the Stalin appears on it!!! *Fuck!!!* What a waste. The best Stalin ever and it probably doesn't exist anywhere else...motherfuckers just CD re-issued the soundtrack on the pretty cool and somewhat reliable Pony Canyon label, but...no *Stalin!!!* What the fuck!!??!!

Anyhow, just for the Stalin performance, this DVD is essential for Japanese punk collectors and a nice curiosity for neo-apocalyptic trash-film freaks...rent/buy accordingly!!!

WE DON'T PUT OUT

LADYPUNK MOVIES OF THE '80S

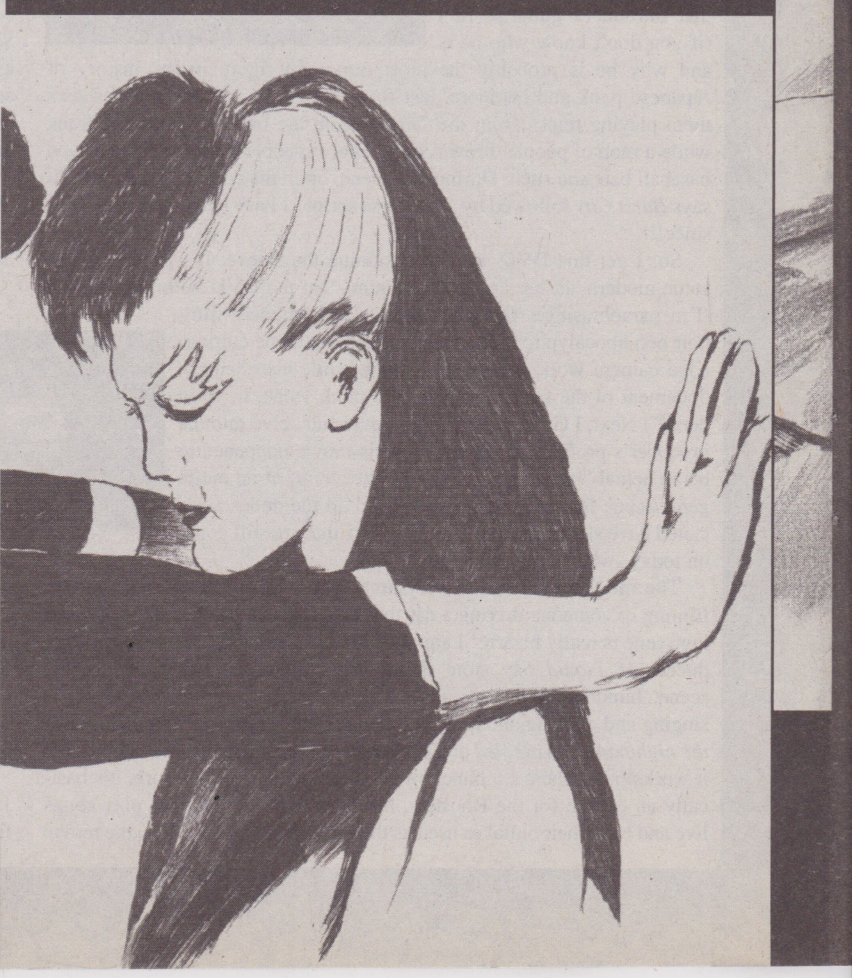
BY TALYA COOPER
ART BY LAUREN LIKELY

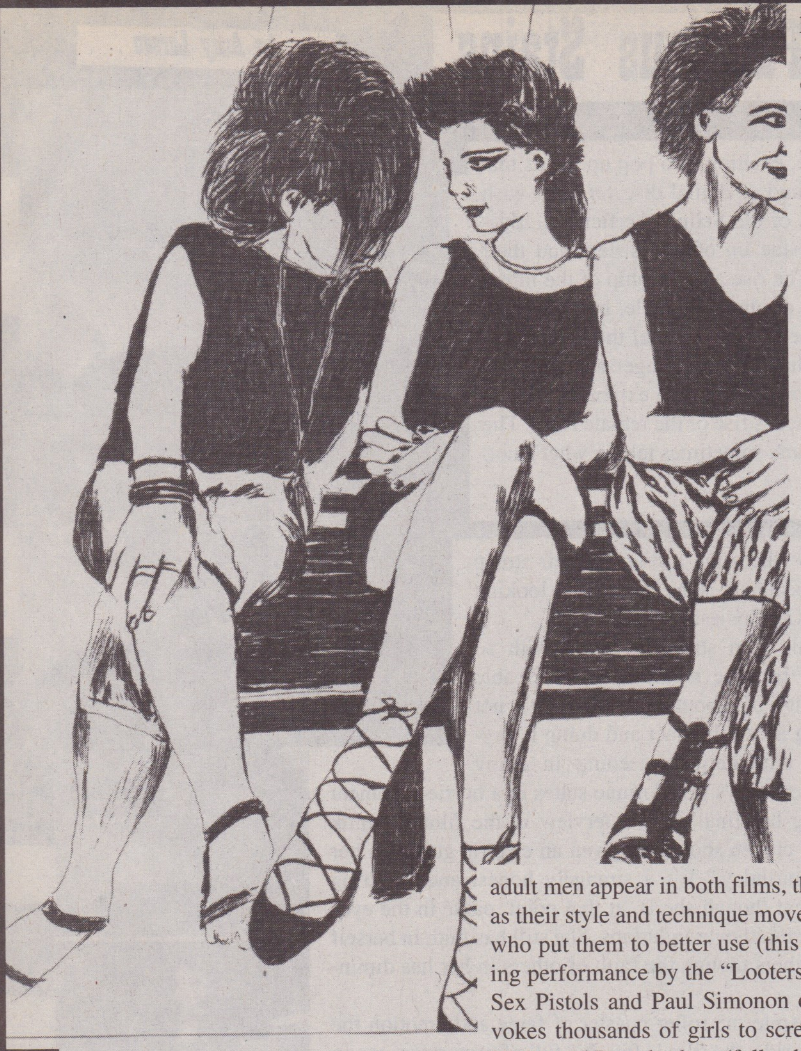
Glowering behind her black bangs, Lydia Lunch stalks her submissive, androgynous companion (Pat Place of the Bush Tetras) through Vivienne Dick's seminal No Wave short *She Had Her Gun All Ready* (1978). All pale skin and attitude, she slinks along, trailing Place to Coney Island. They get on the Cyclone, and Lunch leans over and begins choking the other woman. By necessity, the viewer joins in the action: Dick's riding the rollercoaster, too, struggling to hold on to her Super 8 camera, meaning that you're along for the ride, jolting, struggling to focus or figure out what's going on as the bright sun shines into your vision and you hurtle up and down and around. Once the ride ends, you feel almost as blood-soaked and exhilarated as our sinister anti-heroine. Well, who knows if the makers of the two classic Hollywood girl-punk movies of the early '80s, *Times Square* and *Ladies and Gentleman, the Fabulous Stains*, saw *She Had Her Gun*, but the short's key elements—a charismatic, l'il-bit scary lady heroine ready to exert power, the ability to force the viewer into involvement in the film—emerge, albeit in diluted form, in those films.

Each has a bitchy, mercurial punk mastermind at its center. *Times Square* features sociopath-lite Nicky Marotta (Robin Johnson), a guitar-toting dyke miscreant prone to fits of anger and genius. Dragging her sad-little-rich-girl psych ward roommate Pamela (Trini Alvarado) on a teenage runaway dream, she comes up with myriad schemes, both the practical three-card-monte type and the riotous throwing-TVs-off-rooftops variety. Nicky acts out, the film implies, because no one has ever loved her;. Pammy, in contrast, lived in a stifling conformist household before she met Nicky, where she felt untalented, emotionally vacant, a "zombie," as she describes herself in a letter to a radio host. The media latches on to Pamela's escape from her home and goodytwoshoes-dom, but Nicky provokes the moves that earn them their preteen girl army following.

Fabulous Stains, too, portrays punk rebellion as a way for girls to find self-worth. After her mother's death, no one gives a shit about Corinne Burns (Diane Lane), a sassy, chain-smoking teen whose horrendous attitude makes her an attractive subject for TV newscasters and the laughingstock of her town. She uses her band, the Stains, as a way out of town, but they're less musical performers than a vehicle for Corinne's rants against marriage, small-town life, growing old, and the messages given to young women that they have no choice but to live like their mothers. As egotistical as Corinne is, she loves appearing on TV, she wants people to look at her and follow her, and she aims to have girls acknowledge the same things about their lives that she screams from the stage—that unless they band together, they'll be nothings. The film's most poignant, true-to-life moment comes when Corinne's aunt appears on TV. Teary-eyed, she remembers how she'd believed her parents when they called her worthless and how she'd unwittingly said the same thing to Corinne's cousin/bandmate Peg (Laura Dern). The aunt holds up a picture of Corinne's dead mom, musing about how proud she'd be of Corinne. In the picture, the mom wears red and black, the Stains' signature colors, like a proto-member of their gang.

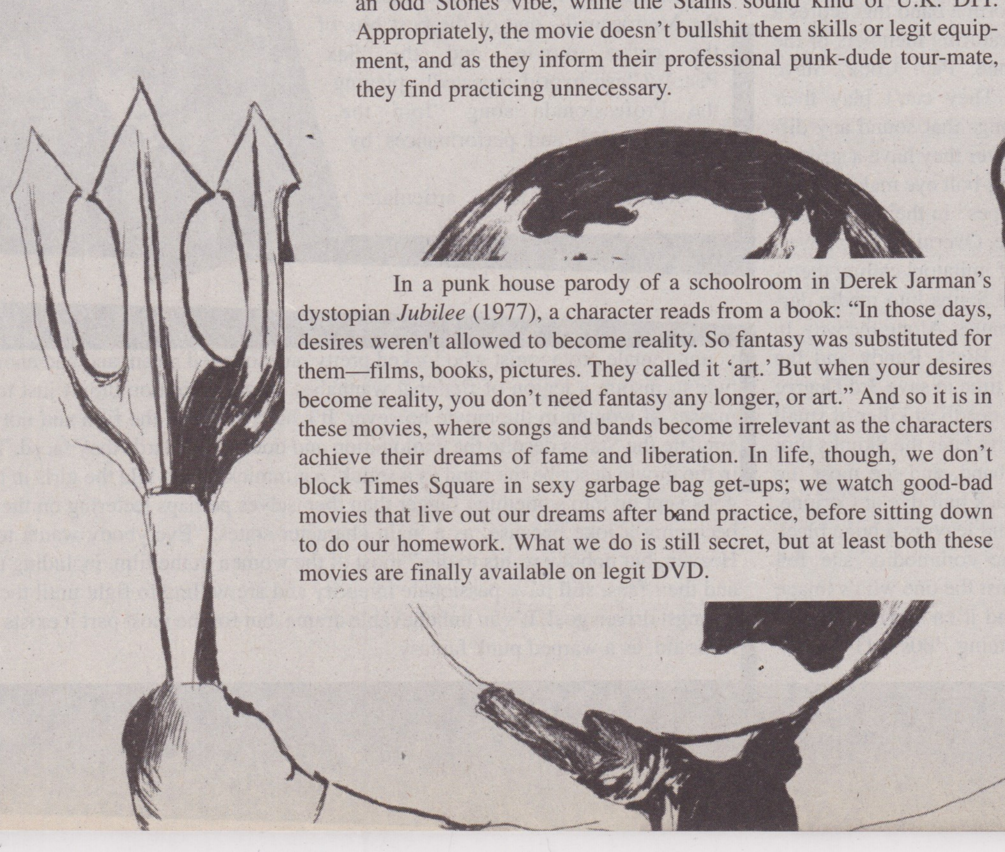
The formation of these posi all-girl mobs proves the weirdest, most important part of these movies. The girls figure out





how to dress like Times Square's Sleez Sisters or Fabulous Stains' Skunks by hearing their calls on the radio, seeing them on TV, observing the posters they vandalize on the street. These films reveal a mainstream fantasy of the cryptic secret society of punk girls gone mainstream, taking the streets and clogging shopping malls. True, a slimy radio host turns *Times Square*'s Sleez Sisters into celebs, and the Stains would not attain their cult-dom without proving such a career-making subject for two TV news anchors. Interestingly, though, the involvement of the media in these movies allows the films' viewers the same access to the films' heroines as their fictitious fans. Watching the TV-broadcasts-within-a-movie in *Stains* is like a tamer version of taking a ride on the Cyclone with Lydia Lunch: you become complicit in the same movement as the characters within the film. Further, because Nicky and Corinne are so blatantly fucked up, you'd rather *join* them, hurling your TV from the window or running around in black panties and starting your own band, than *be* them. As a result, though *Times Square* is generally an inferior movie, it boasts a superior ending. Rather than becoming a true superstar, Nicky ends the Sleez Sisters' Times Square blowout concert by leaping away from the cops into a mob of girls who spirit her away: she rejoins the underground, where she belongs. In contrast, the tacked-on coda of *Stains* has the band ascend to faux-MTV fame with way poofy '80s-ed out hair replacing their adorably inept stripey punk 'dos.

Understand that the "you" alluded to here is always a girl you. Boys have no part in either film. Though manipulative adult men appear in both films, they can ultimately only stand aside as their style and technique moves get appropriated by young ladies who put them to better use (this is not to deride, however, the raging performance by the "Looters" in Stains who include half of the Sex Pistols and Paul Simonon of the Clash). Corinne Burns provokes thousands of girls to scream that they "don't put out," and Nicky and Pamela sleep (fully clothed) curled up around each other. I guess, fashion aside, this revolution-girl-style wild community building makes these films "punk." Nicky and Pammy's songs have an odd Stones vibe, while the Stains sound kind of U.K. DIY. Appropriately, the movie doesn't bullshit them skills or legit equipment, and as they inform their professional punk-dude tour-mate, they find practicing unnecessary.



In a punk house parody of a schoolroom in Derek Jarman's dystopian *Jubilee* (1977), a character reads from a book: "In those days, desires weren't allowed to become reality. So fantasy was substituted for them—films, books, pictures. They called it 'art.' But when your desires become reality, you don't need fantasy any longer, or art." And so it is in these movies, where songs and bands become irrelevant as the characters achieve their dreams of fame and liberation. In life, though, we don't block Times Square in sexy garbage bag get-ups; we watch good-bad movies that live out our dreams after band practice, before sitting down to do our homework. What we do is still secret, but at least both these movies are finally available on legit DVD.

Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains

by Andy Larsen

Today's internet ADD times of hellish, fickle, exciting info pop up bands that only exist in magical data streams and not on vinyl or digital disc *yet* must wish they had the instant, unbelievably lucky success of the Stains, the fictional, dysfunctional, attention hungry three-piece band made up of two sisters and their cousin, the stars of *Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains*. The rise and worship of the infectious women into overnight heroes among females in their peer group is enviable, but while the journey is a romantically rainy stint on a rasta-powered streamline tour bus, one of the main sticking points about *Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains* is that it's about anger and strength, and utilizing those qualities to be proactive. It's about the backlash against the exploited women for sake of consumerism and the inevitable downfall and instantaneous rise of the female rebel. The film can be viewed as a lesson about taking what is rightfully yours, sometimes taking what's not, and definitely not waiting in line to get it.

Paul Cook
Steve Jones

Honestly, *Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains* isn't the most well done movie. Many simply refer to it as "bad." It's a great B movie at best, and its take on the music industry definitely isn't grounded in reality, but it personalizes an inner movement among many people, resonating strongly and deeply, securing a place in the hearts of many as a beloved cult classic. There are many different levels at work within Lou Adler's 1981 film. Adler himself, a label owner, producer, owner of the Roxy, director of *Up In Smoke*, and all around music industry guy must have had a hard time fitting everything he wanted to comment on into one hour and half long film. The story touches on a good number of different points; media, punk, teenage angst, exploitation, small towns, death of body and soul, the list doesn't stop there, every time an opportunity to re-watch the late night cable TV staple arises, some new theme appears.

It's a fantastic, complex mess of a simple film. Corrine "3rd Degree" Burns (Diane Lane) and her sister and cousin (Laura Dern) form a band that scores a spot on the Metal Corpses (featuring members of the Tubes)/Looters (Ray Winstone, Paul Cook, Steve Jones, Paul Simonon) tour. They can't play their instruments, sing, or write songs that sound any different than The Shaggs. However they have a striking look comprised of red lightning-bolt eye makeup, see-through shirts, and "white stripes" in their hair to top off their caustic, bratty attitude. Overnight they develop a large female following of imitators calling themselves the Skunks rushing the Stains into media darlings who can sell out huge venues. Along the way, in a shining moment of clarity, Black Randy and the Metrosquad shows up, just in time to save 3rd Degree from sacrificing herself to the deadliest killer of small town teens, romance. A few days later the Skunks turn their collective back on the band, and the most die hard Skunk throws a jar of black hair dye at Corinne, smashing it against her face and leaving a huge black print on her skin, using the commodity she felt betrayed by as a weapon against the one who's image she wished to emulate. Oh and it ends with a disappointing yet somehow charming '80s MTV style video where the girls play their stolen Professionals song suddenly looking very Go-Gos-esque.

This film strikes a chord with so many because it has an indescribable veracity. It's about those who can't, not caring about that fact and doing it anyway, ultimately succeeding in many different ways. As Corinne states in a hurried moment during her final news interview in the film, "I think every citizen should be given an electric guitar on her 16th birthday." It's a strangely honest and inspiring moment though she is, at that point, passé in the eyes of her rabid overnight fans. She still has faith in herself and others though the faith of others in her has diminished.

starring Diane Lane

Despite the roller coaster of fame and emotion the Stains ride, the film is fun. It's full of performances; on stage, on the news, and practicing, so the audience is given an eye full of The Tubes as a washed up rock act, Black Randy and the Metrosquad—one of the best bits of the entire movie, and the Sex Pistols/Clash hybrid repeatedly playing the Professionals song "Join the Professionals," and performances by the Stains obviously.

The Fabulous Stains
Diane Lane

Corrine Burns is an articulate young female protagonist who looked pretty rad, sounded mean, and had enough attitude to inspire a legion of fictional wannabes. That inspiration didn't just touch the masses of women in the movie however. It's hard to watch the film and not want to emulate the Stains despite the exploitation and double standards they faced. The men in the movie describe the band as a shtick, a gimmick, and while the girls in the band got swept up into something bigger than themselves perhaps teetering on the edge of becoming a joke because, as a main character states, "Everybody wants to go the Heaven, but nobody wants to die," most of the women in the film, including the band and their fans, still have passionate integrity and are willing to fight until the end for an angst driven goal. It's an unbelievable drama, but for the most part it exists the way it should, as a warped punk fantasy.

Times Square

and the Dirty Truth of Running Away

By Laura Jane Faulds.

My generation is nameless.

My generation is nameless because we refuse to be defined as a whole.

My generation is nameless because we insist on being defined individually.

In theory, this sounds like a good thing. In practice, it is problematic. Those born between the years 1980 and 1992—myself included—are *obsessed* with our individuality, which we explain to ourselves via certain cultural emblems representative of certain personal or political affiliations.

I bring up self-definition because *Times Square* is a significant one of those cultural emblems I just mentioned. It is cool to like. It is a scrappy feminist classic; pretty much the *only* film I can think of that focuses *solely* on the unbeatable combination that is "girls and punk rock." If you are a girl born between 1980 and 1992 that likes feminism and punk rock, you most likely self-define as an appreciator of *Times Square*. I am, and I do. But do I?

I do. But not as much as I thought I did. To fill in the gaps—I'm a writer, and I self-define as one too. When I was eight years old, I read E.L. Konigsburg's classic *From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler*, and it rearranged me. I don't need to quantify this much further—fifteen years later, I'm writing about a movie called *Times Square* that has virtually nothing to do with *From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E Frankweiler,* yet still insist that it has *everything* to do with *From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs Basil E Frankweiler*. I am insisting this because from within the skewed perspective of my own particular self-definition, it does.

In real life, kids don't run away. Maybe some particularly ballsy kids attempt to, but it never pans out. They get bored. Pack your mini-backpack full of puppy-print underwear and a plastic-bound lock-and-key diary, amble on over to the nearest bus stop, get hungry waiting, then run back home with a tear-streaked face. In real life, kids don't set up shop in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. They don't get all pally-pally with mercurial post-adolescent punk rock girls and weasel their way into the minor leagues of FM radio celebrity. In real life, kids run home.

The greatest art is always a lie. That's what makes it interesting, and not just your journal. Your journal is not great art. This much, I can promise.

Times Square is farfetched, but honest in the way it represents a wholly improbable situation. If you haven't read *From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs Basil E Frankweiler*, which has nothing (but also everything) to do with *Times Square*, it is the tale of Claudia and Jamie Kincaid, a twelve and nine-year-old brother/sister duo adorably rendered in scrappy tweed, plaid, and scratchy pencil. The twosome ditch their upper-middle-(or possibly lower-upper)-class Greenwich, Connecticut lives, escape to the Met, sleep in an antique Victorian-era bed, and end up charming their way into the life (and will) of an eccentric and philanthropic octogenarian (Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler, if the math hasn't yet occurred to you), who ultimately gifts them with an undiscovered Michaelangelo sculpture, basically ensuring that they are set—and luxuriously at that—for the remainder of their lives.

That's stupid.

Such fancy could *never* happen to *anyone*. Even if a brother/sister duo *did* manage to bust out of suburbia and catch a commuter train to Museum Mile, they'd get caught out by security in, like, ten seconds, dragged out of the Met by their unpierced earlobes, and banned from the Upper East Side for eternity.

Times Square, however, exists in real life and real time. *Times Square* is the story of what would actually, for real, seriously, probably, honestly, most likely happen if the straight-laced adolescent daughter of a NYC politico (Pammy, played by Trini Alvarado, who grew up to be Meg in *Little Women*) teamed up with a filthy, sorta-moronic, kinda-genius gutter punk (Nicky, played by Robin Johnson, who never acted in a film again), and said odd couple embarked upon a series of semi-Sapphic misadventures including but not limited to:

a) Cerebrally seducing a vaguely John Peel-*esque* DJ named Johnny LaGuardia via often embarrassingly-phrased ransom notes

b) Setting up shop in the kind of abandoned warehouse environment, which every 18-year-old that has ever moved to New York City wishes they could score.

c) Forming a band called the Sleez Sisters (they sound like a filthier Runaways, kind of).

d) Climatically staging a legitimately killer rooftop concert in Times Square (I'm talking about pre-Giuliani prostitutes and porno-era Times Square, decidedly *not* the MTV and Geoffrey the Giraffe Times Square of 2008). The whole scene plays out as if the Beatles' farewell show atop Abbey Road as fueled by Colt 45 and WD-40, and the only band members present were Ringo and Yoko Ono.

Pretty much every scene in *Times Square* makes me uncomfortable, like I need to take a shower. It is dismal and jarring; sketchy in a way that feels unfamiliar, like visiting a deserted shopping mall in the middle of a nowhere town that you happen to be driving through. We have already established that the premise of this film is unfeasible, but it *feels* real. It is never romantic or fantastic, which is precisely why it is impacting and hits home hard. While I once would've killed to be Claudia or Jamie Kincaid, I in no way envy Pammy and Nicky. As a matter of fact, I pity them.

As time passes, the corrosion of the girls' relationship and experience only snowballs. Pammy's ideal of Nicky deteriorates; the actual Nicky deteriorates; the strategy and stamina of their adventure deteriorates; things fall apart. It dies.

You either like that kind of thing or you don't, and, outside the context of my cultural self-definition, I don't. I am besotted by the whimsy of *From the Mixed-up Files;* I am disturbed by the authenticity and frankness of *Times Square*. But as a card-carrying member of Generation Whatever, I ardently love *Times Square*. I love what it means, I love what it means about me, I love what it means about the other people who it means something to and/or about, and I really, really, *really* love the Sleez Sister's effervescent hit single "Damn Dog" (I would even argue that it is the third-best fake-song-from-a-movie of all-time, trumped only by "Bedazzled" from the 1967 *Bedazzled,* and, um, "That Thing You Do").

Times Square is an important film because it means something important about a group of people who require it to do so. But, *Times Square* is a great movie because it is cold, ugly, and feels hauntingly like real life.

So, I guess I was kind of wrong; perhaps the greatest art is *not* always a lie. Maybe your journal is great art after all!

HOLLYWOOD/BABYLON

'80S PUNK EXPLOITATION MOVIES

by Jeff Walker Esq.

In the final act of *Up in Smoke (1979)*, Cheech and Chong form a punk band. "It's just punk rock, man," Cheech assures his partner. "You don't gotta know how to play, alls you gotta do is be punk, man! We can do that"! This basically sums up punk rock for mainstream cinema. It's hardly surprising that the DIY message got lost in translation to an industry that routinely spends millions to make a 90-minute movie about smoking weed. In Hollywood, "It was easy, it was cheap, go and do it!" became "You don't gotta know how to play!" Punk was all style and no substance, an empty vessel that screenwriters could fill with whatever generic archetype a script needed: rock stars, criminals, martyrs, or buffoons. Fictional punks became ubiquitous in standard genre flicks, and some actual punks launched legitimate acting careers, but punxploitation never really emerged as a proper genre in its own right. Rather than catalog every punk movie, character, or cameo, this article is an attempt to sketch exactly what punxploitation was all about.

Stanley Kubrick's 1971 postmodern masterpiece *A Clockwork Orange* was the harbinger, but the first proper punxploitation movie was Derek Jarman's *Jubilee (1977)*. Like *Clockwork*'s droogs, the punks in *Jubilee* are nihilistic freaks bent on episodes of indiscriminate ultra-violence. The relatively plotless film makes gestures to both major themes of the punxploitation idea: mindless violence and media manipulation. Although it raises the issue of punk's effect on gender identity and sexuality, punk is ultimately just a set dressing for Jarman's sloppy art house fantasia. *Jubilee* is less Kubrick than it is *Rocky Horror*. Despite cameos by the Slits, Chelsea, and others, the film is deservedly seen as a film *about* punk rather than a punk film.

Nevertheless, *Jubilee* stands out among '70s punk movies simply for not being a documentary or band vanity project. The three biggest punk acts all had one of the latter. The 1978 Russ Meyer/Malcolm McLaren Sex Pistols vehicle *Who Killed Bambi?* didn't make it past the second day of production, but scenes survived in McLaren's meglomaniacal *Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle (1980)*. The Ramones signed on to play rock idols in Roger Corman's *Rock 'n' Roll High School (1979)*, and their presence gave that glossy camp classic a raw edge. The Clash's *Rude Boy (1980)*, sandwiches a band documentary between dry vignettes about a council flat yob who briefly roadies for the band.

Rude Boy tries to convey a punk aesthetic through grainy black and white film, a psuedo-verite style, and total lack of plot development. The live footage proves that actual punk was never so boring. On the other extreme, *Burst City*, the 1982 Japanese rock showcase, is almost too kinetic for its own good. Evoking punk collage through frantic editing, the movie's highlight is a scene where the Stalin storm the stage, beat up the rockers, play half a song, and then piss on the rioting crowd. Sadly, though the Stalin won that battle, they lost the war. The rockers' cyber-rockabilly vibe dominates the film.

After the success of Blondie and the Go-Go's, punk was a natural subject for the "road to fame" movie—where a plucky upstart hits the dizzying heights of showbiz only to come crashing back to reality. *Times Square (1980)* and *Smithereens (1982)* both play out this scenario in New York, while *Breaking Glass (1980)* does so in London. Even actual punk projects like *Desperate Teenage Lovedolls (1984)* got in on the action. The ultimate punk rockstar movie, however, is improbably set in Pennsylvania's rust belt. 1981's *Ladies and Gentleman, the Fabulous Stains* tells the story of three teenage girls who rocket to fame when their singer (Diane Lane, as sexpot punkette) taps a pop-cultural nerve with her confrontational style and angry mantra: "Don't put out"! Their approach

image from the film *Suburbia*, Spheeris, 1984

OUT OF THE BLUE

is contrasted to the "professional" British band (featuring Steve Jones, Paul Cook, and Paul Simonon) whose tour they jump on and quickly dominate.

The Stains' music is somewhere between *Messthetics* and the Shaggs, but music isn't the point. *Stains* echoes the Cheech and Chong conception of punk rock, but also profoundly dramatizes the paradox of cultural rebellion, especially for women, in consumer society. As quickly as the Stains' style becomes popular, it is commodified, institutionalized and rejected. As it turns out, however, the Stains died for our sins. The film's redemption (ignoring the tacky, tacked-on happy ending) is that in their disgrace the band was a catalyst for other girls to do-it-themselves. Fittingly, the movie itself has become an oft-cited source of inspiration, despite its total commercial failure. *Stains* was never released, but surfaced on late night TV in the '80s. The movie's well-documented influence on riot grrrl may explain the uncanny thematic parallels to that movement.

In the early '80s, the culture industry repackaged punk's more consumer-friendly aspects, without all the chaos, into "new wave." By differentiating the two, pop culture got to have its cake and eat it too. Comedies like *Valley Girl, Tapeheads*, and countless teen flicks embodied the new wave aesthetic. Despite Biafra cameos and fleeting glimpses of Crass stickers, the "P" word was carefully avoided and everyone hooked up in the end. '80s punk melodramas, on the other hand, took one of two paths: either portraying punks as the tragic casualties of social degradation, or the worst symptom of it. When punks popped up in '80s movies as main characters, it usually meant that someone was going to die.

Rampant urban decay in the '70s launched a wave of Baby Boomer white flight, but suburban life brought new sources of unease. Hysteria over punk's influence on kids became a cottage industry for the '80s media, launching countless TV episodes, talk show panels, and sensational news articles. Penelope Spheeris made punk violence the central thesis for her seminal 1981 documentary *The Decline of Western Civilization.* Of course, American punk in the '80s really did have a violent streak, and Hollywood had perhaps the worst scene of all. The truly detrimental effect of punxploitation was that such one-dimensional representations became self-fulfilling prophecies, drawing more violent elements to punk.

The idea that countercultural movements are an untenable proposition was hardly new in Hollywood. From James Dean to *Easy Rider*, the youth culture highway is littered with cautionary corpses. The proto-punk classic *Over the Edge (1979)*, in which bored teenagers rise up against their uptight suburban town, provided the template for a new era of movies inspired by the idea that the kids were not alright. Even before *Sid and Nancy (1986)*, it was well understood that punks were doomed. Given the organic message of "no future," the punk tragedies practically wrote themselves

The 1980 Dennis Hopper film *Out of the Blue* chronicles the decline and fall of punk-obsessed Canadian teenager CeBe, who decides to burn out like Sid rather than fade away. Spheeris' *Suburbia (1984)*, the quintessential punxploitation movie, is plotted around three senseless deaths. Despite their compassionate portrayals, both films show punk as a warning sign of a terminal society, a stop-gap fantasy for kids who have been denied a real identity. Even while escaping home to jam with Pointed Sticks, CeBe is always at risk. Punk, to her, is a series of phrases to babble incoherently (imitating her abusive father, the perpetually fucked-up Hopper), and eventually a justification for suicide. Like Sheila, the traumatized runaway of *Suburbia*, CeBe was damaged beyond repair long before she found punk. Spheeris uses wild dogs to symbolize the perilous consequences of social and economic breakdown. *Suburbia*'s casualties are victims of a conflux of systematic failures beyond their control. A squatted tract house provides a temporary autonomous zone, but it's not real shelter. The punks might tame a handful of the dogs, and adults might slaughter a few, but no one can get them all.

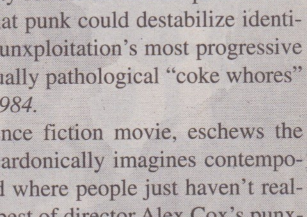
Punxploitation's purest strain offers even less redemption. 1982's *Class of 1984* set the bar for depictions of hopelessly depraved punk gangs. The movie is a generic, post-*Blackboard Jungle* "teacher trying to make a difference" flick that quickly devolves into a cheap *Clockwork* knock-off. The punks spend their days disrupting Lincoln High and their nights running drug and prostitution rackets out of a punk club. Before trailing off into an escalating but anti-climactic showdown, the movie's big plot twist is a revelation that the evil punk leader isn't some hard luck street urchin. He lives in a posh penthouse with his doting single mom, who is always happy to bail him out. A moment in the infamous 1982 "punk episode" of *CHiPs* perfectly captures this punxploitation idea. Officer Grossie explains that, "the suburbs can be a ghetto too. An overprivileged kid can get just as lost. Try finding an identity where every house is the same." Urban black criminals, the stock cinematic menace of the '60s and '70s, suddenly had to compete for screen time with suburbanites' very own offspring.

The continuity between earlier depictions of black gangs and these punk gangs makes term punxploitation an apt one. Punks became the go-to menacing, switchblade-wielding "other" when the hero had a close call in a dark alley or empty subway car. Violent punks were a convenient plot device for lazy screenwriters, as evidenced by how many classic punxploitation moments come from inferior sequels (*Star Trek IV, Robocop III, Short Circuit II, Death Wish III*). In the wake of 1979's *Mad Max*, the most cartoonish punks were reduced to inhuman mutants like the crazed biker in *Weird Science* or "splatter punks" of *Robocop III.* Horror-comedies like *Return of the Living Dead, Gremlins,* and *Class of Nuke 'Em High* used elements of punk style to enhance their monsters' monstrousness.

Punk style also signified a post-human condition in the cyberpunk genre. Punk as a context-less, fluid identity made it a perfect postmodern idea. In *Blade Runner*, the self-aware replicant Pris undergoes a punk makeover after rejecting her programming as a "standard pleasure model." The feminist (or at least post-feminist) undertones of this transmutation are echoed in *Jubilee, The Fabulous Stains,* and even the Wendy O. Williams sexploitation flick *Reform School Girls.* While substituting an exoticized, aggressive female sexuality for the traditional passive role may not be everyone's ideal, the idea that punk could destabilize identity, including gender roles, is probably punxploitation's most progressive notion. It's at least preferable to the sexually pathological "coke whores" who pass for punk women in *Class of 1984.*

Repo Man (1984), the punkest science fiction movie, eschews the sophisticated cyberpunk aesthetic and sardonically imagines contemporary LA as a post-apocalyptic wasteland where people just haven't realized that the world ended. The first and best of director Alex Cox's punxploitation efforts, *Repo Man* is perhaps the only truly great punk-themed film. The portrayal of punks as sub-moronic clowns is softened by a hyper-satirical tone, and the snide, disconnected worldview comes as close to expressing a punk sensibility as anything in mainstream movies.

In almost every other case, of course, Hollywood got it totally wrong. *Suburbia* cast punk non-actors, and *the Fabulous Stains* had a punk rock consultant, but they all miss the mark. That they got it so wrong is the reason these movies, which honestly are mostly pretty bad, are so entertaining. Although the occasional gang scare still makes the tabloids, the notion of punk as dangerous "other" has largely become antiquated. The '80s were a strange time for pop culture, and we will probably never see another wave of true punxploitation. Along with the chance to see Teenage Head, Cro Mags, or Black Randy in their prime, punxploitation flicks offer a reminder of how much has changed in 30-odd years. At its best, punxploitation was a postmodern extension of traditional Hollywood themes. At its worst, it was an advertisement for violent jocks to fuck up hardcore shows. Either way, to paraphrase Pauline Kael's review of *Repo Man*, movies with nothing positive about them can make you feel good.



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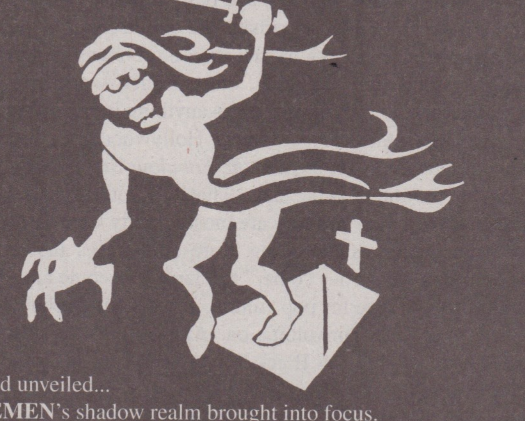

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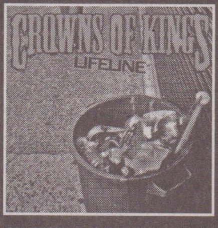

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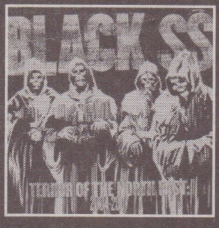

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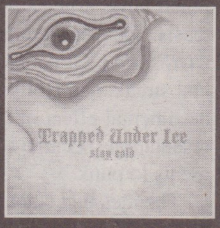

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YOU WEREN'T THERE

On November 24, 2007 You Weren't There: A History Of Chicago Punk '77-'84 was first shown to a sold out audience at the Portage Theater in Chicago. This documentary film combines insightful interviews with the majority of the players of this dynamic time in Chicago punk/hardcore history while masterfully editing classic archival live footage, flyers and photos of Chicago's finest punk bands such as Naked Raygun, Articles Of Faith, Effigies, End Result, Strike Under, Tutu and the Pirates, Big Black, and Rights Of the Accused, just to name a few. Brilliantly written, directed, and produced by Joe Losurdo and Chris Tillman (www.regressivefilms.com) this film instantly became one of the best most talked about punk documentaries of the last few years. This interview took place on September 13, 2008 at Joe and Chris' home while Chicago was being hit by one of its worst floods in recent memory.

Interview and introduction

by Jordan Atkins

Punks at La Mere Vipere

MRR: Why did you decide to make a movie on Chicago punk? You haven't made a movie before, so what made this be the first movie you decided to do?

Joe: I played in Life Sentence, and so I had been into punk for a while. I had an older sister who was in the early Chicago punk scene and I got into punk because of her. I've listened to it since '77 and '78, but was too young to go to shows and went to my first shows in '83. But being in Life Sentence and being in bands when I was pretty young, I got to meet and got to know a lot of the older crowd that was involved in the early Chicago scenes. I knew guys in the Subverts and DV8 and bands like that. Eric and Ray from Life Sentence were in bands since '80-'81, Six Feet Under and the Antibodies. So I knew a lot of people from the older scene even when I was young. I liked a lot of those people. I always thought they were interesting and funny and cool people. I feel that punk is pretty misunderstood and I think that there is probably more written or documented about punk from the '90s than the original punk scene. Whoever is in charge of media will write the history.

Naked Raygun and crowd

Chris: And there was so much happening in Chicago and no one really knows about it. It's not documented or looked at and people should know who they are.

Joe: Even the biggest bands from Chicago aren't that big nationally, whether it's Naked Raygun or the Effigies. More people know Big Black and Steve Albini—they played punk shows, but they were really on the edge. When everyone thinks of Chicago, they think of them for some reason.

MRR: Why do you think that early Chicago punk is underappreciated nationally, especially when it had so many interesting and diverse sounds coming from its early punk/hardcore scene?

Chris: Most the bands didn't tour. And they weren't signed on the bigger labels that had punk records out at the time.

Joe: Yeah, the bands from that era didn't tour. Naked Raygun toured more later than earlier. They were around since '79, but didn't really start touring until '84. The Effigies did some touring really early on, like in '81. I think that what helped established them more than other bands was the fact that they toured so early. But, it's the Midwest and there is no press here. In LA there was mainstream television that would cover punk. Black Flag on the Rona Barrett show, you know. New York and L.A. are media centers and they had more ways to promote what was happening at the time.

MRR: Did Chicago have zines in the early punk scene?

Joe: *Gabba Gabba Gazette* was started in '77. We show it in the movie and we tried to interview her, but she didn't really want to do it. Then I think the *Coolest Retard* started in '78. And they lasted until '83-'84. But I think Chicago didn't really have mainstream media support and it meant a lot back then. So many kids, like me, got influenced seeing Fear playing on *Saturday Night Live* on Halloween of '80. I knew that was something I wanted to be into and it was real and everything else I was listening to was fake. And that was without ever going to a live show.

MRR: There always seems to be a moment when someone sees or hears punk for the first time and knows that this is the intensity that they want to be a part of, when Van Halen doesn't look or sound that good anymore. Was that one of those moments?

Joe: Definitely, I knew that I wanted to find those sounds around me and wanted to find where that was happening in Chicago. And Chicago bands are weird too and don't fit into an exact sound. Naked Raygun is a weird band. They don't remind you of Minor Threat or Black Flag. All the bands were doing their own thing.

MRR: That is one theme I found very strong in *You Weren't There*—that the bands did sound very different. In LA the Germs influenced so many bands that adapted their sound, but in Chicago there seems to be more diversity in sound. Why is that?

Chris: Yeah, "the Chicago sound" didn't really exist, especially early on. There was nothing that would stick out that this band or that band was from Chicago.

Joe: I think they purposely didn't want to sound like LA bands or bands from New York. There is no band from Chicago that tries to sound like the Sex Pistols or the Clash.

Chris: And it wasn't that bands didn't love the Sex Pistols, the Damned, or the Clash, but they didn't want to ape it like so many other bands did on the coasts.

Joe: I was talking with an old friend of mine the other day and knowing what these guys in the early scene were into, I bet out of all the UK bands from that era, the one that influenced them the most was the Stranglers. Naked Raygun, the Effigies, Strike Under, all those guys were huge Stranglers fans. Plus they played here around '78 and they were up there with the Ramones as being the first punk band to hit Chicago.

MRR: Did a lot of punk bands tour and play Chicago during those early years?

Joe: You would be surprised. When we were doing research at the *Illinois Entertainer* they let us dig through their archives, and we were finding ads for bands like the Dead Boys playing here in '77! They played here a lot. Tutu and the Pirates broke up in '80 and played with the Ramones six or seven times.

Chris: The Jam played Chicago and Terry Nelson interviewed most of those bands that would come though. Black Flag drove up here.

Joe: Black Flag came though around '80. And they played here a lot.

MRR: I think the first time that I knew of the Effigies was when I saw an old picture of Henry Rollins wearing an Effigies shirt.

Joe: Yeah, my sister was friends with Earl from the Effigies and when she got *Haunted Town* she gave it to me. It was amazing. It blew my mind. This is easily good or better than anything else out there. I mean I could play it for my metal friends because they could rock. The guitar sound was fucking amazing and they had that edge to their sound without sucking.

MRR: How long did it take to put this movie together? What were the biggest challenges of doing a movie like this?

Chris: One of the big challenges was finding live footage, like Super-8 footage that was usable. Most people didn't have the money to buy large and expensive equipment and it was hard to track these people down that actually did some filming of these shows. Some people had Super-8 footage, but didn't really know what they had and they had to look for it. Some stuff had deteriorated to the point of not being of use. Even with photos, people didn't know what they had and a lot would be damaged from past floods or just being in a box for 30 years. Some people died too and it is hard to find stuff to fill the holes. Especially La Mere [La Mere Vipere-first wave Chicago punk club], we wanted to capture the feel of this amazing place but it was dark and not filmed too much.

Joe: Ken had some black and white that we used, and this other guy Eric Nihilist also had color Super-8, but it was so dark you couldn't make anything out, which was how the club was really like.

Chris: And people didn't really think about documenting.

MRR: Punk is a very disposable music form, which is most of its charm.

Chris: Yeah, and now everything is documented.

Joe: It made me a little upset at the after show during the Chicago premiere. I was excited to see Negative Element, Mentally Ill, and I got Steve and Jeff Pezzati to do Strike Under songs. I was really excited and I look out and there is a row of fucking phones taking pictures! And this was not from the younger kids, this was the older people! And I'm like, fuck, why can't you just enjoy the moment? This is great and so many people are with their goddamn phones and they don't realize that they are missing it.

Chris: Be at the moment when it's happening.

Joe: Yeah, back to your question. It took us about six years to finally finish it. We have jobs. I was running Hi-Fi Records, doing bands, and she's working fulltime. We had our lives and we didn't work on it everyday, but we kept getting great shit right up to a couple of weeks before we showed the film.

Chris: Someone would find that lost box of photos or stuff that we really needed.

MRR: Were most people cooperative about donating to the film?

Joe: Totally. There were a couple of exceptions, but I knew that once I had Naked Raygun, the Effigies, and Articles of Faith, and that they were all very cooperative then the movie would be good. Maybe if they got rich and famous off these bands, it would have been different. Going back to your original question on why I did the movie, I thought it would be a cool idea. I have seen other documentaries and always thought that someone should do one on the Chicago punk scene. I would talk about this for 10-15 years with Anthony (Rights of the Accused/Regress) about how it needs to be done. No one is going to do it, so I thought I might as well.

Chris: The truth of the history was fading away or being misinterpreted.

Joe: And I know that people will get mad at me and I don't fucking care to be honest with you, but it was bothering me how history was being rewritten. I mean, idiots who think the last Naked Raygun record was the best record because that was the one that got them into Naked Raygun. I don't even understand that fucking point of view. I like bands that were around before I was born and recognize the good shit from the bad shit. People personalize punk a lot more than other genres of music and I don't want people to think Screeching Weasel is what Chicago punk rock was. I mean, they blow and I have no problem going on record saying that. They blew then and blow worse now. If anything they were part of the problem by being the pioneers of shitty-ass pop punk. Anyway, now Ben Weasel will go after me.

Chris: We wanted to put it out there and thought it would be great for the bands and the people who made punk happen in Chicago even if most people don't know or remember them. These bands are amazing and they don't need to be forgotten.

Joe: And there were not enough bands that put out records. The one band that I wished we could have gotten in the movie, but there were scheduling conflicts, was the Cunts. They put out a record in '78. They were a weird band in that they were almost more garage rock than punk, but we would like to do some added footage of them, maybe for the DVD. Epicycle was also great and had a record in '78, but they were more of a pop band. They were also so young and brash that it came off punk. Back then the differences still made them punk.

Chris: I mean, they are called the Cunts.

Joe: Yeah and they were from Bridgeport (South side Chicago neighborhood), they still live in Bridgeport, and, from what I know, never played outside Bridgeport. I don't think they ever played a club on the North side.

MRR: Was there much of a division between the Chicago North side and South side during those years?

Joe: No one cared what side of the city people were from.

Chris: There was some of it with kids from the suburbs. But most people are drawn to the music and that bridged most of that. It didn't really matter who you were or what you did. You were happy to be there.

Joe: When I was a kid, I used to go up to kids with mohawks and talk to them about punk. Even when I was a little kid, I would want to know what punk they liked. But yeah, sometimes the city punks would blow off the suburbanites, but most of the bands came from the suburbs anyway. Members of Raygun, Jeff Pezzati's family was from the 'burbs. Strike Under was probably the only true city band.

MRR: How did you decide the timeline for the years of *You Weren't There*? Did you choose a specific year when it seemed the Chicago punk scene changed?

Joe: Punk and hardcore has a way of going through its own transitions and you have to make the decision on what movie you're doing. The movie is already two hours fucking long and that is a long time for anyone to sit though punk rock unless you are a huge fan. I mean, people will argue it forever, but to me something changed around '84. Definitely a change-'77-'80 had a punk feel, and then hardcore came in from '80-'83 and then you get to '84 and a whole new crowd came into it. And I don't think they were super representative of the punk that came before them. By '84 you had MTV playing Suicidal Tendencies videos and shit like that, and the media focused on it in a way that didn't represent punk and hardcore. And before this, you never saw skinheads and by '84 there were tons in Chicago going to shows. There would be huge shows at the Metro with 1000 people there and that changed the scene a lot. Those people were definitely trying to emulate fake punk more than anything, especially in their fashion and the way they acted and everything else. Even in the hardcore scene, everyone I knew didn't just listen to hardcore. People were huge music fans and were taking shit from all over the place. By '84 or so the crowds started to get real conservative. They seemed to think that they figured it all out and they had the uniform. One thing that I loved about hardcore when it first came out, that it wasn't so much about mohawks and leather jackets. Like the first hardcore show I saw was with Hüsker Dü and Die Kreuzen at 950 and those guys looked like me. They had long hair and flannels and jeans and t-shirts. They looked like the rest of us in the Midwest. And I identified with that.

MRR: By identifying with those bands, did it make you want to be in a hardcore band?

Joe: I wanted to play music since I was five-way before I knew what punk was. I always dreamed about being in a band and got my first guitar when I was ten. I wasn't very good at it, but I wanted to do it before I learned how to do it, you know what I mean? And the funny thing is when I talk to friends about growing up, they all have exactly the same story. Like friends who would send in to get the same guitar catalogs and shit, you know, just to look at them. But really, it's the energy in punk that makes you want to be into it, when you're young and bouncing off the walls and then this comes into your life. No other music has that energy like punk does and I like rock, metal, classic rock, and other music-nothing like the energy punk has. I saw Stiff Little Fingers on this weird television show that titled it as "new wave from Ireland" or something and it was '79 before they had a record in the States and I already heard the Sex Pistols and the Clash, but that did it for me. I just pointed at them and said, "I got to do that." That's what I want to do and what I want to play. By the time I did Life Sentence I was into other stuff.

MRR: Why so little focus on Life Sentence in *You Weren't There*? Was it outside the timeline?

Joe: Partially the timeline since the band started in '84, but I wasn't in the band in '84 and couldn't find any footage that early. And I really didn't want to make it a tool to promote myself. I've seen other documentary films where it felt like there was some self-promotion going on and people injecting themselves into the story more than necessary. It's tacky. And Life Sentence was more of a mid-'80s band. The band broke up, then reformed, and was outside the focus and timeline of the film.

MRR: What was the biggest obstacle of doing an independent movie? Was it more expensive than you imagined or difficult to have the film shown publicly?

Chris: Yeah, it is more difficult and it is more of an industry than you would think. Having the Chicago Underground Film Fest here is amazing. It is a very independent film festival and being used to that and

Rights Of the Accused

then trying to enter this documentary in what you think are independent film festivals but are in fact very industry-related-you need someone to push your film for you to get into one of these so-called independent fests.

Joe: Yeah, you need an agent and it's bullshit. I mean they are known as indie film fests, yet they are just farm teams for the Hollywood industry.

Chris: There are a few that are good and very low-key. But the bigger ones ask for a lot and an agent is needed to get into them.

Joe: They somehow leave that out of the application and will take your money and leave you to believe that you will make their festival on the validity of your film, which isn't the case. Any sort of industry backing will have precedent over your film. Politics and money seem to rule out.

Chris: We wanted to do it cheaply as much as possible. I mean, it is about a scene that had no money and it stood out on its own and we wanted to represent that too with the film. For it to have that DIY feel.

Joe: As if we had a choice. We put some money into it. I sold some records and the film will still cost us some more money, but that is all right. We had a lot of people volunteer their time, photos, flyers, footage, and interviews all for free. I was very happy to see that people were still in the spirit of the scene they were a part of. No rock star bullshit.

Chris: A true labor of love. We loved the subject so it was important to do it the best we could because this time and history were being forgotten.

Joe: I didn't think we would have this much interest outside of Chicago and that anyone would give a shit or care. We showed it in LA and San Francisco and that was amazing. We were shocked to have that opportunity.

Chris: We thought it would take a year and it took about five to six years to finish it. And it was the human element that took it awhile for people to be ready to do their interview or find that lost box of photos. A lot of rushing and waiting.

Joe: And calling people like 20-30 times and staying on top of it. People weren't dicking us around or anything, but it wasn't everyone's first priority either.

MRR: It seems like the biggest response to the film from the audience was about the ongoing feuds and animosity between certain bands and people from those early bands like Albini and Articles of Faith and the Effigies? It was extremely entertaining to see these guys live out the soap opera of a scene so many years ago with so many feelings still there. What was it like doing those interviews knowing what these people were saying about each other?

Joe: I could barely keep a straight face during it. I was loving it. I was so happy. I play in bands now and other bands don't even attempt to talk to you and I'm glad when people are opinionated and state what they really feel. I wish that happened more. I want more band rivalries! It meant that people felt passionately about what they and the people around them were doing. They felt passionate about something.

MRR: Did these rivalries divide the scene?

Joe: On a real superficial level maybe. What, dividing 30 people? I'm sure if Vic Bondi and Albini were in the same room together they would talk. People get into the heat of the moment and…

Chris: It's amazing how much people hold onto their anger for so long. And I think the interviews stirred up all these old memories.

Joe: The thing is that they both know that they were important to the scene. Albini even says that Articles of Faith were very important and did a lot of great stuff. He said that he just didn't like their music and Vic said he thought Big Black was great and the Effigies were one of the best bands. It was strong personalities and difference in music that fueled a lot of it. Naked Raygun, Articles of Faith, Strike Under, and the Effigies were my favorites out of that era but they all sound, and were, really different. Strike Under had a sound that I can't put my finger on what it is, but their music was amazing. Too bad they didn't stay around longer and record more.

Chris: We left all the interviews we did feeling great. These people have great stories. Some of these characters deserve their own film.

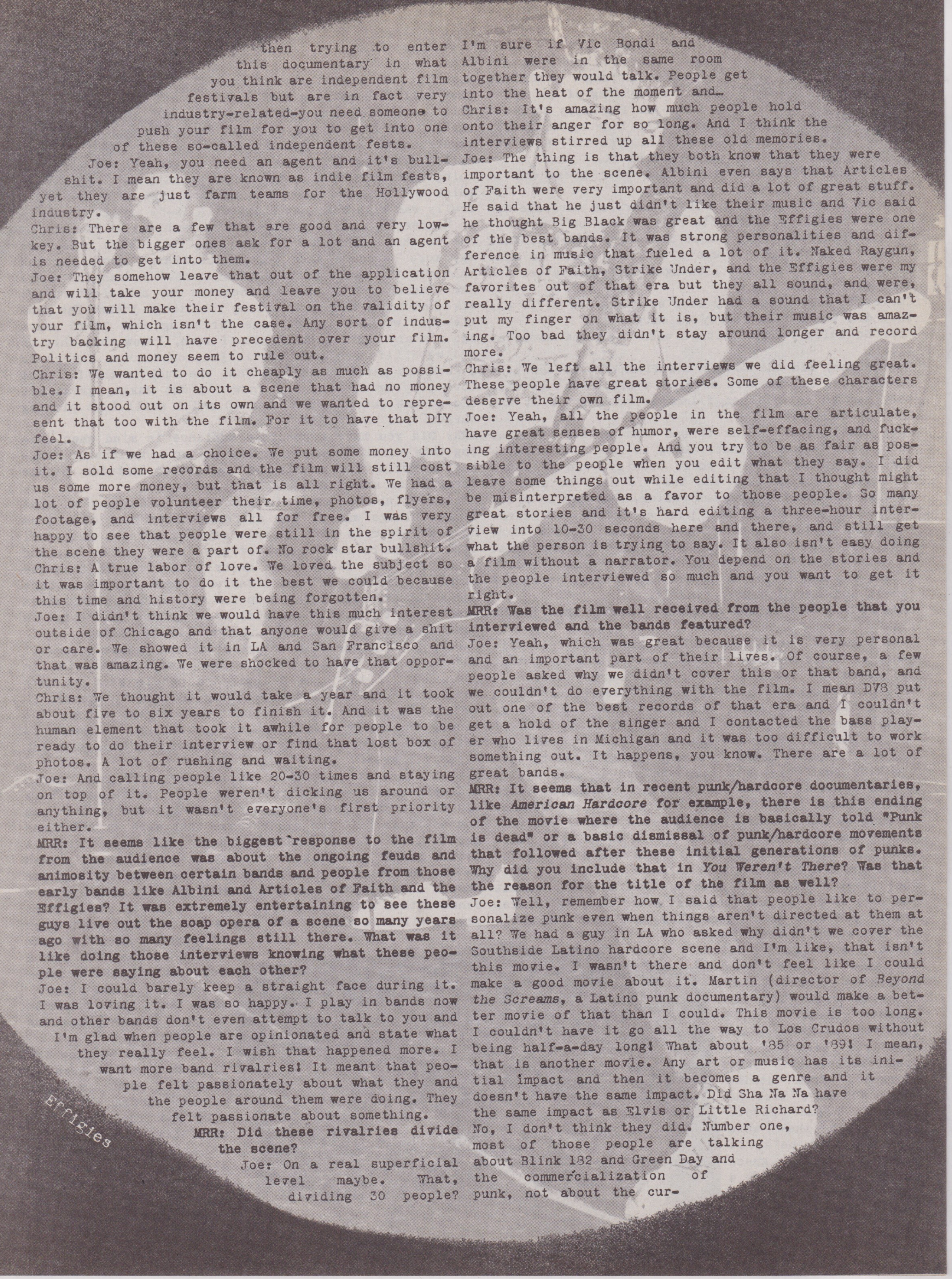
Joe: Yeah, all the people in the film are articulate, have great senses of humor, were self-effacing, and fucking interesting people. And you try to be as fair as possible to the people when you edit what they say. I did leave some things out while editing that I thought might be misinterpreted as a favor to those people. So many great stories and it's hard editing a three-hour interview into 10-30 seconds here and there, and still get what the person is trying to say. It also isn't easy doing a film without a narrator. You depend on the stories and the people interviewed so much and you want to get it right.

MRR: Was the film well received from the people that you interviewed and the bands featured?

Joe: Yeah, which was great because it is very personal and an important part of their lives. Of course, a few people asked why we didn't cover this or that band, and we couldn't do everything with the film. I mean DV8 put out one of the best records of that era and I couldn't get a hold of the singer and I contacted the bass player who lives in Michigan and it was too difficult to work something out. It happens, you know. There are a lot of great bands.

MRR: It seems that in recent punk/hardcore documentaries, like *American Hardcore* for example, there is this ending of the movie where the audience is basically told "Punk is dead" or a basic dismissal of punk/hardcore movements that followed after these initial generations of punks. Why did you include that in *You Weren't There*? Was that the reason for the title of the film as well?

Joe: Well, remember how I said that people like to personalize punk even when things aren't directed at them at all? We had a guy in LA who asked why didn't we cover the Southside Latino hardcore scene and I'm like, that isn't this movie. I wasn't there and don't feel like I could make a good movie about it. Martin (director of *Beyond the Screams*, a Latino punk documentary) would make a better movie of that than I could. This movie is too long. I couldn't have it go all the way to Los Crudos without being half-a-day long! What about '85 or '89! I mean, that is another movie. Any art or music has its initial impact and then it becomes a genre and it doesn't have the same impact. Did Sha Na Na have the same impact as Elvis or Little Richard? No, I don't think they did. Number one, most of those people are talking about Blink 182 and Green Day and the commercialization of punk, not about the cur-


Effigies

rent hardcore scene.

MRR: So, you did get some strong reactions about the ending of the film?

Joe: Yeah, and I'm happy to upset some people. It's fine by me. A lot of people under a certain age got offended and personalized it.

MRR: Well, that theme has been presented in other films already.

Joe: We started our film before *American Hardcore* was even a book. I would like to state that, and we started filming years before that movie got started. When I saw it, I thought it was a little similar to what we said in the film but I thought ours was better and more articulate.

Chris: We heard that they were shooting the movie and they did their film really quickly.

Joe: So quickly that Chicago wasn't in the movie at all!

Chris: They did the Coasts and flashed over the rest of America, but we were worried a little bit because they had an established filmmaker working on it and then it came out.

Joe: And I didn't think it was that great, but that said, that is a huge undertaking to try to do a hardcore documentary of the whole country. And they did the movie very quickly and that is hard to do. But back to the question and the ending, everyone is pretty much talking about mall punk as a frame of reference. And most of these guys are 50 years old or more and they clearly aren't connected or don't know what is going on with punk bands today. Everyone is different and has different tastes. But people personalize it and I don't understand it.

MRR: Do you feel it was necessary to have that in the film?

Joe: I guess I was going back to the way I felt this genre of music has been misrepresented and bands that are given the title of being "legendary punk bands" and these people need to have their fucking say since they started this shit. And here is what shocks me most, when I was younger and started doing bands I didn't give a fuck what the older punks thought of me. The '77 punks hated us because we were snotty little kids that were into hardcore and we didn't give a fuck about them. Why do other generations of punks need approval from the older generation of punks? How un-punk is caring what your elders think of you!

Chris: When we were doing our Q & A in LA, you could hear that they wanted approval with some of the questions and I'm like, why?

Joe: Do your own fucking thing for the reasons that you love to do it, and fuck what everyone else thinks. And if you want to respond then make your own fucking movie, which would be great. I would go see it! It means you are doing something instead of bitching about it. And another thing, people just want to focus on the negative. There are several people, like Chris Bjorklund from Strike Under who says that he doesn't blame people about when they were born and that he's not going to second guess why someone is playing a type of music. And Bill Meehan ripped on the mall punks, but also said that he had great hope for the kids that they will do something that will kick his ass. The main thing they are saying is that to impersonate something doesn't mean shit. Take that influence and create something new, but mimicking music is stupid. I think the hardcore scene now is more like it originally was with basement shows with 30-50 people. Being in Regress and playing shows in basements like the one on the Southside (Ranchos Huevos) and the Albion house are way more hardcore than some bands that I won't mention that get the title of being "hardcore." I mean the whole name "hardcore" is used to describe the shittiest music, like bad metal with guys acting like tough jocks. The people that would kick your ass for being punk 25-30 years ago now are playing that shit. I mean, I saw that shit in '84 with Life Sentence and it just continues. You go to a show and get knocked out. What the fuck is that! I just love playing music and I know I'm not making great art and no one cares. I'm almost 40 and I still love playing thrash, you know?

MRR: Did you have a specific audience in mind when making this movie? Were you trying to, or conscious of, making a movie that could be accessible outside people involved or aware of punk?

Joe: I think the story is connected to Chicago at that time. Chicago was a very different city back then from now, and stories came up that even we weren't aware of, like the weird convergence of gay clubs, the mafia, and punk rock. The first three major punk clubs in Chicago-La Mere (Vipere), Oz, and O'Banion's-were all ex-gay bars and a lot of clubs burnt down for what seemed unexplained reasons. I think that the audience might be interested in punk or music in general, and the city of Chicago.

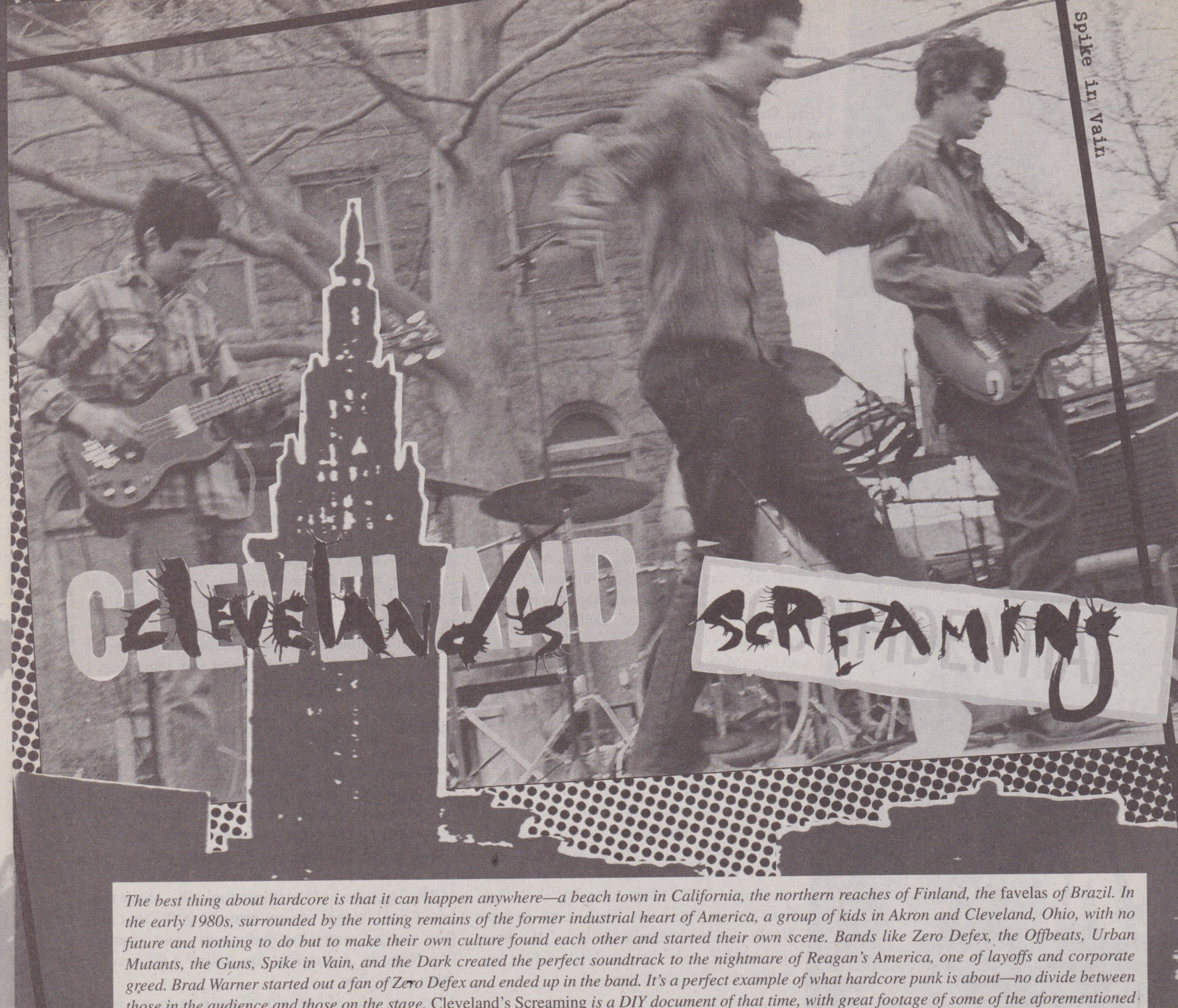
Chris: I think the film brings different people in on all the different aspects of it. Not always interested in punk, but of the time period. And people seem to have intense discussions after watching the movie, whether it is all the underground connections in the clubs, the bands, and their rivalries, or the ending. It seems to get people talking, which means that you've done your job as a filmmaker.

Joe: I think it is good to expose people to great music and open their eyes a little. The title *You Weren't There* was an old joke between me and Anthony, because that was the attitude that the older punks that were at O'Banions had towards us. We were the younger "all ages" kids. A little tongue in cheek to the way the older punks viewed us and we laughed it off. Because that was the way for people always! Even one year later after something happened within a scene, people would say that. The La Mere people all said that it was over after it burnt down. Then it was Oz and O'Banion's was the shit. It was a joke on all the generations before and after.

MRR: Any last comments and/or future plans for the film?

Joe: We hope to show the film in other cities if possible and a DVD release should be available not too long from now. Still working on it. I hope to get some letters about this…does anyone even write letters anymore? All right, enough ranting.

GABBA
GABBA



Spike in Vain

Cleveland's Screaming

The best thing about hardcore is that it can happen anywhere—a beach town in California, the northern reaches of Finland, the favelas of Brazil. In the early 1980s, surrounded by the rotting remains of the former industrial heart of America, a group of kids in Akron and Cleveland, Ohio, with no future and nothing to do but to make their own culture found each other and started their own scene. Bands like Zero Defex, the Offbeats, Urban Mutants, the Guns, Spike in Vain, and the Dark created the perfect soundtrack to the nightmare of Reagan's America, one of layoffs and corporate greed. Brad Warner started out a fan of Zero Defex and ended up in the band. It's a perfect example of what hardcore punk is about—no divide between those in the audience and those on the stage. Cleveland's Screaming *is a DIY document of that time, with great footage of some of the aforementioned bands playing shows in crummy bars that didn't ID and interviews with the kids, now adults, who made that scene what it was. Brad Warner now lives in Los Angeles and has written two books,* Hardcore Zen *and* Sit Down and Shut Up.

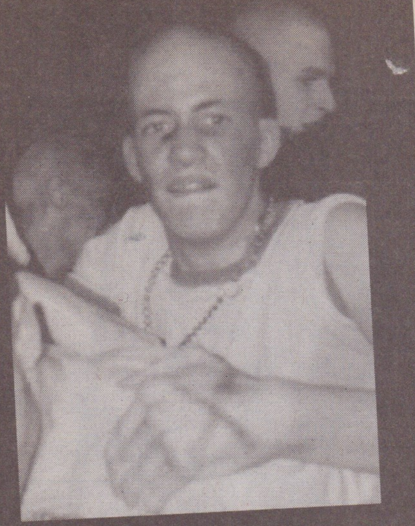
Interview by Layla Gibbon.
Spike in Vain photos by Tom Jarmusch (first page), and Steve Wainstead (last page).

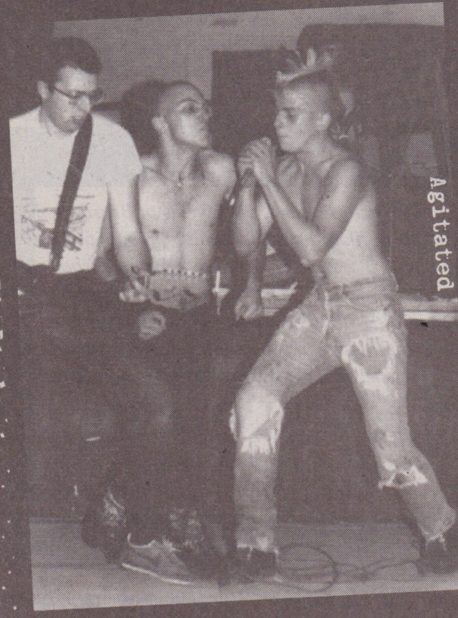
MRR: I wanted to ask you a couple of basic questions about your background, since Cleveland has one of the most amazing musical histories, from the Pagans to the Electric Eels.

Well, I mean the Electric Eels were one of the first, even before a lot of the other stuff that got famous, like the Ramones or any of that. The Electric Eels put out their first single in 1974 or something. Punk rock.

MRR: It's a pretty amazing record. I wanted to ask you—how did you discover punk?

I wasn't even in Cleveland or Akron, I was in a little town called Wadsworth, which is a tiny suburb town. There was really nothing there, and back then you didn't have the internet or any of that. So I just started seeing things on television or maybe getting a stray copy of *Trouser Press* magazine then wandering into town, just really wanting to find about this thing that was going on. I remember seeing Devo on *Saturday Night Live* and that was a big moment because not only was this band really cool, I had actually thought there was no good rock 'n' roll music being made anymore. I thought it was just completely gone. Not only were they cool, they were from Akron, which was maybe ten miles up the road from where I lived. After I got out of high school, Tommy Strange's band, Zero Defex, was playing around; I had seen them play before and really got into them. Devo or the Ramones was the deepest punk rock I had seen prior to that. These guys were hardcore. It




Agitated

just blew me away. I had heard that they were looking for a new bass player, so I just was like, "I gotta be the bass player in that band!" So that's how I got into that scene. It was tiny. The scene in Akron was really small.

MRR: That's really cool. I like the idea of you seeing a band then becoming a member.
Yeah, 'cause I had never seen anything like that. There was nothing to prepare me for it. I think a friend of mine had sent me a couple of tracks from one of the Minor Threat EPs but that's all. I had no idea that the style even existed or that it was a style. I thought Minor Threat was an anomaly.

MRR: Did you hear about the other stuff that was happening in the Midwest—any of the bands from Wisconsin like Die Kreuzen or the Chicago bands? Did that stuff seep through to Ohio or was it much more…
It did seep through. It was after I got connected to the little scene in Akron, which was really…you literally knew everybody 'cause there were only maybe 50 or at the most 75 people who were committed to it. But these guys knew…they had a fanzine, or I guess not really fanzine. They had a magazine called *Slam* that they made. And one called *Oops!* Through these, they made connections with other people around the area. At one point, this guy Vince Rancid, who was an artist, was in a very minor car accident while visiting his brother in LA, and he got like 7000 dollars and he used that money to fund a scene. He was able to pay bands' guarantees and rent halfway decent equipment or places to play. He kind of jumpstarted the scene we had out there. And he brought in those guys from Toledo. I can never remember the peoples' names. There was a band from Detroit that came in; Negative Approach, they came in. There was a band from Toledo… Necros, they came around. And then there were touring groups. We played with the Misfits and Meat Puppets. That one really stood out. MDC, they were based in San Francisco at that point. They came through Northeast Ohio a number of times. We were scheduled to do a show with Black Flag but then their van broke down.

MRR: When you were making the movie, did you know people who had footage?
No. What happened was, when I started out, we arranged for a bunch of the bands from that scene to play a big reunion show in December of 2005. I taped a lot of that myself and I had other people tape it. I thought for the musical portions of the movie, that would be it. I did a lot of the interviews that ended up in the movie at that show, and people kept saying, "Don't you remember this woman Vicki? She came to some of our shows and taped them with an old beta cam recorder." I didn't remember this, but several people mentioned it so I made it my mission in life to try to find Vicki. And all anybody knew was that her name was Vicki and she used to live in Lansing, Michigan. With that to go on and a few other people with fragmentary memories, I eventually tracked her down and she actually had the tapes. She'd been sitting on them and thinking about putting them on some digital format but she hasn't gotten around to it. So the phone conversation I had with her got her into the idea of digitizing all the stuff she had on old beta cam tapes so that's where all the vintage stuff comes from.

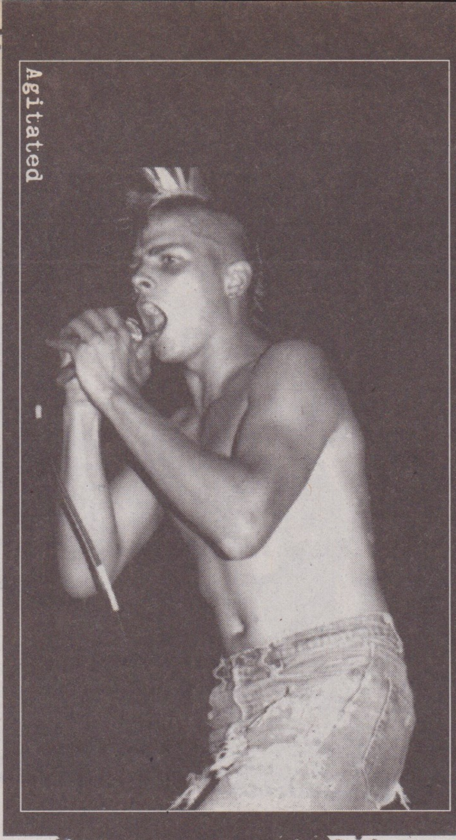
MRR: Wow, that's so cool.
Yeah, a couple other people had random tapes but most of those were from later and what I really wanted to concentrate on was 1980 to '84. That was my goal and target date, although I cheated a little bit and that kind of bothers people who know the scene and see the movie and go, "Wait, that was from 1987." You know, big deal! But I've had people from Cleveland complain about that. Not bitterly complain, but they'll call me on it.

MRR: Well that's just the nature of punks I think, always finding something to knock down. But the way you put the film together, the nature of the scene just seemed really cool and self-created.
It was, it definitely was. There were a lot of people…I think Tommy Strange was sort of connected and knew what was going on outside Akron, along with a few other people, but I would say probably close to half of us really weren't. I wasn't aware that there was anything like this going on outside of our area. Kind of vaguely aware when bands started coming through, but in the beginning everybody just kind of got into this thing at one time and it grew independently, which I think is kind of interesting. It was just something, I suppose, that needed to happen within the culture.

MRR: People were just ready for something.
Yeah, and it all kind of manifested in more or less the same way. Although with huge variations, you know, like the Meat Puppets…they were the favorite band that I saw during those times. They were part of the scene somehow but yet they were doing something completely of their own.

MRR: That's one of the things that I like about that era of punk is that you get something like that and then you get something really heavy and negative like Negative Approach, you know? Like, everything is possible.
There was a lot of hippie-dom going on in our scene under the surface, like people who were into Jimi Hendrix and things like that.

MRR: I think probably most people were, because that's one of the reasons that punk started—people had that idea of rock 'n' roll, and then all of a sudden they just sort of woke up and Fleetwood Mac was on the radio.
Well, that was it for me. I was really interested in the stuff that happened in the '60s and thought it was really cool. And then I would listen to the stuff on contemporary radio and it was like rock music was gone. I kind of thought I was born too late, like I missed it, like I missed rock 'n' roll. And maybe that was a driving force 'cause a lot of kids probably also felt the same way and they thought, "Well, we might as well make something 'cause nobody else in mainstream culture is doing anything interesting." So you had to make it.


Agitated

MRR: When you were putting the film together, what footage from the vintage stuff that you got from Vicki were you most psyched about seeing again?
Well, it's kind of egotistical, but seeing Zero Defex, my own band, I was just amazed. My family never had a video recorder or anything, so just to see videotapes of myself at 19 years old for the first time was really incredible. Tt was kind of weird when I was watching those videos and when I was listening to the audio tapes that some people had, it was this weird acid trip feeling of going back in time to hear this and it took a couple of times of watching it through before I could actually watch it objectively at all 'cause it was just so real. And most people probably wouldn't notice, but there's a guy dancing around with a big yellow shirt on that said Zero Defex on the back—that's this guy Dave Araca. He died a couple years ago from some kind of aneurism or something. Just to see him again, to see some of this stuff, it was kind of emotional.

MRR: Yeah I can imagine, it's funny how the footage just sort of magically appeared.
I had forgotten. I don't know if I was aware. It was one of the things I was watching for when I was watching the tapes—looking at myself and seeing if I'd look at the camera, because I had no memory of these videos even being made. I watched the videos and I never see myself looking at the camera, so maybe I didn't even know that they were taken. Kinda funny.

MRR: Your distribution is through Parts Unknown, right? Is it coming out as a DVD or are you planning on showing it some more?
Well, yeah, it's coming out on DVD and I'm trying to decide what to do as far as showing it. When I finished the movie, I tried to get some showings and I managed to set up maybe three or four in Cleveland and one up in LA, but I never could really get any other showings together. Not that I tried all that hard. So now that it's coming out on DVD, I'd like to get some other screenings together but I have to talk to Parts Unknown and find out what their schedule is 'cause I don't know. I'm not sure they know. I was hoping it would come out by the time this interview comes out. I found that after sending it to film fests I really didn't get any good response.

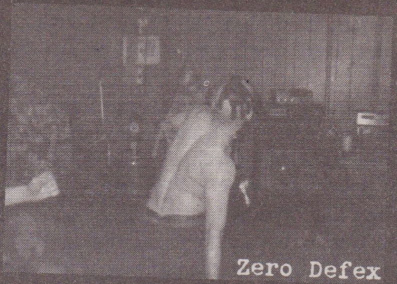
MRR: I think it's the kind of thing where you almost have to tour it like you would a band.
I guess so. I was in contact with the guy who made *Afro-Punk* and that's pretty much what he does. He books it like it's a band on tour and he'll show it anywhere. I should just get out there and do it. I got another book coming out next year so I'll be doing some promotion for that and I should try to piggyback the film onto those gigs. Sometimes I brought clips of it around to some of the lectures I did for the book, but it's a different audience.

MRR: Did you get back in touch with anybody that disappeared after you started doing the showings? Did anybody sort of show up out of the woodwork?
Yeah, a lot of people; a lot of them came to that show and I didn't even recognize them at first. I was able to get in touch with those people, and a couple of people that I didn't see I really regretted missing. If you look at the clips, you can see there's one thing I was proud of—there were a lot of women in our little group. It was really hard to get in touch with them in particular, so I concentrated on a few of the people who showed up who were willing to do interviews. Unfortunately, three of the women that I had been chasing around for ages, I found them after I finished the final version of the movie and couldn't really do anything more. But I wanted to get that perspective 'cause I thought it was valuable and unique.

MRR: I liked that part with Jimi Imij (from Zero Defex) talking about how un-macho the scene was and how he would take aside people who were dancing too aggressively. Like this isn't Huntington Beach or whatever. And that band Urban Mutants….
Yeah, they were great. The singer Danielle, she was one of the people who appeared after it was too late and logistically it was just impossible to try to interview her and get it into the film. But yeah, she was really important and there was a sense of morals or something like that, a sense of what you could do on the dance floor. People would get kicked off for being too rough.

MRR: It's like obviously punk has a certain…it is aggressive. But there is a line between violence and expressing yourself or something.
It's true and you gotta be kinda careful with it. That's the thing that got me out of it, when our scene finally started getting infiltrated by people who just wanted to beat people up and it got too big.

MRR: Tommy was complaining about Negative Approach—he was saying that every time they played, they'd just have a huge skinhead following and they never called them on their behavior and that he could never get into that band because of it.
I remember that too, and there's a scene in the film where Tommy's got a shirt that says Negative Approach with an X through it—that must have been how he felt at the time. When we played



Zero Defex

in other cities like Detroit, it was obviously a lot more violent. I've since been to Detroit and started talking to some of those people. It was a real different scene and there were a lot of reasons for that—you talk about economic depression! It was pretty depressed in Akron at the time, but it was like ten times worse in Detroit. Still is.

MRR: It's the end times of capitalism for the last 30 years there. That's another one of the things I liked about the movie—when you were showing all the ruins of Cleveland.

That's what it looked like. A couple of those shots were actually Akron 'cause I couldn't find any good shots of Cleveland, but they all look the same—only local people know the difference. In the early '90s, Akron finally pulled itself out of its downward spiral. Cleveland's gotten a little better too, but it was really bad. The downtown was just kind of gutted.

MRR: Are there tapes of Urban Mutants? Did they ever record anything?

I have a little bit of stuff that Jimi, our singer, sent on a CD. They were probably my favorite local band. I liked them even more than Zero Defex! As far as I know, they never went to studio but did lots of stuff in the basement.

MRR: What was the most frustrating part of making the movie?

Well, it was probably getting it distributed. Before Parts Unknown, I had somebody else and they flaked out on me. Also, just the fact that I live in LA and everybody else I needed to talk to was in Ohio. I think I made three trips out to Ohio. It was kind of a labor of love. I paid my own way out there and I'm sure I'll never see anything like what I spent on the movie as income from it. I still haven't seen any income from it. Hopefully I'll get some when it comes out on DVD.

MRR: It's cool its gonna be out there. I can't wait. What made you want to make the movie?

It started out really small. I had the idea that I'd take my camera out and film interviews. And I'm working for this Japanese film and television production company out here and sometimes I make promo videos for them so I had all these programs on my computer, like Final Cut and all that, so I thought I'd take my camera out and shoot some interviews, put something simple together, and give it to the people at the show as a souvenir. But as I started putting it together, I noticed a story that nobody ever told and I kinda thought that that was the real punk rock. People know about punk rock in LA, New York, and England, but there was a lot of stuff going on in other areas that never got out and I thought this little film could be representative of that, that people from wherever in Nebraska—sorry to keep picking on Nebraska—so people would look at it and go, "Oh wow, that's just like my scene." It might even inspire some people to make their own documentaries 'cause if someone came out with a documentary on punk in Gary, Indiana in the early '80s, I'd watch that.

MRR: I think what the film does best is it just shows what punk is—how anyone can do it and anywhere can be where it's happening.

Yeah, that's what I thought was so great about it, that things just happen in a totally unlikely place. And it came out just because so many people wanted something.

MRR: Like the Ramones song, "I Just Wanna Have Something To Do."

Yeah, that's it. It just kinda came together 'cause the culture wasn't providing it. That was the impetus to make something. I just decided it would be really great to have a document like this of the scene, 'cause I wanted to see it and nobody else was doing it so I just made it myself and it was a good way to learn how to edit. I had done two-minute promo videos, so I thought I'd try to make a 90-minute film. It ended up being almost 80 minutes long in the end. But the first cut of it was really long and rambling, like two and a half hours, and nobody could stand it. So learning stuff like that, learning how to cut things down—it's really hard. "Oh! I don't wanna cut this part!" But you realize it has to be taken out 'cause its not essential.

MRR: I like the idea of the film being a springboard for all the other places to start documenting themselves.

There was one about Chicago and another city that did a similar one… These things are all kinda springing up on their own. I didn't even know about that movie *American Hardcore* until…

MRR: That's kind of bad…

Yeah, I don't want to say anything too negative about it 'cause Zero Defex gets mentioned in it! But it was a bit too broad.

MRR: One of the things I like about hardcore and punk is the sense of possibility. I felt like that movie was saying, "This is what it was, and now it's dead." It was too defining; I think things are more open-ended.

There's one thing I didn't want to cut out but I did 'cause it didn't work. It was one of the people I interviewed saying that the difference between punk now and punk then is that now there's two flavors of it. At the time there was only underground punk. Now you have this kind of overground, mainstream punk and it is what it is, but you still have the underground and the underground punk scene operates almost exactly as it did 20 years ago. I never would have predicted that.

MRR: It's kind of a model that allows for endless mutations. Its funny, whenever people say it's dead, it shows that they're oblivious. There's always gonna be some kid in Cambodia or some-

thing that discovers it and starts their own thing. Anything you can do yourself with limited resources has a possibility.
It's true, it's just something you can put together on your own and just because there's a slicked-up version of it being played on Top 40 radio…

MRR: So was distribution the most difficult thing? When you were making the movie, was it difficult to figure out all the different editing programs or not really because you'd already done the promo videos?
I learned as I went and I made a lot of mistakes and a couple times I lost things that I'd spent hours and hours creating. But I basically kinda knew what I was doing. It was difficult to figure out how to tell the story and I tried various different ways unsuccessfully. The thing that worked best was starting off with that thing that happened where Zero Defex went to Dover, Ohio and the rednecks down there tried to kill us, and even though that didn't happen a lot, it was sort of characteristic of what Ohio looked like at the time and what it was like to be punk rock. It was also sort of a dramatic thing so it was a good way to feed off into it. I actually made little dividers for each section in the early cuts which said how it all began. But I took all those out 'cause I thought the interviews sort of spoke for themselves. You didn't really need to be told, "Now we're switching topics to…"

MRR: I couldn't believe how much old footage you had.
Yeah, there's hours of it, and the DVD's gonna have music videos. This is one of the things that was frustrating—I originally decided that the longest songs anybody had were two and a half minutes, so I wasn't gonna cut any songs, just play them all at full length. And when I put the movie together and played them back as a single piece, I realized I couldn't do that, it felt sort of frustrating to watch.

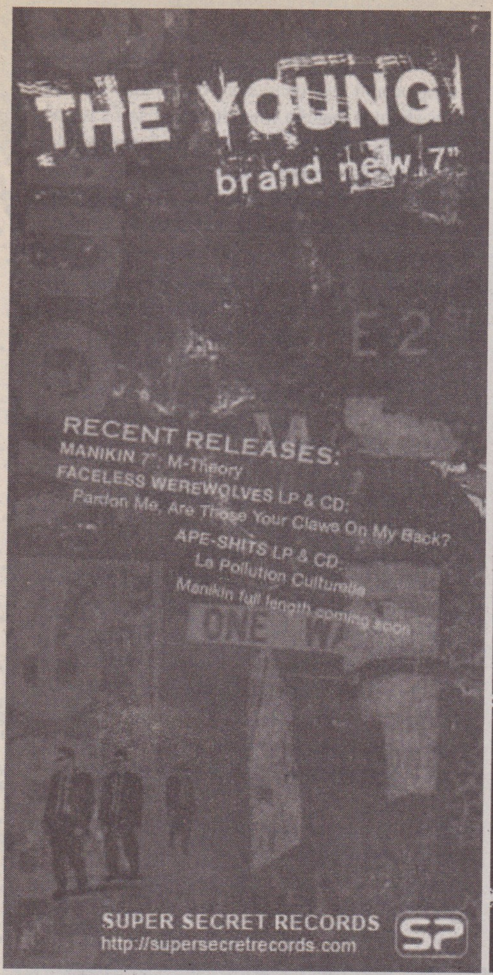
MRR: So are you planning on making any more movies?
Not really; I have some ideas, but I haven't done anything with any of the ideas I have. You know, I'm a Buddhist teacher, so I had an idea to do a documentary on female Buddhist teachers in America, 'cause there seems to be a lot of them and nobody's done a movie about them. Somebody did a book, but nobody's done a movie and I thought that'd be a good one. But I haven't done anything but ask a bunch of people if they'd be willing to be interviewed. So really, I haven't done anything about doing a follow-up film. What I'd like, although I'm not really qualified to do it, I think somebody should do a movie about Cleveland punk that's more into the history of it 'cause I didn't know the Electric Eels back then, for example.

MRR: I wanted to ask about that. Was that scene completely different? It was almost ten years before you guys.
Yeah, I didn't know them and yeah, it was completely different. Punk rock in that area blossomed for a bit in the late '70s, and then kinda vanished 'cause the Dead Boys moved away and Devo moved away. And all these bands moved away and the Electric Eels stopped playing. Everything sort of disappeared and then came back, and what my film is about is that era when it came back. I'd really love to do something about the earlier parts. One of the things that ties into this is that there is a website called Clepunk.com. I don't know if you know about it, but I think it was started by a guy who was in the Electric Eels. It became a little virtual meeting point for a lot of people from that scene who haven't been in contact with each other for years, and that actually even preceded the live show. That's how we got it together to do that live show in 2005. It was through Clepunk.com, so they deserve a lot of the credit even though they weren't personally directly involved.

MRR: Thanks so much for doing the movie. I really loved it. It was exciting to watch.
That's great. I'm really glad, 'cause, you know, when you're making it you don't know. I just knew I liked it but I didn't know if anyone else would. I was kinda happy to get a good reaction from you; when I showed it in LA, the audience wasn't huge, but there were a substantial number of people who came to see it. And none of them were part of the scene and they still laughed at the funny parts, so I was really happy to see people getting into it.

Cleveland's Screaming will be available through Partsunknownrecords.com
You can contact Brad to arrange a screening in your town here! doubtboy@mac.com

Spike in Vain



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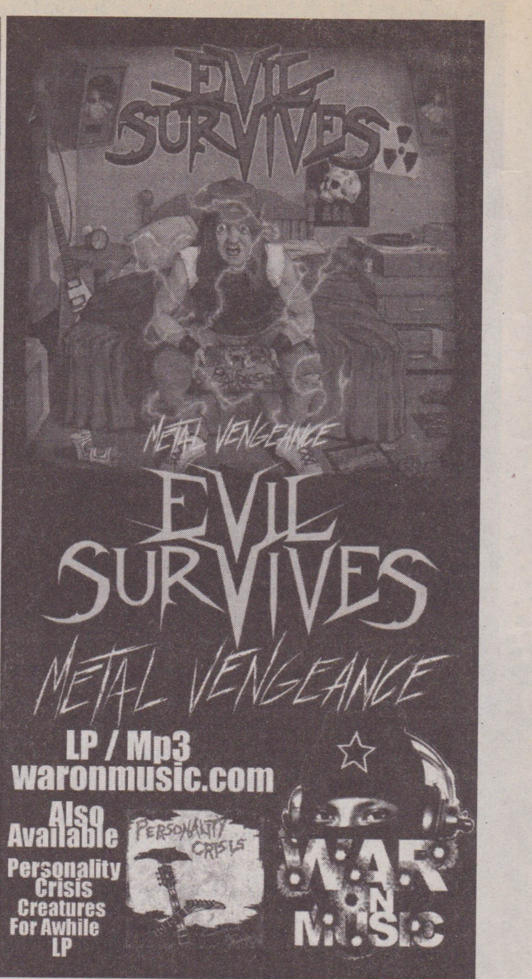

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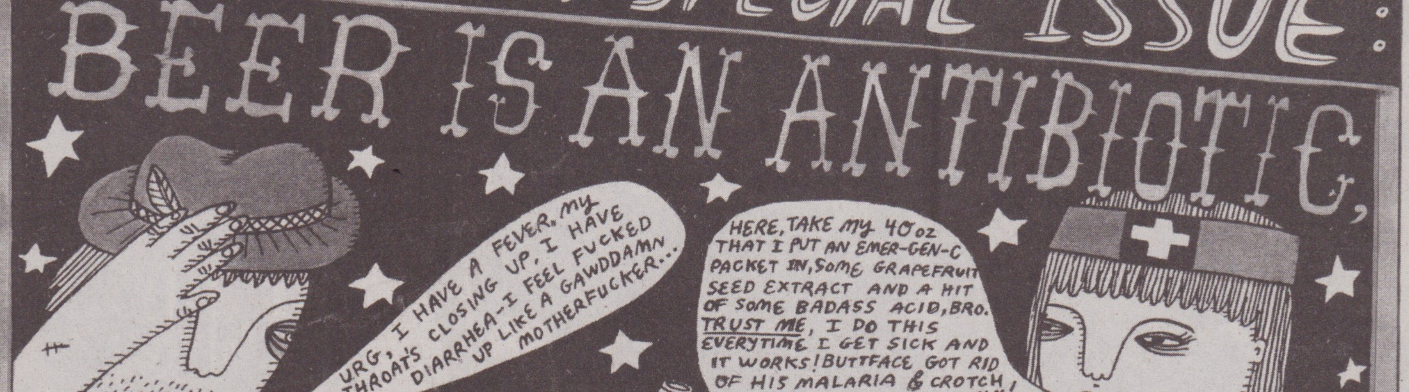

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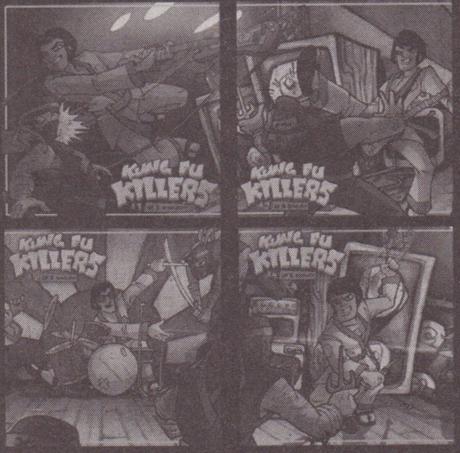
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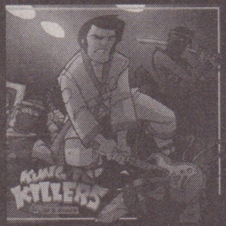
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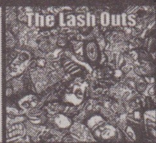
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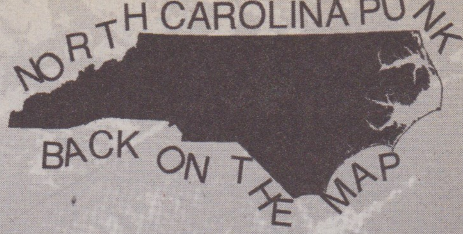
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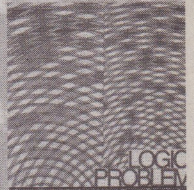
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Interview with FilmMaker

\\KC

Producer Of AFTER THE SALAD DAYS

And Upcoming Documentary FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM

Sheep Illustration by Cynthia Connolly

Originally Drawn for Minor Threat in '83

KC is, among many other things, a filmmaker from Washington DC. In 2004, she produced the documentary After the Salad Days, which took a look at the state of hardcore in DC and Maryland at the time, and has spent the past two years traveling the US and a bit of Canada interviewing women about their experiences in punk culture for her upcoming documentary From the Back of the Room. By day, she works as a producer and editor for MHz Networks, a non-profit TV station based in Northern Virginia, and she also had a few things to say about her thoughts on the future of media.

Intro and Interview by Dan Goetz

MRR: First, talk a bit about yourself and your background in punk and film, and perhaps when the two started intermingling.

KC: I started going to shows my sophomore year of high school. At first I was going to more indie shows, and then started gradually getting into more subgenres of punk and figuring out where my musical taste fit in the grand scheme of things. Simultaneously, I was blessed with the fact that my high school offered some media literacy classes, which I think in hindsight are really important and should be required in general for high school students, because it was really beneficial in allowing me to see the way that popular culture exploits people. I was learning these things at school and at the same time getting into these subversive styles of music, so that's around the time my consciousness really started to expand as far as far as wanting to live outside of the dominant culture. I started getting really interested in video production around that time and since then have become more immersed in both things. It's sort of like these weird two halves of my identity and they've developed independently as well as intermingling with one another. Today, I have the fortunate ability to work in a non-profit media outlet, so I don't feel like a total corporate whore, and have gained a real level of comfort and understanding as far as DIY culture and my participation in it and my hopes for the direction that it goes in.

MRR: How has your feminism interacted with all of this? I know that one of your interests in particular in regards to feminism is Media Studies

KC: Yeah, for sure. That also goes back to when I was a sophomore in high school. One of the first books I really started getting into was *We the Media*, which is an anthology of different articles by really progressive media critics, and one of the articles was by a woman named Jean Kilbourne, and she writes a lot about young women being affected by the media, specifically in terms of alcohol and tobacco advertising. The things that she was writing and the images that she was talking about really opened my eyes to lots and lots of different things and that's when I started thinking about women's oppression as a general thing. She also made a film called *Killing Us Softly*, which is this intense montage of how detrimental advertisements are, which for me was pretty profound. But at any rate, these things started in my life at the same point, and through reading lots of stuff, talking to lots of people, and going to school, my sense of feminism developed, as did my sense of what I could do in the larger context of historical feminist thought and my understanding of how things are going in the feminist movement. It's like these things—feminism, media studies, and DIY—have always been tied together for me because of my interests.

MRR: Can you connect that point in your life to how *After the Salad Days* came to be? Was that your first big role in taking on production work in a film?

KC: I had done some really short pieces for school at that point. I was maybe 23, and *After the Salad Days* was just an excuse to do some really investigative things in my local scene. It was like, "I have this project that I have to do, and what am I involved in? What do I know?" and it just came back to DC's local hardcore scene and punk rock scene, and I was thinking about who the pillars in that specific community and that sub-genre were, and who I thought was important to talk to. That's sort of how *After the Salad Days* came about, but it was a pretty major project for me and it took me six or nine months to complete. The thing about it too was that it was a class they used to offer in the school that I went to, but then they stopped offering it, and there were two girls that I went to school with, in addition to myself, that were really interested in the technical aspects of video production as opposed to "I wanna be on TV," so the three of us lobbied to have the class recreated specifically for us. We had to get a teacher to sponsor it and do a bunch of paperwork and stuff, but we really wanted pretty badly to do in-depth production, so the three of us came together and pushed for it, and that was the only reason I was able to do it.

MRR: At that point, were you as involved with things in DC as you are now, or was that your first foray into it?

KC: I've been going to shows in DC for almost eleven years, and I think that I definitely knew most of the people around town, but that was the point where I kind of became visible as "oh yeah, that's the girl with the camera," and that was the point where those two parts of my identity started coming together and people were like, "You need a video shot? Ask KC," and that was pretty cool for me, because it was this recognition as far as people who didn't know that was an area of interest for me being like, "oh, we want this shot" or "hey, can you tape my band's set." But yeah, that was when I became visible in that respect, and then a year or two later I started setting up shows, which was sort of different, but really cool for me.

MRR: As far as the connection between *After the Salad Days* and *From the Back of the Room*, women are obviously the focus of the latter, while the interviews and footage in *After the Salad Days* are much more male dominated and there seems to be little musical overlap, and I'm wondering if this in particular was part of your motivation to do *From the Back of the Room*, or if you had the idea to do the film at the same time or even prior.
KC: I think my sense of feminism became more well rounded later for me, and I got to this point where I started being like, "Oh, punk isn't this utopia, fuck, there's sexism here too?" You know? And it was something I hadn't really thought about when I was doing *Salad Days*, I was just like, these are the people that are really involved, and I'm just doing a factual documentation of that, and it was only after that things like sexism in punk rock or DIY really started occurring to me.

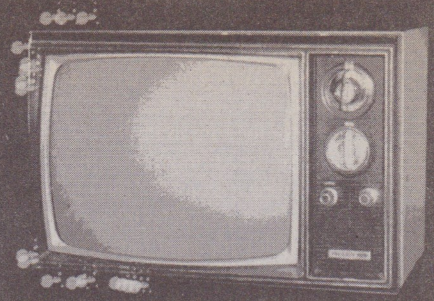
MRR: Even though at this point you had a feminist background.
KC: Yeah, but I was thinking about it in terms of dominant culture—I wasn't applying it to that environment in my life until a little bit later, when I was maybe 24, but soon after *Salad Days* was completed and I left school. I was kind of like, "whoa, wait a minute," [*laughter*] you know?

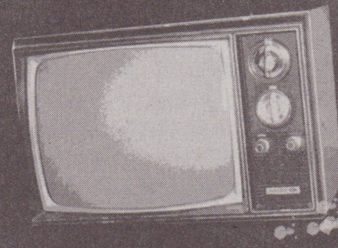
MRR: The film touches on a different community than the one I know you from, and you've talked about feeling frustrated, because you straddle subsects that have various opposition to each other.
KC: I think one of the things about the DC community specifically is that sometimes it feels like a small town, but it's definitely big enough that that there's a decent amount of separation between subgenres and the communities that go along with them. I think growing up I was definitely involved in lots of different communities, but I like that. You can talk about the street punk crowd and how it's different from the traditional hardcore scene and how that again is different from the crust scene or even the metal scene, you know what I mean? And one of the things I always bemoaned when I was younger was how there wasn't much interaction between those communities, or at least not as much as we see in smaller towns where everyone pools together and goes to every show regardless of what their personal preferences might be. *Salad Days* was very much a product of me being really involved in that particular subgenre at the time, more traditional DC style hardcore, and I actually did frame the film in this context of, "I acknowledge this is what's going on, and here's how more traditional DC sounds are playing out in a modern context." I'm not totally disinterested in that at this point. I still like those records, but now I'm more interested in a lot more crust and metal and things like that, and I guess that plays out for sure in the people that I chose to interview for *From the Back of the Room*. I think it's also important in this weird way to think about and talk about the fact that sexist concepts still exist in those circles because they're the circles that position themselves as being the most progressive in underground DIY music. I think in that way, it kind of validates the idea that there's sexism by saying, "Here are these really radical people that acknowledge and talk about these concepts all the time, but it's still going on."

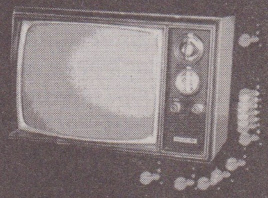
MRR: And they can be less of an easy target, because it is subtler, and people will come up with various denials for it rather than it being out there and I think being easier to confront.
KC: Yeah, more insidious in a weird way, like you wanna talk about the sex positive crust boy who still ignores his girlfriend when they're in a group of people and it goes unmentioned, versus the hardcore dude that's very blatantly like, "babe, hold my jacket."

MRR: Or who might not know all the "correct" words, but have better relationships with their female friends or girlfriends than, again, some sex positive crust boy.
KC: Exactly. It's all about being self-educated.

MRR: So talk a bit about *From the Back of the Room* from conception to the point it is now. I know that's a huge general question.

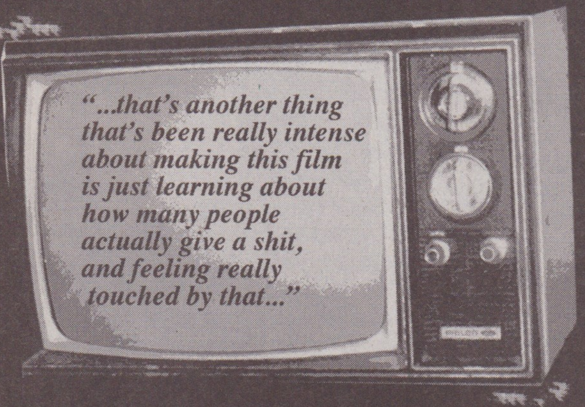






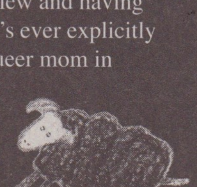
KC: Well, *From the Back of the Room* started about two years ago when I was on tour, and a friend of mine called me up and said, "there's a guy who's really upset about some things going on with women in DIY and he wants to sit down and talk with you, and I told him that you were interested in filmmaking," so I was like, "sure, that sounds great, let's sit down and talk." So we sat down and talked, and he'd had an incident with a friend that, I can't remember if she was harassed at a show, but something bad happened to her at a show as a result of being female identified, and he was really motivated to do something that he wanted to have counteract that. And at that point, since *Salad Days* had been done, I had come around to the idea that it was something that I thought I would do eventually, [*laughter*] you know what I mean? And I was like, "well, this is me proving my own existence in a way," and I knew that it was something I wanted to do and I was like, "Well, better to start down this path with somebody else than do it by myself," and so we started raising money around DC by doing some film screenings and some shows, DIY events and some raffles and stuff like that with local businesses. My job, miraculously, generously, told me that it was OK to use their camera equipment, and we wouldn't have been able to do the film without that, hands down. So they loaned us a camera and we hit the road, and that April after eight months of fundraising, we went to the Midwest and we did a trip where we went to Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minneapolis. We did about a dozen interviews in eight or ten days, came back, and hit the ground running again. We went to the West Coast that August and did the same amount—about a dozen more in eight to ten days. And then I finished most of the shooting myself after that, which entailed some trips up and down the East Coast: went to

Boston, New York, Philly, DC, Baltimore, Richmond, the Carolinas, and did the last interview for the film in Philly not that long ago. So the filming is complete, and after that I took a couple of months to track down a shit ton of footage from bands, corresponding with a million people, going down a variety of really complicated paths that sometimes lead to dead ends to try to find tapes and get permission and stuff like that, footage that in some instances was recorded fifteen years ago. I have almost all the footage I need to edit right now, and I have to take a break from it, because I'm in school this semester trying to get my Master's Degree, but I'll really get knee deep in it once I'm done with the semester. And I'm hoping that it's mostly finished during that period, which ought to be between six and nine months.



"...that's another thing that's been really intense about making this film is just learning about how many people actually give a shit, and feeling really touched by that..."

MRR: Any interesting or funny stories from along the way?
KC: Oh man, tons! One of the things we asked people was if they had any particularly good or bad anecdotes that they felt happened as a result of being a woman or female identified, and that brought forth a range of responses from people. You know, there's the stereotypical story of the lady in the band being, "No, I'm actually in the band" or getting into an argument with the sound guy, but then there were also some really funny stories. I don't know if I want to incriminate people, but one woman talks about meeting Mike Ness in the mid '90s and how she had really liked Social Distortion and she thought they were really cool, and she was trying to interview them for something, and he was just a total pig and how it broke her heart. Stories like that were pretty funny [*laughter*]. Other things—interviewing Ami from Voetsek, it was cool doing that interview and having her be like, "Wow, no one's ever explicitly asked me about being a queer mom in an interview before, or acknowledging that I'm a person of color and asking how that is for me in the punk scene." Just situations like that were cool, people being like, "Oh wow, no one really gives a shit about this, can we talk?"



MRR: Yeah, we're supposedly in the "post-feminist" era and yet, Ami's in I think her forties and she's never been asked this.
KC: Yeah, that's crazy! I would say Voetsek's been an important band for, how long now? Years! I mean, they've been to Japan for Christ's sake. But yeah, lots of cool moments like that, and doing the film has also been really personally enriching for me, because it's been this vehicle for me to learn about my own history in this way that I never really thought that I could, like meeting Cynthia Connolly or Kathleen Hanna or Allison Wolfe, or even ladies that are doing things today, and talking to them, and being like "Wow, this is where you're coming from and these are the limitations that you faced or face?" and learning about how they feel about things has just been *really* amazing to me.

MRR: It'll be interesting to see how the attitudes and perspectives of people like, say, Cynthia Connolly or Kathleen Hanna compare to attitudes of younger women who are active today, since they all continue to play various roles in music.
KC: I think that's something that I tried to get at and establish a bit in the film, that there is this historical context that we shouldn't ignore. I mean, "punk's only been around since '77," but things have definitely changed in that course of time, even though it hasn't been that long.

MRR: And I think women of any generation can go back and look at, say, Patti Smith or Joan Jett as first wave role models.
KC: Or look at Wendy O'Williams.

MRR: At one point you felt more humble about *After the Salad Days*, as if you were bragging by even talking about it, and it sounds like the experience of doing *From the Back of the Room* and coming into contact with so many empowered women has changed this for you.
KC: I guess it's difficult for me feeling this pull between wanting people to know certain things and also not wanting to be almost masturbatory in a sense, you know? But I think that's been a little bit different with *From the Back of the Room*, because I feel like I want to talk about this stuff with people. I want to have these conversations, and I want dialogue to come out of these things, and that's something that's the ultimate hope for me with the film, and because I can't give the film to people just yet, I want to talk about it with them. It'd kind of weird but simple in this way.

MRR: Maybe too soon to ask this, but do you have any specific plans yet for distributing the film once it's finished or setting up screenings whether you have any time to take it on the road.
KC: I'd like to take it on the road. I'm not going to be living in DC for very much longer, but my plan is definitely to come back and have the first screening in this city because without the amazing help and support of everyone in this community, it just wouldn't have happened. And that's another thing that's been really intense about making this film is just learning about how many people actually give a shit, and feeling really touched by that, so I definitely want to come back to DC and do the first screening here, and I would like to go on tour with it. I don't know if I'll have time, but I've met some really cool people in recent months—like one of the people that was involved with that bike porn documentary, and this woman who was touring on a documentary about squatting, and just meeting them and learning how, not necessarily how it was easy for them, but it's like booking any other DIY tour and I kind of knew that, but meeting them brought that home as far as understanding that it could be done, so I think it's just an issue of me finding the time to book it. I want to do it, and it's easier than doing a DIY tour with a band, I can just mail people DVDs! I don't care—I don't need to make money off of this, I don't want to. I just want people to see this if it came down to it and I couldn't come down to make it out. I mean, I'd love to be at the screenings and talk to people and stuff like that, but if it comes down to it, I can always mail people DVDs to do screenings. Shit, and people can do a screening as a benefit for something they care about, benefit something important. As long as I don't think it's something that's a scumbag endeavor, I'm all for it.

MRR: I wanted to ask about your day job at MHz Networks: I'm interested in hearing more about this as well as the nature of the station and non-profit TV in general. I actually wasn't even aware of the existence of non-profit TV, other than PBS and Public Access, until I learned more about your job, and I'm curious as to what role you feel it plays. Is it available on cable or only in certain areas?

KC: We're actually gaining affiliates right now—we're a PBS model station, although we're not affiliated with PBS, but we're getting our own affiliates, which is really cool, so the station is expanding. Right now it's available on cable in DC as well as the cities, which have explicitly signed up as affiliates, but I don't know exactly what's gonna happen with the digital conversion in February of '09. I think we'll probably just get more and more affiliates and hopefully it'll do really well. It's cool for me to have a job that I actually believe in, in a sense, and that it's a nonprofit, which I think is really cool. We do a lot of education outreach, and the station's main mission statement talks about bringing international programming to the US, so a lot of our content is internationally produced news, international movies, stuff like that. Outside of feminism, queer studies, and media literacy, one of the things that I think is more important for Americans to do is learn about places that aren't here. It's so valuable. Tell me about different places, different people, things that are similar to my life, things that are different. I think people need to know that kind of thing and achieve a level of respect with the world around them. It's easy to live an isolated life in the US, because it's such a huge country, this monolith of first world power, but I think it's good for people to learn that there are things outside of themselves.

MRR: Another question likely asked entirely too soon, but what kinds of media projects do you want to do in the future?
KC: Oh man, this is actually a really cool thing for me, because I just started thinking about this not that long ago and I'm really amped about it. This is in this larger context of me having this belief that modern media is kind of splintering with the digital conversion and rise of the internet and stuff like that. I think that in between five and ten years, it's gonna be even easier than it is now for people who aren't part of "mainstream media" to have access to spread their ideas, and it'll also be a lot easier with iPods and all kinds of stuff like that. People are wanting shorter pieces of media and it's a "give it to me now, stat!" kind of attitude, and I didn't think it was possible until I started thinking about the progress of media in that way, but what I want to try to do is finish my degree, incur an incredible amount of debt, establish a non-profit, try to get some grant money, and make short films about women doing really incredible things in their daily lives that I can then sell to various places. Not a week or even a day goes by that I don't meet a woman who's doing something really amazing. And not even just women, queer people that are raging and doing really amazing things, transgendered people who push everyone's envelope. I think that stuff is really important to recognize, because by recognizing something, you give it visibility, and by giving visibility to people, you validate their existence.

MRR: As far as the exchange of media you were talking about, with making short films and getting them on stations, is this something that's theoretical at this point as far as there being a means for doing it, or is that already in place? With what you're saying about people getting more access to the mainstream media, would this be a viable thing as far as, say, non-profit stations accepting submissions, or what specifically?
KC: It's hard to speak specifically about it, because I think that concept is gonna manifest itself in a lot of different ways. I think there are already tons of vehicles for people to get things heard online, for instance, that weren't there even three years ago, and I think that kind of thing is going to keep proliferating, and you'll see more and more of that. I think there's never gonna be any shortage of people that are wanting to be heard, and as long as that's a constant, and as long as media continues to change in the way that it's changing today, with television and the internet getting closer and closer together, I think you're gonna see more and more of those voices emerging.

MRR: Have you started to see your station or non-profit television gaining any major influence at this point? You mentioned getting picked up by PBS affiliates.
KC: When you talk about concepts like power and influence, I think that when media starts to break down and steer away from being this very consolidated, dangerous thing, it inherently loses some of the power associated with it, and I want to say that it can be good and bad, but I think that it's a trade-off. You have greater accessibility and less power, or more power and less accessibility, and I think I would err on the side of accessibility. I think that's more beneficial, because then you put trust in the user to determine what they want to look at. It's weird right? These are new concepts that we haven't had to really think about before [*laughter*].

MRR: Since this is the film issue, what films, fiction or nonfiction, would you recommend to girls or queer kids coming of age, or even guys that want to be enlightened?
KC: As far as narrative films go, I don't have a terrible lot to say. *Shortbus*? The only generalization I can really make is to watch movies that are independent, because big Hollywood blockbusters are gonna get you nowhere, but I think that most people who are gonna be reading *MRR* are probably already aware of that. I would say watch the Tribe 8 documentary, watch *Don't Need You*, the film about Riot Grrl, and *Afropunk* and *Beyond The Screams*—those are all really amazing. Watch *She's Real, Worse Than Queer*, that's a great film for people wanting to know about Tribe 8 and all the associated people that were active around the time that Tribe 8 was super popular. Check out *Live Nude Girls Unite*. But, yeah, anything that's self-reflective I think is beneficial to people. Seek out anything that describes your existence, and then from there, seek out things that describe people that are more marginalized than you, because it's important to know about them.

MRR: Anything else that you want to add?
KC: Not to sound too idealistic, but the main thing that I want for the film is for maybe one day a girl that's fifteen or sixteen who is thinking about going to a show to see it and say to herself, "Things in this community aren't perfect, but they're a damn sight better than the rest of society," and we're trying. I think one of the things about DIY and punk rock that's been really important to me in the last couple of years is that even though it's still flawed, it's the only thing in my life that I really believe is up to me—that I have the power to change and to shape and to give back to, and so I really want people to take that away from this film and have really important conversations. Yeah!

From the Back of the Room hopes to see a summer '09 release. In the meantime, check out www.fromthebackoftheroom.com

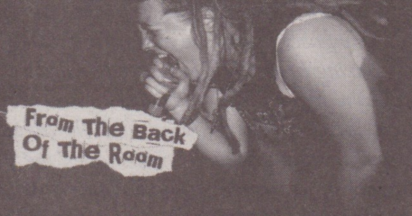


Photo: Chris Boarts-Larson

**Thanks to Cynthia Connolly for allowing use of her black sheep illustration, originally drawn for Minor Threat in 1983. Check out her artwork and photography at www.cynthiaconnolly.com*

BOTINADA

"If Punk is trash, misery and violence, then we don't need to import it from Europe, Brazil is already at the vanguard of Punk."—from composer, musician and poet extraordinaire Chico Buarque comparing Punk's DNA to Brazil's third world never ending crisis. That same legendary quote is also the opening statement of Botinada: a documentary released in 2006 about the origins, main bands, and chaotic brilliance that shaped the Brazilian punk scene into a genre of its own. Botinada, which means "boot in your face" is a compilation of more than 200 hours of footage, 77 interviews, and over 2000 mostly never seen before images of punk's first phase in Brazil, from 1977 to 1981. The documentary was put together by former MTV VJ Gastão Moreira, Raul Machado, and punk legend/Inocentes lead singer Clemente. MRR interviewed Clemente recently about the film, the early years of Brazilian Punk, and his beliefs that if Americans hadn't invented Punk it would've come from Brazil.

Intro and Interview by David Charles

MRR: When was the birth of Brazilian punk? And how did Botinada come to life?

Clemente: The origin came from the dissatisfaction of a portion of young Brazilians on the outskirts of the metropolitan area of São Paulo in the mid-seventies. We were at the peak of a military dictatorship, in midst of the chaos and repression we decided to raise our guitars and criticize everything we thought was wrong. All of the pre-punk bands like MC5 and Stooges influenced our first bands too and then when the name "punk" was released in the foreign press we were like, "Oh, that's the name of the movement we're creating here." We identified with it immediately. On a second note the idea of making Botinada came from Gastão, after all the stories he heard from me about that era. He said, "And no one documented this? Let's do it!"

MRR: Tell us about "The Beginning of the End of the World?" Was it really the beginning of the end?

Clemente: "The Beginning of the End of the World" was the first and most famous Punk festival at the time. It was also the book release of What Is Punk? written by musical journalist Antonio Bivar. The festival was an incredible idea to unite ten punk bands from the city of São Paulo and ten punk bands from the industrial region of the São Paulo state. There was a photo exhibit, fanzine display, and it got named "The Beginning of the End" because of all the nuclear threats that were going on because of the Cold War.

MRR: What were the challenges you guys faced when making the film? Did you find any type of resistance or repression?
Clemente: The biggest challenge was actually finding all the people we interviewed. After the movement was over many of them went back to their gutters or disappeared into the underground. And some people refused to be interviewed like Calegari, Os Inocentes first guitarist. But luckily we didn't face any kind of repression, everyone loved the fact we were bringing back a very interesting era that wasn't documented before.

MRR: One of your most famous quotes at the time was, "We're here to revolutionize Brazilian popular music." Tell us about this revolution, did it really happen and how did it affect people in general?
Clemente: It didn't really matter to us if it would affect the masses or not. At that time, pop music in Brazil was static, nothing changed, same formula and same faces over and over again. Punk came to disrupt that and bring in something fresh. But apart from that we didn't really revolutionize Brazilian pop music. The kids who created the Mangue Beat movement in the '90s are responsible for the real revolution. They were definitely influenced by our music, but they were the ones who ignited the rich independent scene that is now established and part of Brazil's musical culture. (Download any of Chico Science and Nação Zumbi albums to understand).

MRR: How did you manage to mix Brazilian culture with the punk aesthetic and sound that came from places like New York and London?
Clemente: It flowed very naturally, very different than certain bands today. We didn't want to sound like the bands from NY or London, we wanted to sound like who we were and what we did. All of our influences got stirred up in one big cauldron of music that included punk, Brazilian rock, avant-guard bands in São Paulo, Dadaism, existentialism, and anarchy. That's why bands like Olho Seco sound very different from my band Inocentes that sounds different from Garotos Podres that sounds nothing like Ratos de Porão.

MRR: What foreign bands influenced Brazil's punk movement the most?
Clemente: That's easy. It was the Stooges, MC5, New York Dolls, Dead Kennedys, Discharge, the Clash, Speed Twins (a Dutch band that randomly reached us through a vinyl shipment back in the day), Dictators, and Richard Hell.

MRR: How did the foreign media, magazines like MRR, and other underground fanzines influence the Brazilian punk movement?
Clemente: They were cool and very relevant to us, because it gave the punk movement a worldwide context and established connections between punks in Finland, Italy, Spain, and other countries we never even knew existed. It was great seeing the write-ups in Maximum and knowing that punks from all over the world were also reading and being influenced by the same thing. Those were the days—we thought the system was going to break at any minute. [Laughs]

MRR: Every action has a reaction. What were the greatest battles fought by the punks in Brazil?
Clemente: The lack of opportunities in general. There were no jobs, education, or decent health systems for the lower class teenager in Brazil. This hasn't really changed much either.

MRR: What's the most important album in Brazilian punk?
Clemente: The most important was also the first one, Grito Suburbano, with bands like Cólera, Inocentes, and Olho Seco. It was a pure DIY creation by Olho Seco lead singer Fábio, who is also owner of the label Punk Rock Records, which brought this album and Brazil's punk scene onto the world map.

MRR: Did you guys have to cut any scenes from the film, because they were too crazy or absurd?
Clemente: We didn't really have to leave anything out. Only stories that weren't really part of the context of the project or interviewers that didn't really speak up in a proper manner. Everything is there man, the film is as authentic and untouched as it gets.

MRR: DJ and indie national treasure Kid Vinyl plays a huge role in Botinada, what was his role for Brazilian punk in general?
Clemente: Kid is a great friend of mine and he played a crucial role indeed. He was always fueling us up with records and rare findings from all over the world. And that's something he still does today with his various radio shows, TV programs, and other things he does online. In fact, Kid organized one of the first shows that I ever played, along with AI-5 in 1978.

MRR: Could you trace a genealogical tree of Brazil's punk movement?
Clemente: First, pre punk band (1975-1976) Made In Brazil. Second, early punk bands Restos de Nada, AI-5, Condutores de Cadáver, and Cólera. Third, punk bands and everyone that we mentioned in the film.

MRR: Olho Seco, Cólera, and Inocentes—can you tell us a bit about these bands?
Clemente: They're simply the seminal Brazilian punk bands that had the balls and integrity to stick to their beliefs in such a confusing time. All these bands are still active to this date, except for Olho Seco, but only because Fábio, their lead singer has been dealing with some health issues.

MRR: In the US, the punk scene was mainly founded by starving artists. In England, it was mostly by working class chumps. What about in Brazil, what social class represented the punks there?
Clemente: Here we were the starving working class. [Laughs] But I don't even think in England it came primarily from the working class. I believe punk was the first political artistic movement that came from the outskirts of the big urban landscapes.

MRR: What was the most valuable lesson you learned at that time?
Clemente: To believe. To roll up your sleeves and make it happen. The all-so-famous "do it yourself." It may be a cliché to say that now, but it works, trust me.

MRR: Some people believe that God is Brazilian, what about punk?
Clemente: At the time our country was facing a really tough situation—a perfect setting for a movement like punk—so if it wasn't invented in New York, we certainly would've created it around here.

MRR: If punk hadn't come from the US or from Europe, how would the Brazilian rock movement end up evolving back in the day at such a tumultuous time during the dictatorship?
Clemente: Look, we already listened to the bands that influenced punk like the Stooges, MC5, and New York Dolls and my first band Restos de Nada wasn't pure punk. it sounded more like MC5, so if they hadn't invented punk we would've come up with it around here. [Laughs]

TOP FIVE
MOMENTS IN PUNK FILM

Paco Mus:

1. *Rodrigo D No Futuro* (Víctor Gäviria, Colombia, 1990) – Colombian's Pe-Ne performing live on a Medellin's rooftop is easily the highlight of this otherwise painfully slow cult Colombian film. Still that minute (barely) of (non) musica is my all time favorite big screen punk moment.
2. *Pepi, Luci, Bom Y Otras Chicas Del Monton* (Pedro Almodovar, Spain, 1980) – Almodovar's debut was a rather crazy and twisted portrait of Madrid's Movida. The Vomitoni Grup's "Murciana Marrana" would have been a mayor hit had it been released in its time. Sadly this crude tune never saw a proper release making this film the only appearance of this fake punk band fronted by a young and naïve Alaska (Kaka De Luxe, Pegamoides, Fangoria).
3. *The Decline Of Western Civilization* (Penelope Houston, USA, 1981) – The entire film is a magnificent piece of punk anecdotes. Black Flag's segment is probably the best description of what *punk* is. Surely the most energetic thing ever committed to film, although Darby Crash making breakfast is where it is at...
4. *Gritos... A Ritmo Fuerte* (Virginia Nunes, José María Nunes, Spain,1983) – Really this film is quite boring, *but* there are priceless contributions by CODIGO NEUROTICO and DECIBELIOS, both being interviewed and recorded in their practice space in 1982. RIP, KANGRENA, and ULTIMO RESORTE members are in the film too.
5. *This Is England* (Shane Meadows, England, 2006) Let's set it straight, I didn't really like this film. Still I have to admit that the mindless destruction displayed in the part when the skins go picnic is pretty punk.

Marissa Magic:

1. In *Ladies and Gentlemen The Fabulous Stains,* at the Stains' first show after the other girls ditch the stage and Corinne starts yelling at the audience. She tells them they're suckers, and that the only thing that will get them out of their shit town is themselves. Then she says she's perfect and doesn't put out.
2. When Riff Randall gets high and imagines the Ramones playing in her house in *Rock and Roll High School* (duh!)
3. The part in *Born In Flames* when the vigilante bike gang forms out of nowhere and scares away the fucked up dudes
4. The interview with Bikini Kill in *Don't Need You.*
5. In *Decline Of Western Civilization* when that one club promoter is talking about BPMs and pogo-ing in this bizarre flustered way and keeps moving his arms weird.

Erin Yanke's Top Five Moments In Punk Screen Time... It was on the screen, somehow:

1) I was 10 in 1980, and somehow on the TV there was a woman with a mohawk and electric tape on her nipples on a horse with a bald guy on a horse and then a car exploded. It blew my mind. Later I found out it was Wendy O Williams, and it was Nite Flight. I was amazed at what the world could hold.

2) I was 15 and just finding out about punk from KDVS and other radio. I was visiting my Grandma and she had cable. One night on MTV there was some live footage of Bad Brains, and again, my mind was blown. HR's backflips still stay with me.

3) *Hardcore Homemovie* was one of the first representations of punk that I saw that confirmed my vision of punk, as well as the fact that punk had room for me. Years after I saw the movie I was at a show at Grand and Skidmore, leaning against a wall and someone came up to me and said, "You look like someone in that *Hardcore Homemovie,*" and I was so proud.

4) Almost every weekend when we were 16 or so, Jacqueline and I used to fast forward *Rock and Roll High School* to the part where the Ramones pulled up to the show in their Cadillac, and then fall asleep to it. Then again, my favorite moment from that film may be Dee Dee in the shower, or Darby in the crowd.

5) I learned everything wrong from *Another State of Mind.* I vividly remember the moment at the Dischord House with the "No Girls Allowed" sign, and was really reactionary and thought, "Fuck these guys." And then I thought, "Man, Social Distortion rules!" Oops. Sorry Dischord.

Carl Cordova:

1. *This Is England* – "The Hanging Out Montage" – Aside from being one of the most accurate filmic observations of skinhead life, I can't think of a better moment in film (punk or otherwise) that better captures the joy that can come with finding your tribe. The montage begins soon after 12-year old Shaun laces up his new boots and shaves his head, showing him strolling shoulder-to-shoulder with his new friends in slow motion. It is in this moment that the director deftly illustrates how such membership can foster a sense of family for someone who otherwise feels unsuited to live among the normals, all without going into the pitfalls of moronic Skinhead sensationalism. Any punk remembers this moment in their life when they felt for the first time that they belonged to something different.

2. *Decline Of Western Civilzation* – "Circle Jerks Live" – There are a lot of parts about this film that I could do without. Most of the interviews either come off flippantly vacant or just plain stupid. Still, you have to give credit to the fact that Penelope Spheeris was at the right place, with the right camera, at the right time. It goes without saying that the live footage of all the bands (with the exception of maybe Catholic Discipline) is this film's strong suit. The Circle Jerks however, are the show-stealers, catapulting *Decline of Western Civilization* into the essential viewing category. Say what you will about Black Flag or the Germs, but Spheeris really captures lightning in a bottle when filming Lucky's drumming on "Red Tape," or Keith Morris' sneering on "Beverly Hills." *Group Sex* is easily a top ten hardcore record for me, so it's not easy for me to admit that this is the only example where I would rather watch them than listen to their record.

Film Trivia Note: The punks caused so much trouble at the premier on Hollywood Blvd. in1980, that then-LA Police Chief Daryl Gates wrote the filmmakers a letter asking them not to screen the film again. See Ed Colver's infamous photo of squads of police gathered outside the theatre on the cover of the Mystic Records Copulation LP.

3. *Repo Man* – "The Death of Duke the Punk" – If I was forced to pick a favorite from this cult classic, I would probably go with the scene where Otto (played by Emilio Estevez) is holding his dying friend Duke in his arms after a botched convenient store robbery. After a life of "crimes" Duke reflects:

Duke: The lights are growing dim Otto. I know a life of crime has led me to this sorry fate, and yet, I blame society. Society made me what I am.

Otto: That's bullshit. You're a white suburban punk just like me.

Duke: Yeah, but it still hurts.

4. *Hardcore Home Movie* – "All 5 1/2 Minutes" – This obscure short film was shot by long-time San Francisco punk and SFSU professor Greta Snider. Any search for *Hardcore Home Movie* on YouTube should bring it up on one of the first queries. It is a mini-documentary about The Farm, which was a punk venue in San Francisco during the '80s. Greta intercuts live footage of the Bad Brains with punks outside the venue mugging for the camera. Non-sync interviews are placed underneath the black and white footage of different kids talking about what punk means to them. Greta takes a timeless snapshot of what it feels like to be at a show, hanging out with your friends. This could have been filmed yesterday.

5. *Another State Of Mind* – "Slam Dance Lessons" – *Another State of Mind* is one of my favorite documentaries. It encompasses all things punk, DIY, and especially Californian. Unless you've spent time living in Southern California, you can't fully appreciate some of the characters this film showcases. Everything from Pat and Nancy practicing their stagedives at the pool, to the roadie who keeps dyeing his hair different colors to reflect the mood of the tour is priceless viewing. But the infamous skinhead in the Discharge shirt, who instructs us on the zen art of slamming, has got to be my favorite moment. This skin-sage instructs the viewer to remain in the circle pit as long as possible because, "if you get out of the circle, you get out of the beat, which is where the energy is at." Sometimes I think that if we all applied this insight to other aspects of our life, the world would be a better place.

Runner Ups include: Harp Bar footage in *Shellshock Rock,* YDI's two seconds in *American Hardcore,* and the Ramones at the Roxy in *Rock and Roll High School.*

DX / Al Straightjacket Nation five highly appreciated punks in film moments:

1. The rockabilly juvenile punks jimmying open the pinball machine in *Cry Baby.*
2. The roller skating "punk" in the subway station in *Warriors.*
3. The ghetto blaster jamming punks in *Friday The 13th VIII* (apparently someone from Citizens Arrest appears here???).
4. All members of the skinhead gang in *The Wanderers.*
5. The punk in *Crocodile Dundee II* who gets a knife thrown through his mohawk when he attempts to intimidate Mick for his leather jacket.

Chris Corry:

1) Cro Mags performing as The Iron Skulls in *The Beat*. This takes my number one spot because it's probably the best footage ever shot of the Cro Mags—front flip into the crowd.

2) *Star Trek IV–The Voyage Home* punk-on-the-bus scene. I think this was the first time I knew what a punk rocker was. I definitely thought the song on his boom box was really good when I was seven.

3) Daryl from Citizen's Arrest/Born Against/Taste Of Fear in his skinhead phase standing outside the subway with other punks in *Friday the 13th XIII*. Jason busts their boombox, I think. Daryl may have only been in True Colors at this point.

4) *Airheads* – The Lone Rangers playing Reagan Youth's "Degenerated." Why make a movie about a fictional heavy metal band where the only song they play is an extended version of an early NYHC song?

5) Mudhoney in *Black Sheep*. Okay, they may have been on a major at this point, but fuck off, it's Chris Farley on stage with Mudhoney yelling, "kill whitey." This is all the things I like in one place—stupid rock 'n' roll, stupid jokes, and stupid rock 'n' roll.

Cissie:

1. Any scene in *Polyester* with Dexter Fishpaw, otherwise known as the Baltimore Foot Stomper, simply out of pure bizarreness. It's never blatantly stated that Dexter is a punk, but he looks like an early-'80s beach punk. As an added bonus, Stiv Bators stars in this movie as a troublesome trick-or-treating punk that gets his teenage girlfriend pregnant.
2. The Black Flag part (interview and footage) in *Decline of Western Civilization* is life-affirming. Chuck Dukowski is so cool.
3. The footage of the 1000 person pit at that Los Crudos show in Mexico City in *Beyond the Screams* is monumental. I still feel a little out of breath every time I see it and I'm bummed that I've never been in a crowd *that* excited to see a band.
4. I lived a few blocks away from this crappy d-rate video rental store in Northeast Portland that was filled with never-meant-to-be seen classics suck as *Surf II*. It's not a punk film at all, but it features a brilliant scene with a motor oil addicted zombie kid slamming around his bedroom to the Circle Jerks. Note: For more zombie punks check out *Return of the Living Dead*.
5. While not a movie, seeing the clip of Fear playing on *Saturday Night Live* has always made my hair stand on end, and I'm not even a fan of the band. It's just that nothing seems more fun than essentially being asked to trash a TV set.

Dan Goetz's top five punk films that aren't *The Decline Of Another State Of Suburbia*:

1. *Dogtown and Z-Boys* – While this is not a film about music per se, what these kids did with their existence sums up everything that matters about punk, and it isn't hard to see the connection between them and what was to come.
2. *Hype!* – This is not so much "a film about grunge" as it is about a variety of independent music in the late '80s "punk is dead" Northwest before it all got reduced to that single sound and term. Includes interviews and footage of Green River, U-Men, the Fastbacks, the Wipers, Dead Moon, the Melvins, Some Velvet Sidewalk, and yes, Nirvahna and Pearl Jamm.
3. *Over The Edge* – Again, not a film about music, but somewhat of a cult classic about teenagers causing trouble and outsmarting clueless adults in their fictitious late-'70s planned community. The only think separating these kids from punk is two or three years.
4. *Beyond the Screams* – Latino punks taking the ashes of hardcore and turning it into something that directly speaks to them and their communities.
5. *Don't Need You: The Herstory of Riot Grr rl* – Spells out a widely misunderstood (even by those who think favorably of it) movement that was arguably punk's last shot at affecting social change. I'd wager that more people's introduction to feminism has come from these bands than anything academia has churned out.

Fat Bob:

Alright skeptics, Fat Bob here from Hard Skin. Before I go on about film, why the fuck have the English nation started copying America and making a big deal of Halloween. For fuck's sake!!!

1. *Scrubbers* by Mai Zetterling (1983) – Honey Bane played the role of "Holly," and the film is centered on the lives of young women incarcerated in a British girls' borstal. The best part in the film is when Honey Bane gets her baps out. My video copy of the film goes all fuzzy at that point—I've had it on pause for too long, too many times, know what I'm saying??
2. *Saturday Night Oi!* by Timothy Hole (1997) – A short film about skinheads. Skinheads from Croydon at that. The best part is the opening scene, after the leader of the Croydon skins has had a bunk up and is walking into town with the soundtrack being Hard Skin. Why is this the best bit??? ...'Cause we *earnt* loads of readies from it.
3. *40 Minutes–Skinheads* by the BBC (1982) – A 40 minute documentary about skinheads and the band Combat 84. The bestest bit is at the end when Combat 84 is doing a gig and a massive ruck occurs. Someone grabs the mic and tries to calm the situation down by saying, "We are skinheads, we should should fight no one but skinheads," and people say us skinheads are thick...
4. *Made in Britain* by Alan Clarke (1982) – *Made in Britain* is a 1982 film directed by Alan Clarke about a 16-year-old white power, nihilistic, glue-sniffing skinhead named Trevor who gets sent to an assessment centre. He is pretty thick. He is pretty fucking mental. The highlight is when Trevor and cellmate Errol break into an office to find the reports on themselves. Trevor orders Errol to "piss on it, fuckin' shit on it"! Errol defecates on his files, and Trevor urinates on his.
5. *Docoi!mentary* by Spencer Kelly (2004 to present day) – Still not completed, but in my tiny mind the best documentary ever of a band called Hard Skin on tour in Europe. Two weeks of chaos captured professionally by the laziest director ever and his drunken sidekick. If this comes out, we will be famous. The best bit (bear in mind I haven't seen a single minute of it) is when Fat Bob (that's me) is being funny and sexy.

Fuck off.

At The Movies—Layla's random five:

1. Lizzie Borden's *Born in Flames*, which is incidentally as good on the lady punk movie scale as *Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains*. Essential Logic *and* Red Crayola on the soundtrack? Oh yeah. An all girl ten-speed bike army avenging rapists and molesters? Oh yeah. Twin towers blowing up because of a post-socialist revolution women's army plot? Totally! If you wanna see a post-apocalyptic '70s feminist punk movie that kind of makes no sense but is amazing and life changing anyway, this would be the movie. Watching the army of lady avengers on bikes, in V-formation, riding down empty revolution-struck '70s New York City streets is enough to make any girl's top five of anything. This movie was made over a period of seven years, so it starts out with afros and Staples Singers and ends with the Bloods (the New York girl punk band from the late '70s) and lots of *Warriors* style radio code messages. It's just so inspiring, clumsy, and cool...
2. Linda Manz in *Out of the Blue*. I think Linda Manz only did a few movies—this one, a Terrance Malick one, a Harmony Korine one... She's almost like a female version of Matt Dillon circa *The Outsiders/Over the Edge*, that total iconic eternal teenager and it's kind of surprising to me that she didn't do more. *Out of the Blue* was directed by Dennis Hopper and it features a Neil Young soundtrack. Linda Manz plays Hopper's daughter, a punk who's obsessed with Elvis and CB radio. She even has, as far as I can remember a Canadian Subhumans poster on her wall, I haven't seen this in a while but her room's décor would probably make a few Canadian punk ephemera collectors sweat. I think one of the reasons I liked it so much is that it's one of the few occasions in which the lead part is a working class teenage girl, who's actually really cool, not an idiot or a cartoon.
3. Black Flag in *Decline*...mostly because I like watching footage of punks hanging out, and the Church was the ultimate punk house and the band was at one of their many peaks... What is there to say? It's fucking Black Flag.
4. The part in *Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains* when all the skunk girls take over the mall. First, just for the total incongruous idea of a band that sounds like The Stains playing in a mall, along with the idea that they would attract a fierce girl army of fans, but also just because it makes me think of the initial Riot Grrl idea, girls will rule all towns. I guess it's also kind of depressing because those girls should be in basements practicing with their own shitty punk band instead of being crazed fan girls.
5. I am going to be a total poser and claim a movie I haven't seen yet for this slot; *Population One.* I got a video copy of it from Subterranean (and yes he does still have copies if you email him), but I do not own a VHS so haven't watched it yet. The Screamers Target video is one of the best things any punk will ever experience though it technically isn't a movie. So I am gonna go with this failed sci-fi B-movie which stars Tomata Du Plenty and also features El Duce, Los Lobos, Penelope Houston, Beck at age 12, KK Barrett, and Vampira, amongst others. Obviously the cast alone and the sheer idea of the movie and the fact of it's existence is enough to propel it up the charts. It just got reissued on DVD with an added disc of rare unreleased Screamers live footage. Get to it video maniax.

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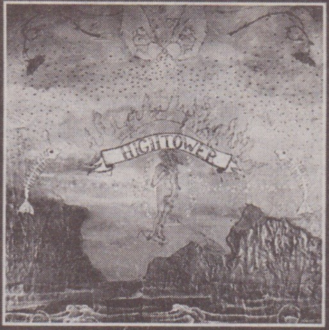

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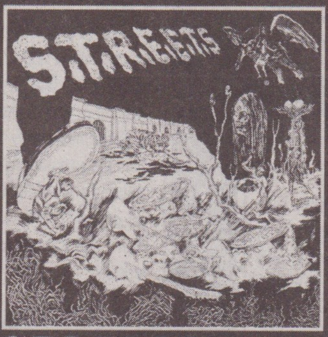

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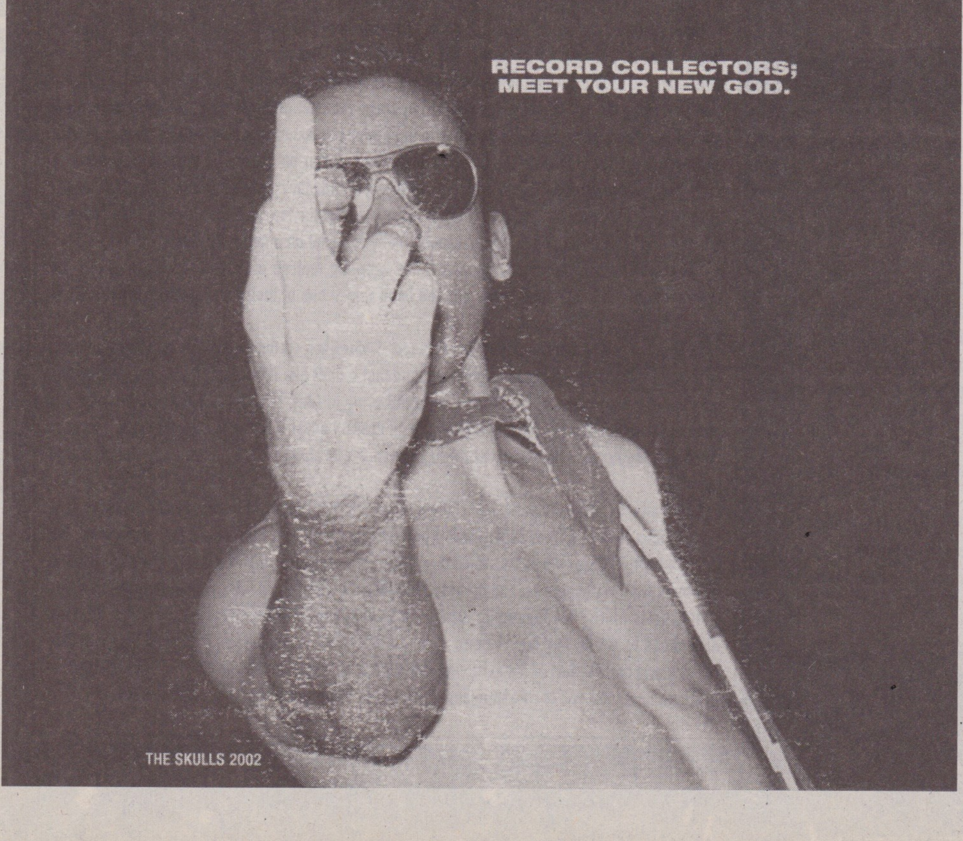

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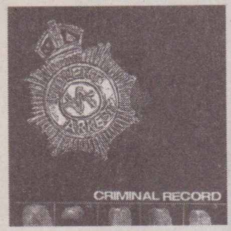
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Whatever Happened to Susan Jane?

San Francisco in the late '70s and early '80s was a wild place—you could rent a room for $25 bucks a month, you could go see the Dead Kennedys or Pink Section at the Deaf Club (an actual social club for the deaf), there were punk nights at The Stud, a leather bar. In short it was a brief time, pre-AIDS, and pre dot-com boom when fags, drag queens, punks, and performance artists co-existed. The movie Whatever Happened to Susan Jane? is a perfect document of this moment.

Introduction and interview by Layla Gibbon.

Inspired by The Outsider, a '50s-era social guidance movie director Mark Huestis found in a trash can, Whatever Happened to Susan Jane? imagined a life for the characters once they had left the rigid confines of the high school sock hop in-crowd. Marcy Clark arrives in 1980 San Francisco from her somewhat unsatisfying life as a housewife in Virginia searching for The Outsider, Susan Jane. She eventually finds her slumped at the Café Flore with Lulu a drag queen, an erotic dancer Cha Cha Can Can and a PVC clad modette. The movies plot is slight, but includes a warehouse party featuring a show-stopping live performance by KBD classics the Wasp Women and a scene sound-tracked by the mysterious art damaged mystery band Noh Mercy. In ...Susan Jane Mark Huestis captures a time when you didn't really need a job to live in San Francisco, and when the possibilities were just messier.

MRR: The first thing that really struck me about the film was how you captured the atmosphere of that era of San Francisco. When I was reading the clippings you sent me, it seemed you were from a small town in upstate NY?

Mark: No I'm actually from suburban town near New York City—Hicksville it's called. Hicksville but I ain't no hick. I came here in '75 and the Harvey Milk thing was happening, I was one of the founders of the gay film festival here. We started off meeting at Harvey's camera store, that's where we got our Super 8 films developed. My dad worked at NBC, I aspired to become a filmmaker and at that point they'd switched from film to video. So he had all this extra film, raw stock there; 'do you want any of this stuff?' and I was all 'yeah!'—that was like manna from heaven. At that point in the history, we'd gone through Harvey Milk, that era, and then the assassination and we were going into the whole punk rock thing and there was definitely a shift in the counter culture between the hippie type groovy communal thing to the punk and new wave thing. I was on the gay side of that but I was very involved, we just partied. It was fun and I just wanted to capture that atmosphere, what it was like. A friend of mine had found that *Outsider* film in the trash, that black and white thing, and I thought it was so fabulous. The story resonated with me; I could relate to being Susan Jane. I cast everything around the personalities; there wasn't much of a plot. It's just a document of San Francisco circa 1980; your comment about it being messy is very true. Back in those days we could live on *nothing*; you had roommates and everyone was in collectives or whatever so your rent was $50. It was just different; there was a really thriving art community here that didn't have to worry about paying the rent. Tuxedo Moon and Noh Mercy, they grew out of that. I knew lot of these people from the Angels of Light, an offshoot of the Cockettes. It was basically just wanting to capture this moment in time, doing it in a fun way. There was the punk movement, which I enjoyed but it was a little too macho for me, I enjoyed pogo-ing, but it got scary. The new wave movement was a little pretentious; I wanted to capture something that was just fun. Coco Vega, the Puerto Rican queen, she was just someone we would see on the streets, but she was totally fun, one of those sacred beasts that just siphoned great knowledge by their street smarts. I just created this thing from all of that. The Wasp Women were around, so I was just, oh we'll put you in it! Little bits here and there…

MRR: That scene! It just does exactly what you wanted it to, just captures this moment. That warehouse party! It's just... the whole reason I found out about the movie was because I was hanging out with my friend Martin and we were talking about Noh Mercy, and he was talking about some old black and white movie he had seen with drag queens and a Noh Mercy sound track, I was instantly obsessed! Then I met Matt [Outpunk] and he was talking about it...

Mark: Oh he loves it

MRR: I watched the Wasp Women scene on YouTube; it's just so incredible. After watching the whole movie too... MRR actually has a copy of The Wasp Women tape.

Mark: Every once in a while I get enquiries about the movie from weird places, I Googled it once and there's a Myspace group... I heard that it's one of Robert Smith from The Cure's favorite movies too. I don't know if you know the film *Midnight Cowboy*, as you can tell I'm a film person and I always have references, and I wanted the party scene to be kind of like that party scene in *Midnight Cowboy*, so we would walk around the streets giving out invitations like they did in the movie. Who knew how many people would show up? There were like 500 people, it was a big old happening, it was really, really fun and exciting

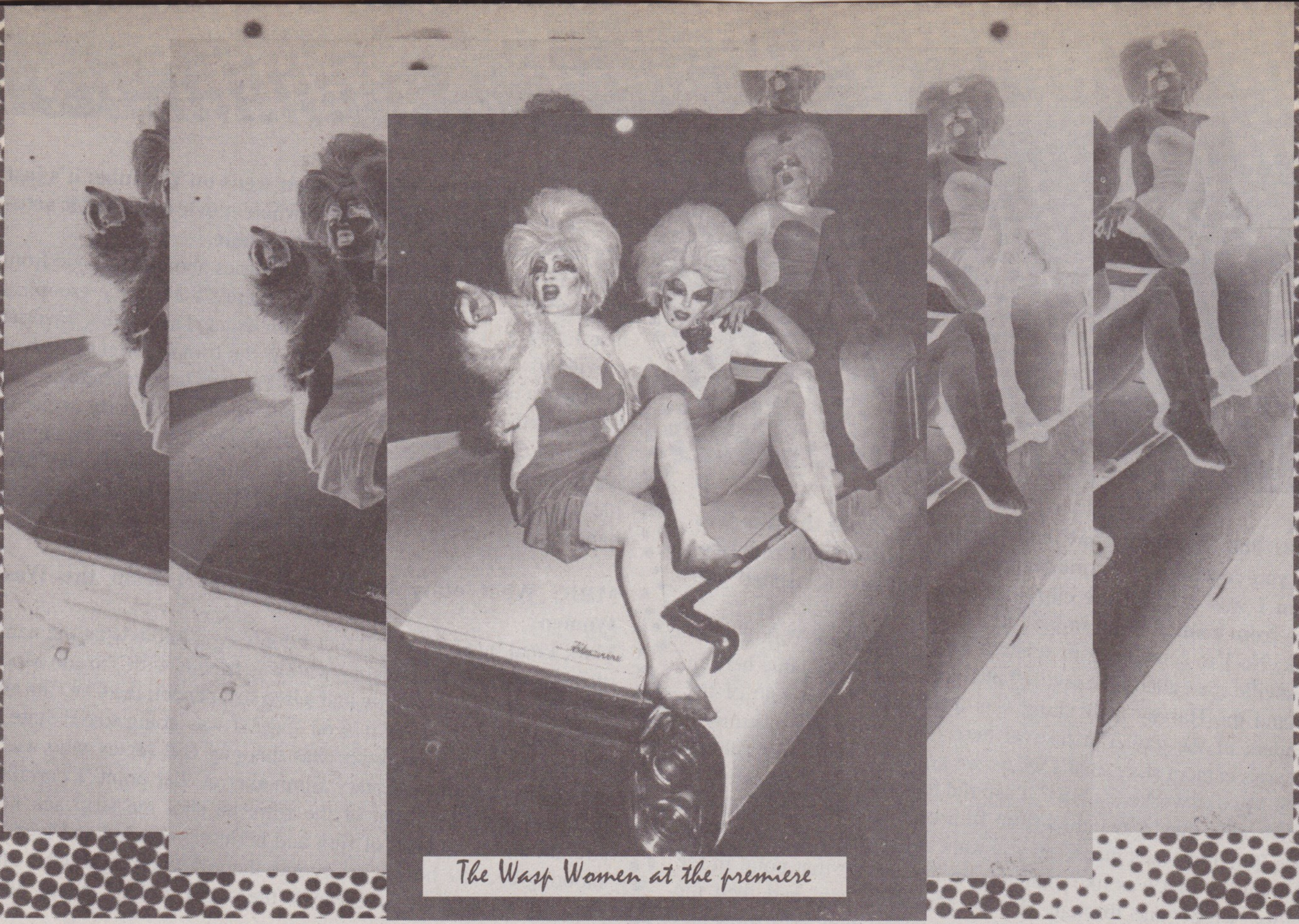
MRR: What other bands played apart from the Wasp Women?

Mark I had this other band that I don't even know what the name of it was. My friend Gregory who was friends with Tuxedo Moon sang that horrible song, we had a live stripper act; the Cha Cha and Joey thing was actually live on stage. I was going to SF State at that point, and my professor was this guy Bill Jersey who was a pretty big deal documentary filmmaker at that point. I corralled him into shooting some of the film, he shot the strip act, he's straight and he ran out of film and he just pretended and kept on shooting because he was really into the girl who played Cha Cha. We did those little interviews the night before, those little vignettes.

MRR: The part with Coco where she was...

Mark: Coco died of a heroin overdose just before the movie opened, he was supposed to play the Lulu part but he was such a junkie that he wouldn't show up to rehearsals and wouldn't know

Marcie Clark watching the Wasp Women


The Wasp Women at the premiere

lines. I loved his spirit so I wanted him to play some sort of part... Back then it was a real rebellious time, particularly in the gay community. I mean what we are we talking about with this marriage thing? There's always been this division, two ways of looking at things; one is sort of assimilationist and wanting to fit in with society. Then there's always the counter-cultural way. I don't want marriage, I don't want children, I don't wanna join the military! We're artists you know? It was great to be able to harness that energy, and there were a lot of us too. Cafe Flore used to have punk rock night on Monday, and then there'd be punk night at The Stud; it was 24/7, everything was going on. Mabuhey was big, it was a scene all the time.

MRR: What I loved about the movie was that it was this non-linear explosion of ideas, all these random things crashing into each other but in a really cool way, it's cohesive, you can see what you're doing...
Mark: Yeah *very* random! We wrote the script in a day or so, half of it was written by the people themselves, I'd pull lines from what everyone actually said. It was definitely very interpretive and improvisational. It took forever to make, as films always do. We opened it at the Castro theatre, it was Valentine's night, a midnight showing, completely sold out. It was such a scene, really quite something…

MRR: The *Outsider* movie was incredible.
Mark: There's some guy that curates a series of those, they're just hysterical movies. My generation used to have to see those movies in health class, and it was great that I could find two people that really could capture the essence of who the two characters in that film were.

MRR: I liked the Susan Jane character; how in the 50s movie the girl just wants desperately to assimilate into the group, and in your part grown up Susan is a true loner, like, "Oh fuck that!"
Mark: It's very true to life; I still know both of them. I have a community garden plot and Francesca who played Susan Jane—she's still Susan Jane. Her head's in the clouds, she's always reading a book, rolling her eyes. Anne, who played Marcy was such a natural talent, she was just like Marcy. We had a ball in that scene where she's running down Lombard Street—I made her do it over and over again.

MRR: In the clippings you sent me her dad asked what the symbolism of that scene was and she was like, "There is no symbolism!" The part in the Tenderloin, I was trying to figure out what part of city that was…
Mark: Yeah we almost got killed, doing that, people were not happy and in a way I don't blame them. I kind of felt like it was invasive and a little bit, not mocking, but a little bit exploitative... But we got it done.

MRR: The Noh Mercy part where she's in her apartment…
Mark: That was Framcesca's actual apartment, where she was doing the painting, those were her paintings. Esmerelda who was in Noh Mercy was a good friend of mine back then. They were really, really good.

MRR: They have a MySpace now that apparently she is somewhat involved with, and Steve at Subterranean said he was trying to talk to her about doing a reissue.
Mark: She could have had a big career. She had such an amazing raw talent. That was a real golden period in SF; there was definitely a communication amongst all the people. We were the gay sub-sect but like Mark Pauline came to the party, everyone would go to each other's shows. I don't know if you know who he is? The guy who does the performances with those machines.

MRR: Oh, Survival Research Labs.
Mark: Yeah, and he's about as butch as you can get. It was the last document of that set of people before AIDS too, by the time the movie opened we were starting to hear about it and after that it was just full on. It was the blow out party before the shit hit the fan in a major way. It's interesting to see punk nostalgia. I went to something at the Lab (performance art space) downstairs, a punk reunion thing with all these old punks, including myself. It was really fun but at the same time; this is punk rock? But I love seeing it; I love seeing documentaries on that period, I just think of it very fondly.

MRR: I had this idea of you coming from this small town, but the suburbs will do! And coming to San Francisco and I was thinking in terms of *Outsider* and how its message was like assimilate, assimilate, and how your whole movie is about how you come to SF and just do whatever you wanna do or like become or be who you were without having to worry about that.
Mark: Yeah, I wanted Marcy to come to town and have to assimilate. In this wacky world and yet she's still Marcy and she gets along with everybody. I didn't wanna etch people—I mean everyone is a little cartoonish, but I wanted to give her a little bit of humanity. She was definitely my favorite character. I don't believe in creating villains or us versus them. Sometimes we have fights, but there is communication that can happen.

MRR: Well some people are just venomous.
Mark: Well the venomous ones need to be put down and the other ones, you create dialogue with.

MRR: I wanted to ask you about the kind of girl group music you had at the beginning and the end of the movie?
Mark: Oh that was my friend Maura, she came from New York, from a good family, and for her 16th birthday her family gave her the gift of getting produced by some girl-group producer, someone famous, I forget who it was but I'll find out. She always would play that record, "I love this record!" She's actually in the movie she's the person talking about polyvinyl chloride at the Café Flore. She was very well-bred '60s girl group.

MRR: You said it took ages to make the movie?
Mark: Well it didn't take that long to shoot, the day Reagan got elected we did the Cafe Flore shoot, then we did the party and we did little scenes here and there. But it just took forever to edit, and there was no money. I was always scrounging and doing these little benefits here and there. Lulu and a bunch of people got together and formed this group called the Four Beauties afterwards and would do these small benefits in arts spaces. It was always dribs and drabs until finally Ann who played Marcy asked her parents to lend us $5000, back then that was a lot of money. It took two years to make, and between the post-production, the sound mixing… I cut most of it.

MRR: Did you do that at City College?
Mark: I started at City College and then I went to SF State, then I just did it by myself. It opened here, then we did a commercial run at the Roxie, then I did some film festivals, including the Florence Film festival, which was my first one. I went with Lulu and Gina, we did this whole drag act there and they were like "Huh!?" I played the lead singer doing "That's Amore" and they were the back up girl singers, it was a little too San Francisco for them.

MRR: You should try and get distribution for it!
Mark: It made its little splash, and still to this day people will contact me about it. A few people have come up and said they wanted to and then they've just dropped the ball. If you do this article, put my email in and people can buy the movie that way. It is a document that's worth taking a look at. It had a distributor back in the days of VHS, I forget what their name was and they sold a few units but I didn't make any money back from them.

MRR: It needs to be seen especially now that San Francisco is this weird homogenous entity…I mean there are pockets of resistance but compared to that time…
Mark: Yeah, but San Francisco will come into it's own again. I live by Dolores Park and the scene there is great, there'll be these kids putting on shows in the park, dancing—I love it. Ironically, I think the bad economy might be good for art, it'll bring it back to the basics. There's really no way most people can make a living doing it you know.

MRR: I think the best art is made in between the cracks. The movie you made, like if you'd made it with a George Lucas budget it would probably be really boring and instead it's this total spark.
Mark: It was exactly a spark, spur of the moment everything came together spontaneously. You couldn't replicate any of it.

MRR: Just looking at Cafe Flore then!!
Mark: They didn't have those barriers, it was so much fun, up through the early '90s it was really a blast. People would hang out there all day—it was a percolator of a lot of ideas, people met there, and people really came together.

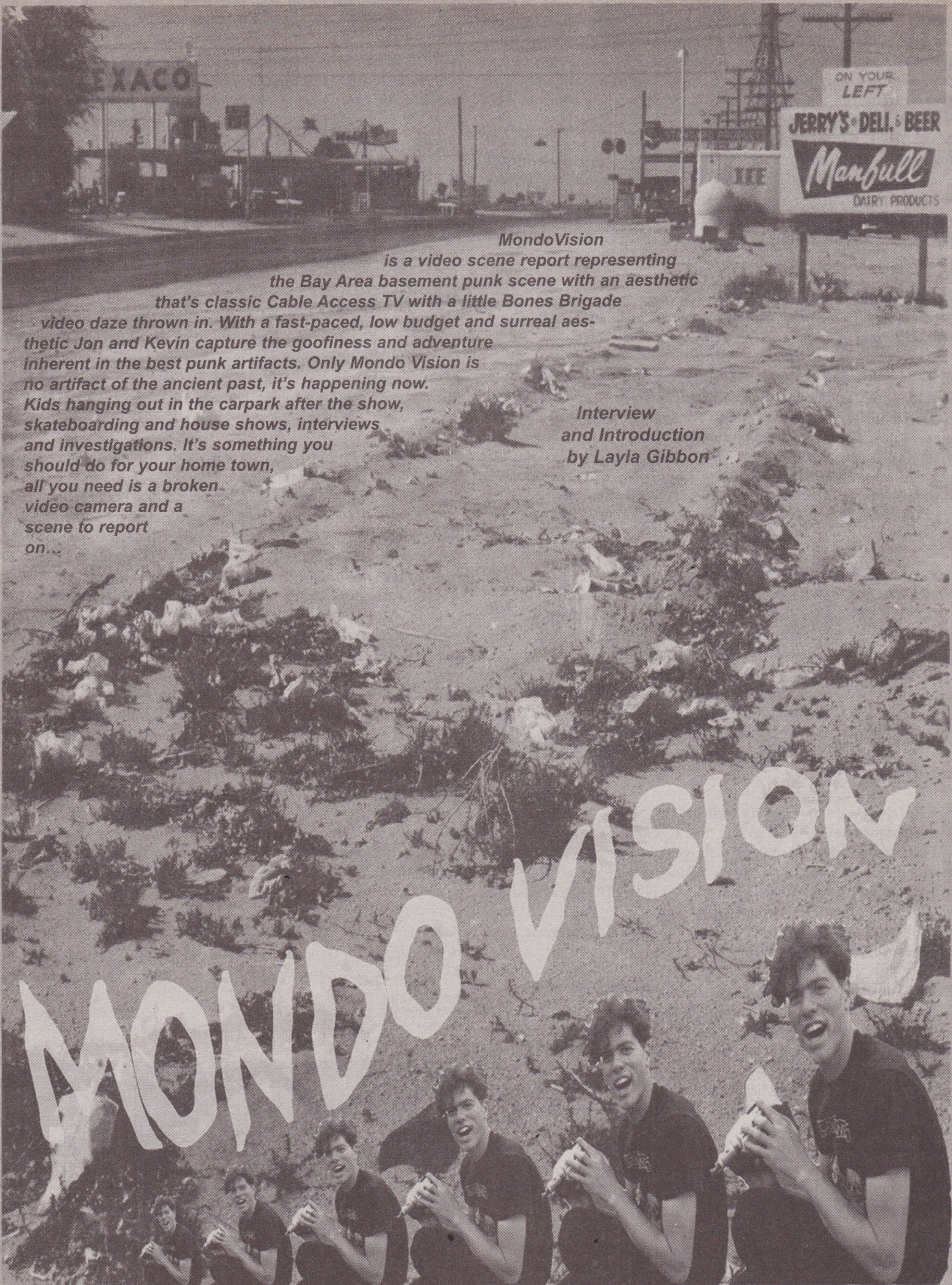
MRR: You kept on making movies?
Mark: I made a pretty big movie called *Sex Is?* It was at the Berlin film festival, but I couldn't make a living doing it so I now do these events at the Castro with these old movie stars, and I manage to make kind of a living doing it. This is my latest one; Tony Curtis. I figured out how to make it work, I've been doing art in SF since the mid '70s, it's been over 30 years and I can actually make a small living.

MRR: Which is pretty amazing, making a living doing what you wanna do on your own terms.
Mark: I have to make compromises economically, but I can live on next to nothing. I've done, Ann Margaret, Karen Black, John Waters, Debbie Reynolds, Patty McCormack from the Bad Seed. Jane Russell, she was fabulous, she's a big right-winger and I wasn't expecting to like her. She was a showgirl, she did three numbers on the Castro stage, she was adorable. I do these big montages of clips from people's careers; some of them could care less, but she was charming. But …*Susan Jane* is still important to me. Lulu from …*Susan Jane* got a facelift a few years ago and I did a documentary about it.

MRR: You should do a double bill, have a show!
Mark: Let's put on a show! When we did the gay film festival it was the 20th anniversary and a lot of the actors came back, and the actress that played Susan Jane wrote a play about what the characters are doing now. It wasn't great but it was kind of sweet. I did a movie with Factrix, they did the soundtrack but I don't think it's releasable. I don't even have a 16mm of it at this point. This guy Richard Gaikowski did, he had all these punk rock movies, he died and I don't know who was left the archives. He had a wonderful movie about the Deaf Club, which was a lot of fun too. But you can't go back, and things were never the way you remember them.

At present the film is not available commercially, but if you email Mark he will let you know how you can get one: hostess2@earthlink.net

Above: Susan Jane
Left: Lulu with
Coco Vega (RIP)



MONDO VISION

MondoVision is a video scene report representing the Bay Area basement punk scene with an aesthetic that's classic Cable Access TV with a little Bones Brigade video daze thrown in. With a fast-paced, low budget and surreal aesthetic Jon and Kevin capture the goofiness and adventure inherent in the best punk artifacts. Only Mondo Vision is no artifact of the ancient past, it's happening now. Kids hanging out in the carpark after the show, skateboarding and house shows, interviews and investigations. It's something you should do for your home town, all you need is a broken video camera and a scene to report on...

Interview and Introduction by Layla Gibbon

MRR: What made you start doing Mondo Vision?
Jon: I wanted to do a TV show for a long time and I did a couple video compilations before and I've been doing video editing for a long time. I used to work for a cable access station. My friend John and I tried to start a show called Jon's world in high school but when we were filming the first segment I got in a really terrible skateboard accident and I was in the hospital for a week.

MRR: Were you inspired by old Flipside videos?
Jon: No. I've never even seen an old Flipside video in its entirety. In LA at The Smell, everyone used to film shows, and I did too. I think the first show I went to I filmed, I put it out on the first video compilation I did on VHS tape.

MRR: Did you hand dub them?
Jon: Yeah. John and I dumpstered all the video cases from Blockbuster in Glendora, in our hometown and then I got the tapes from the cable access station that I volunteered at. So that was pretty much free and then I sold them for like a dollar each at shows. I did a second one when I was in college cause I was bored and that was on DVD with ETA, Scholastic Death, Breakfast, The Futures, Out of Vogue. This Is My Fist is on the second one, and What Happens Next?, Cut The Shit, and a couple others.

MRR: Did you edit it at cable access?
Jon: I had a copy of Adobe Premier when I was in high school and I would use that. I've still got the same computer. My computer is really old, not up to date enough to do this stuff. I don't have enough memory on it. Every time we do a Mondo Vision episode I have to clear everything off and start over again. And sometimes I run out of space in the middle of editing an episode.

MRR: What is the mission statement of Mondo Vision? Do you have an idea of what you wanna do with it?
Jon: Mondo Vision is about appreciating what's here now—there's so much going on. It's really easy to complain that there's nothing going on anymore; everyone says that at some point. It's also about supporting punk. When I grew up there were always people doing awesome things like putting out records. Now that I'm older this is my way of contributing because I don't have a band right now.

MRR: I like that it's just sort of a collage of everything that you're into. It totally comes across like that, like a video zine.
Jon: Yeah. The way that I edit I think about it like cutting and pasting a zine. I edit it for people with short attention spans cause I have a short attention span. When I'm watching it and doing the editing, if I can't sit through a section that I'm editing, I'm like, okay I gotta cut some shit. I cut a lot of stuff out. A lot of the interviews are 45 minutes long on tape, which is a little crazy to edit. I cut most of them down to like one or two minutes.
Kevin: It's like with the Surrender interview everybody was saying cool shit but it wasn't going to be like a *Maximum* interview, you know seven pages long. It's something people have to download or watch as it's loading.
Jon: I know if I was watching I wouldn't want to watch a 45-minute interview. The Surrender interview is coming up in episode three, which is almost done. I cut it down to some of the things that I really liked. That's the thing about interviewing people. It's cool cause its coming straight from their mouths but still I'm cutting it so…I try not to put words in peoples mouths but it's kind of impossible.

MRR: The one I watched, it seemed like it really flowed well.
Jon: I try to always cut right after people repeat themselves and say um. You're probably gonna have to do this when you edit this interview. I find that people start a sentence, say "um," and start it again. So I cut it right after they say "um." I also try not to make people look how they wouldn't want to be portrayed. I try not to make anyone look stupid unless it's in a goofy way that I know they would be OK with.

GRASS-WIDOW
TRADITIONAL FOOLS
& EC-OLI.
PELIGRO SOCIAL
MONDO VISION
EPISODE TWO

MRR: Obviously the internet is the future of mankind and so forth but when you started doing Mondo Vision did you ever intend to do it as like a VHS or DVD or was it always gonna be online only?
Kevin: I think part of it is the easy access
Jon: And it's free. I'm really glad I don't have to produce anything that's just gonna get thrown away or tossed in the garbage.
Kevin: Part of it is keeping the content ultra current. Though the third episode is lagging for various reasons.
Jon: It's been three months. The first one we did in three weeks and the second one came out almost exactly a month after it and then this one has taken 3 months.

MONDO VISION

Kevin: and I think we were trying to make them themed.

MRR: What was the theme of the first one?
Kevin: It was just mean to be a couple weeks in the Bay Area, What's going on. This one was supposed to be about San Francisco I guess. It's coming out as Thrillhouse has stopped having shows and it seems like a lot of stuff is moving out of the city so questioning whether there can be a scene. But I think the previous Mondo Vision episodes show that there is still a lot happening here even if it is not long lasting.

MRR: That's what I like about punk, it's sort of like a fanzine that gets lost you know? Then someone else can do their own thing from scratch.
Kevin: Meredith went to that meeting about trying to start a new legit show space that Fred and a lot of people are organizing, it was at Thrillhouse on Monday. And possibly getting non-profit status and having a long lasting legit show space. There's so much energy that' goes into that. There were like 20 people there breaking up the work load. It's hard, too—I mean, going to Gilman is not the same as going to a show in someone's kitchen. But it's still necessary.
Jon: Everyone agrees that house shows and basement shows that are urgent and in small spaces are way more fun…

MRR: So you've got something about Thrillhouse in the new episode?
Yeah, we interviewed Fred.

MRR: That's cool. Like an epitaph?
Jon: It is a little like that, but the record store is still open and I think that's really important for everyone to realize. It's an awesome record store and it's still a cool place to hang out. I think that's the reason we wanted to interview Fred for the next episode cause we're trying to make it San Francisco themed and that's the biggest thing that's happened recently. Thrillhouse got shut down. We wanted to interview Fred to figure out why and what people should do next and also to help support them. I think the shows were a small function of Thrillhouse that's gone.

MRR: It's a community as well as show space. You know the parts where you interview people at shows? Is it hard, getting people to talk?
Kevin: It's harder for us to go out there. I am totally socially retarded.
Jon: We have a really hard time interviewing people I'd say.
Kevin: Part of the aesthetic is that its awkward and we don't know what the fuck we're doing…

Jon: We really don't. I find also with the second episode we interviewed people at Gilman at the Peligro Social show and it was really awkward for the first two interviews. As soon as someone sees that someone's outside with a camera they get really uncomfortable, but then after the first two interviews people started seeing I guess that their friends got interviewed and then you could tell that they got curious and wanted to be interviewed. And it was super easy after that. I think it's really awkward if they don't recognize you, if they don't know who you are and what you're doing.

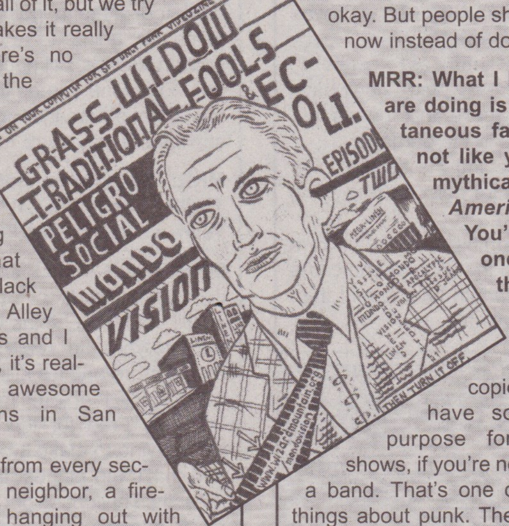
MRR: That's one of the things about the Bay Area scene is that everything is so disparate. You can be part of the punk community and not know someone from…

Jon: Yeah I think that's the other goal of Mondo Vision, to let people know what other stuff is out there.

Kevin: On the surface it seems like shit's pretty segregated but things are pretty fluid with intermingling between scenes, like having Grass Widow and Ecoli on the same episode is rad.

Jon: It's really diverse, the Bay Area, and that's what we want to show. There are people who go to both of those types of shows but I think a lot of people from both ends of the spectrum- actually there's not even two ends of the spectrum. There are a lot of different scenes in SF and I'm sure we don't even cover all of it, but we try to. Which is what makes it really weird also that there's no good punk venue in the city. I almost feel like there's so much going on that people don't want to dedicate any time to making something like that happen. We filmed Black Rainbow at Clarion Alley playing in the streets and I like the footage a lot, it's really cool. That's an awesome event that happens in San Francisco.

Kevin: People come from every sector; our 14-year-old neighbor, a fireworks dealer, was hanging out with these gutter punks. He's just this awkward nerd.



MRR: You film on digital?

Jon: Yeah. I use a camera from work that's broken. The eyepiece is broken off so instead of sending it to the recycle place I just use it. We only have two tapes and we record over them partially out of laziness. It makes it easier to keep it current and I don't want to deal with the footage afterwards, like if someone wants me to make a tape for them or something. I really don't have the time right now, so having only two tapes, there's not much of a choice. A lot of people think that's really stupid and maybe I'll start saving my tapes. I used to save all my tapes when I did that video comp. So in my parents house I have 2 big cardboard boxes filled with 8mm tapes and I can't imagine ever looking at them again.

MRR: Maybe when you're 40!

Jon: Hopefully when I'm 40 I'll make films about what's current. I like seeing all the revival stuff, like *American Hardcore* was okay. But people should be doing that for now instead of doing retrospectives.

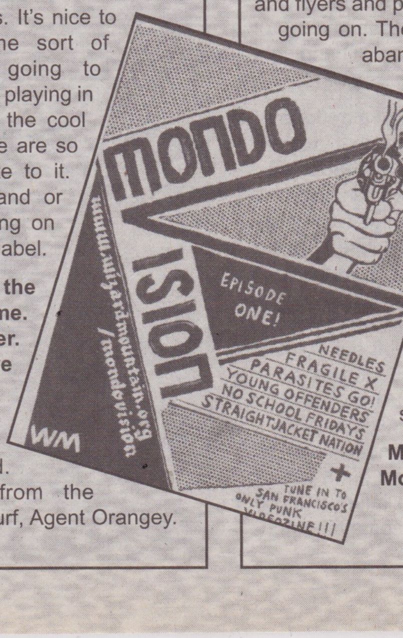
MRR: What I like about you guys are doing is that it's this instantaneous fanzine thing and it's not like your trying to sell a mythical idea of a scene like *American Hardcore*. You're just giving someone a flyer or something.

Jon: It's just a fanzine except you don't have to make copies. It's nice to have some sort of purpose for going to shows, if you're not playing in a band. That's one of the cool things about punk. There are so many ways to contribute to it. Whether you're in a band or doing a fanzine or putting on shows or doing a record label.

MRR; The band and the audience are the same. Either could be either. What local bands are you excited abut now?

Jon: I wanna see Face The Rail.

Kevin: They're rad. They're young kids from the Sunset I think. Kind of surf, Agent Orangey. Brilliant Colors is really good



Jon: I like No School Fridays. Grass Widow is awesome. I want to see Culture Kids, they just moved up here from SoCal. The best answer is whatever's in Mondo Vision or is gonna be in it

Kevin: Ecoli. I also like Schlitz Claiborne; really trashy, really fucking punk. They're from Oakland.

Jon: I'm also looking forward to the bands we haven't heard of yet, or bands that haven't formed yet that are about to.

Kevin: I know there's a lot of shit going on, rad bands playing in parents houses that we have no idea about. Living in San Francisco it's hard to get out to those places where it's friends from high school having parties.

Jon: It's hard for us to go to a show in Livermore or something.

Kevin: it sucks cause it takes moving to San Francisco to play at a shitty bar to get recognized.

MRR: The next Mondo Vision is gonna be Oakland-based?

Jon: Yeah, hopefully number four. We're trying to theme more issues. We want to talk about punk houses and gentrification and displacement. It's not a clear-cut answer and a lot of people have opinions about it. I think it would also be cool for Mondo Vision to be a little more serious about stuff. I mean more serious isn't the right way to put it. But it would be good to start some dialogue.

MRR: What's the website address?

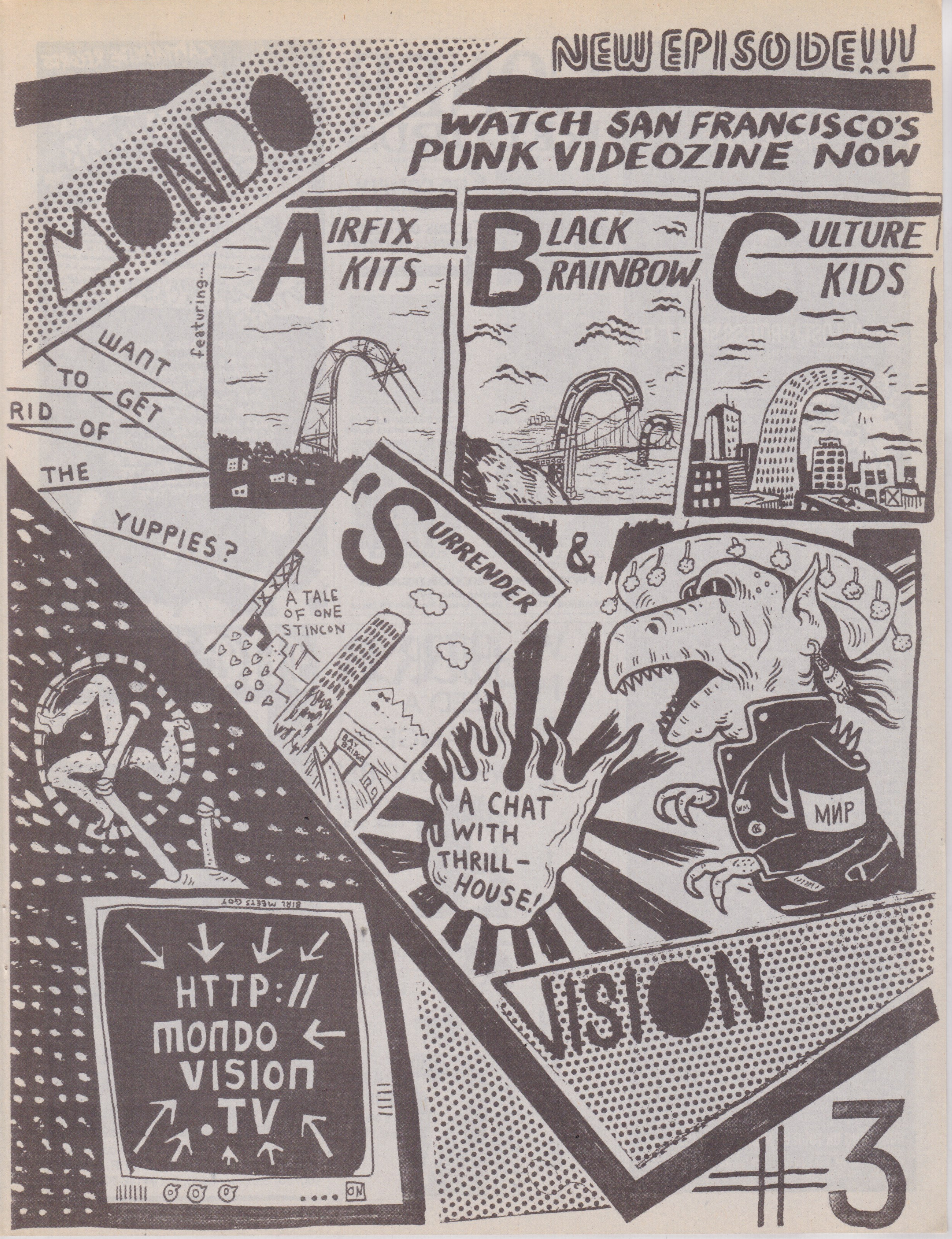
Jon: Hopefully by the time this is out www.mondovision.tv. We hope that someday people will do their own Mondo Vision. It would be cool to have all of them on one website. It's pretty easy to do and I think a lot of people can do it and a lot of people should do it. You can post it on a lot of these websites that will host your video for free. It would be awesome if other people would do it. When I did that first video compilation I sent a couple to Indonesia and this guy out there sent me an awesome package with all these videos and flyers and photos. They just had so much going on. The shows were in these weird abandoned buildings. It was just so cool and I know they could put together a Mondo Video of their own. People in Reno could put together a Mondo Video. Anywhere, any city

Kevin: A video scene report that people can respond to and post on, city by city or scene by scene.

Jon: So if anyone wants to steal the idea, please do.

MRR: A noble vision. The Mondo vision.

www.mondovision.tv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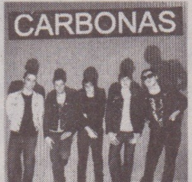

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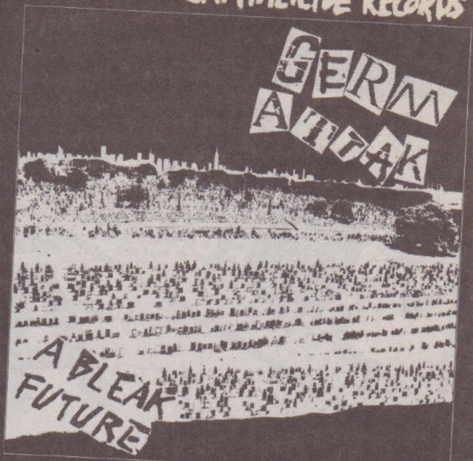

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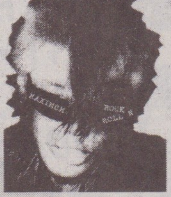

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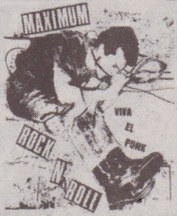

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BOOKS

In Heaven Everything Is Fine
The Unsolved Life of Peter Ivers and the Lost History of New Wave Theatre
Josh Frank
with
Charlie Buckholtz

In Heaven Everything Is Fine
Josh Frank with Charlie Buckholtz
Free Press (A Division of Simon & Schuster, Inc)
www.simonandschuster.com
327 pages • $29.95

Peter Ivers' murder on March 3, 1983 is still unsolved. He was bludgeoned to death in his downtown Los Angeles loft. The police and homicide detectives along with a bunch of Hollywood movie people and LA punks destroyed the crime scene and as a result nothing ever came of the investigation. The detectives agree to reopen the case for *In Heaven Everything Is Fine: The Unsolved Life of Peter Ivers and the Lost History of New Wave Theatre* author Josh Frank, but even still there seems to be little evidence. There are really no suspects. Since the recent conviction of Mia Zapata's murderer, I am convinced that it was probably likewise just some random person.

While it is unfortunate that the murder of Peter Ivers will probably never be solved, the release of his life story is a revelation. Why had I never heard of Peter Ivers before? I know a lot of his work. I am familiar with his connections. I grew up in Boston. I have seen *Eraserhead* many times. I watched *New Wave Theatre* on *Night Flight* while babysitting on many Friday nights. I know his face, but not his name. Nor his story.

Ivers was a boy wonder that attended Harvard University during the '60s. As a freshman he became involved in the theater group headed by Tim Mayer. He worked as a set and lighting designer, but was part of a group of many soon to be famous actors. One of his best friends at Harvard, Doug Kenney, would go on to found *National Lampoon* magazine and write the scripts for *Animal House* and *Caddyshack.*

Ivers was brought up on music. His mother would play different pieces for him after school. He hung out with Muddy Waters and Little Walter in Boston. One summer he decided he would learn to play harmonica. He mastered it and became one of the best. In fact, when Ivers' mentor Little Walter passed away, Muddy Waters considered Ivers the best living player. That is high praise considering Walter practically invented the electric blues harp.

Ivers wanted to be a musician. While still at Harvard he got a two record deal with Epic. His first album *Knights of the Blue Communion* was released in 1969. The critics loved it, but no one bought it. He was dropped by the label before his second album *Take It Out On Me* was released. Ivers then moved to Los Angeles.

He began scoring film for people at AFI and got another record deal with Warner Bros. Ivers got what could have been his big musical break opening for Fleetwood Mac while promoting his third album *Terminal Love* at the Hollywood Bowl in 1975. He decided to perform wearing a diaper in a strange pre-punk move that resulted in him being booed by the Fleetwood Mac crowd. He also opened for the New York Dolls in similar attire, but that crowd was more open to the spectacle.

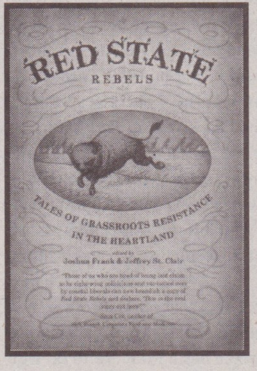
While his musical career didn't completely take off, he did gain some notoriety for writing a song for the film *Eraserhead.* The song of The Lady In The Radiator "In Heaven" is one of Ivers'. He also sings it in the film. Devo liked the song so much they performed it every night of their 1979 tour. If you ever wondered how John Belushi met Fear, the answer is Peter Ivers introduced them through the television show he hosted called *New Wave Theatre.* And the list of his very famous and infamous friends goes on. It is amazing that Peter Ivers is not better known.

Ivers probably gained most of his infamy hosting the LA cable access television show *New Wave Theatre.* The show debuted in 1980 the same year as MTV, and although a cable access show, it became so popular it eventually moved on to the USA Network. The show featured Ivers delivering odd monologues then introducing live performances by punk bands such as Fear, the Plugz, 45 Grave, Angry Samoans, the Mentors, Dead Kennedys, and lots more. Ivers would then interview the bands asking them silly questions like, "What is the meaning of life?" The punks would be funny, mad, annoyed, or whatever, but Ivers would keep at them. During one interview Fear tackled Ivers and pretended to be beating him up. Since Ivers had a punk inclination already after the Fleetwood Mac performance, he fit in. The punks gave him attitude, but I am sure they were happy just to be on TV.

In Heaven Everything Is Fine. The Unsolved Life of Peter Ivers and the Lost History of New Wave Theatre is delivered in an oral history style. Different characters recall different events throughout Peter Ivers' life and the quotes are amassed to form the story. The authors fill in some of the blanks with a narrative assembled from the various interviews. Unfortunately, the authors tend to be too dismissive of punk in general. They comment that the LA punks were just into violence and homophobia, citing Fear's singer Lee Ving's constant use of the term "fag" as proof that he was homophobic. For all I know he probably was, but I always thought his macho thing was a shtick. If you ever saw him sing on TV's *Fame* you'd probably question it too. But I guess that's the result of the limited perspective of the authors who were in high school in the early '90s and had just started getting into the Pixies. Punk was commercial by the time they heard of it, so seeing a band like Fear provoke people by acting like idiots is probably lost on them.

Now someone needs to release the episodes *New Wave Theatre* on DVD. When you think of all the terrible TV shows that are available, there really is no excuse. The world needs to see Peter Ivers.

—Carolyn Keddy



Red State Rebels
Eds. Joshua Frank & Jeffrey St. Clair
334 pages • $16.95
AK Press
www.akpress.org

Red State Rebels is another collection of transmissions from the front line of social activism from Counterpunchers Jeffrey St. Clair and Joshua Frank. This time, as the title entails, it is a collection of stories by or about progressive activists in America's fly-over country, the red states of elections past. Almost working as a retort to the commonly held opinion in costal Democratic strongholds, reinforced by books like Thomas Frank's *What's the Matter with Kansas?,* this collection works to break down the idea that the geographical middle of America represents a monolithic bastion of conservative opinion. A debunking of the idea that part of the country is a stronghold for the Republican political base that votes against its economic and political interests by being duped into a culture war against the Left. This collection clearly demonstrates how impassioned and pragmatic activism starts not from collegial enlightenment but from continually getting the short end of the stick. It is not San Francisco or New York City that takes on the greatest burden of casualties from our wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, but rural America. The geographical middle of America is where the greatest environmental tragedies and corporate pollution abuses occur. Red America is home to higher cancer rates, higher obesity rates, and higher employment rates. Is it not surprising, especially given the horrible abuses of power and greed of that last eight years, that at some point there would be folks in Kansas (and Missouri and Texas and South Dakota) standing up to say "No"! These new voices of resistance to the status quo follow in the tradition of the Wobblies and other forgotten working class American resistance movements. Hopefully they will grow and succeed in seeing real change in power where previous grassroots progressive movements failed. Stories like these just show how, like most popular media theories, the whole Red America vs. Blue America is just a distraction from the truth of how power works.

As much as I want Barak Obama's electoral victory to be a demonstrative end, or de-masking, of this construction of a red-state America versus blue-state America, I fear that it's only recasting of the status of corporate power. A reassertion of how powerless most of us are in face of the status quo. Although I wouldn't use his words, I'd have to agree with Ralph Nader that Obama has to make the choice between moving towards a more just and progressive future or a recapitulation and reassertion of the status quo. In the face of this danger, and to you red state rebels I say, Keep Fighting

—Ben Howell

BOOKS

BAD HABITS
A Love Story
CRISTY C. ROAD

Bad Habits
Cristy Road
224 pages • $14.95
Softskull Press
www.softskull.com

Cristy Road is infamous for her gender queer, sex positive drawings and her rowdy narratives about the dingy underground. *Bad Habits* is no exception. This is her second novel, following 2006's *Indestructible,* with about twice the content—closing in on nearly 200 pages of heavy analogies and gritty illustrations.

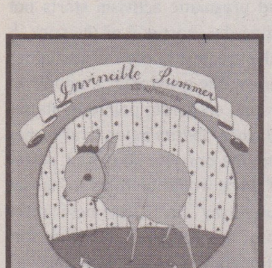
Through the protagonist Carmencita, a Cuban-American Miami transplant living in New York, Road weaves a story about surviving in an ever-changing city. Often using the cityscape as a metaphor, she explores the connections between race, class, gender, and madness. Cristy Road's unique voice creates vibrant scenery and equally vibrant characters. Her fluorescent descriptions of the simultaneously tattered, decaying, yet magical atmosphere of New York City evoke likeness to the otherworldly narratives of Francesca Lia Block.

Bad Habits is a circus of our favorite freaks: the punks, the drag queens, the queers, the assholes, the drunks, and the junkies. It's about trauma and depression, vulnerability and isolation. Road explores the bipolar nature of a dilapidated city and a decaying Coney Island. Actually, bipolar nature seems to be a theme—between Carmencita's drug-ridden ups and downs, self-assurance and self-doubt, decay vs. gentrification, the concrete world of New York City easily becomes a mirror for the contradictions of the human heart. Particularly exciting is Cristy Road's dip into magical realism, acknowledging drug-induced trips and Carmencita's own internalized psyche as valid, actual, experience. Carmencita says, "You have to accept any chemically altered state of mind as a legitimate human feeling." Carmencita's troubled existence emphasizes the simultaneous necessity of community support, family and friend style, as well as the shortcomings of said communities. Through brutal vulgarity and brutal honesty, Carmencita will not let us forget that in order to love each other, we must love ourselves first.

It is nearly impossible not to identify with one of the characters in *Bad Habits,* as each of them struggles with the pangs of every day existence on the fringes. What is the connection between capitalism and madness? How do we navigate the schizophrenic lifestyle of working to live, and creating a world that we can feel safe in? What happens when our desires are cast aside? The carnage is palpable in *Bad Habits,* as we enter a world where the answer to these questions often results in self-medication, self-destruction, and addiction.

Cristy Road's salty language and unabashed enthusiasm to talk about booze, sex, and drugs often leads to immediate comparison with male authors. Road's work may involve a lot of traditionally male subject matter, however, her voice has a lot more to do with weaving reality and fantasy together, creating a fresh, contemporary take on magic realist tradition. *Bad Habits* is a large step in defining the author's narrative voice, and left me waiting for the next big thing from Cristy Road.

—Kate Wadkins



Invincible Summer: An Anthology II, Issues 9-14
Nicole J. Georges
192 pages • $12
Microcosm Publishing
www.microcosmpublishing.com

Invincible Summer has made the case for its invincibility with a second anthology of the Portland-based zine. Nicole Georges continues to chronicle (through drawings, doodles, and ditties) a world freckled with puppies and cinnamon rolls.

This is undoubtedly a guilty pleasure read, with pages of comics about girlfriend drama and meal choices. But there's something comforting in the persistence of this zine; while many autobiographical zines of the same kind sputter out after a few issues, *Invincible Summer* remains.

Volume II, despite offering much of the same as the first anthology, shows Georges' growth as an illustrator (Her dog doodles have matured into an actual pet portrait business: www.nicolejgeorges.com/petportraits.htm) and as a lady, too—I can't imagine not achieving some modest level of self-discovery after years' worth of self-reflective illustrating.

For those who didn't catch any of issues nine through fourteen, some features from the book include baby chicks!, a month-long tour diary with fellow "Sister Spit" lady writers, dramatic encounters with an ex, and lots and lots of dog tails, er, tales (hawhaw!!).

—Cassie Harwood

BFF
by Nate Beaty
224 pages • $9
Microcosm Publishing
www.microcosmpublishing.com

Are you ready for eight years of the author's life "laid out in comics"? How about if he admits, "I guess *Brainfag* revolves around breakup frustration and being single for too long...as most art does, I guess." Hmm...

"Brain Fag" is the author's shorthand for brain fatigue. *Brainfag* was also the name of his zine preceeding this compilation book. I'll let you decide if it's problematic (or just a dumb idea) for a straight dude doing autobiographical comics to choose such nomenclature.

On the positive side, Microcosm has done a much better printing job with this one than they did with Nate Powell's comic anthology. Nine dollars makes this a bargain in comics terms. If you've a taste for young men bemoaning their relationship and artist-career status then *BFF* will treat you very well. I mean that as a compliment to readers who enjoy self-conscious narratives, and as a warning to those with no patience for the four-eyed, passive-aggressive diary.

Given that this covers eight years, don't be surprised at the diversity and evolution of Beaty's drawing styles. There's a scratchy expressive style, a realistic landscape mode, an all-caps manic version, a thumbnail reporting, and a few others. Some with panels, others careening around the page. The strengths of the comic format come alive here—notes to the reader, exaggerated expressions, and jokes galore.

The narrative of Beaty's comic's style is more interesting than his love life. Maybe I've just read too many first-person mini-comics bemoaning, "too much emphasis on having a lover." Or maybe it's recognizing the frustration in doing something solipsistic or more mundane (like describing what you ate that day or your haircut adventure) instead of actually working on "the big book." Maybe instead of zine reprints—where many of us were publishing as we learned—we could focus on new material.

The non-love tangents are compelling. I liked reading about Orcas Island and landscaping for the super-rich Stanford family. The wordless chapter of full-page drawing was well done, and subtly evocative. Let the drawings do the work, please. The PDX cameos of Nicole Gorges and Dave Roche are pretty great, too.

—Travis Fristoe

HAMMERED BY THE IRISH
HARRY BROWNE

Hammered By The Irish
Harry Browne
AK Press
www.akpress.org
175 pages • $15.95

In Hammered By The Irish, Harry Browne tells the story of the Pitstop Ploughshares, five Catholic Worker activists that, as the US prepared to invade Iraq in 2003, carried out an action at Shannon Airport which did over $2.5 million in damage to a US military transport plane.

Browne details the extensive efforts of the authorities, as well as the mainstream media and larger anti-war movement, to demonize this act of conscience. After three and a half years, over the course of three trials, a jury found the defendants innocent.

Browne's account of the action and ensuing trials is a quick read packed with the details of the case, and offers a sympathetic look at the persons involved. I appreciate the fact that Browne doesn't claim journalistic objectivity, and his admiration of the defendants is clear in his telling of their story. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised by the lack of coverage of this story in the US media.

While I can't say that I relate to the religious trappings and motivations of the Ploughshares movement, I can appreciate the sincerity, conviction, and commitment displayed by the actions of the defendants. In a political environment that fosters cynicism and in which justice in unexpected, it's rare to see an account of people acting on their conscience at great personal risk, and even rarer to see "ordinary" folks recognizing the fact when the legal system has so much more power and influence at it's disposal. It's really quite heartening that, despite the best effort of the legal system to discredit those involved, the jury found the Shannon 5 innocent.

—Tress

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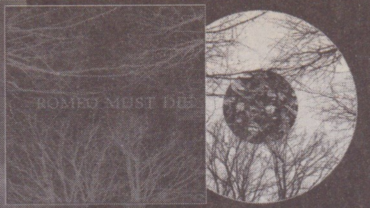

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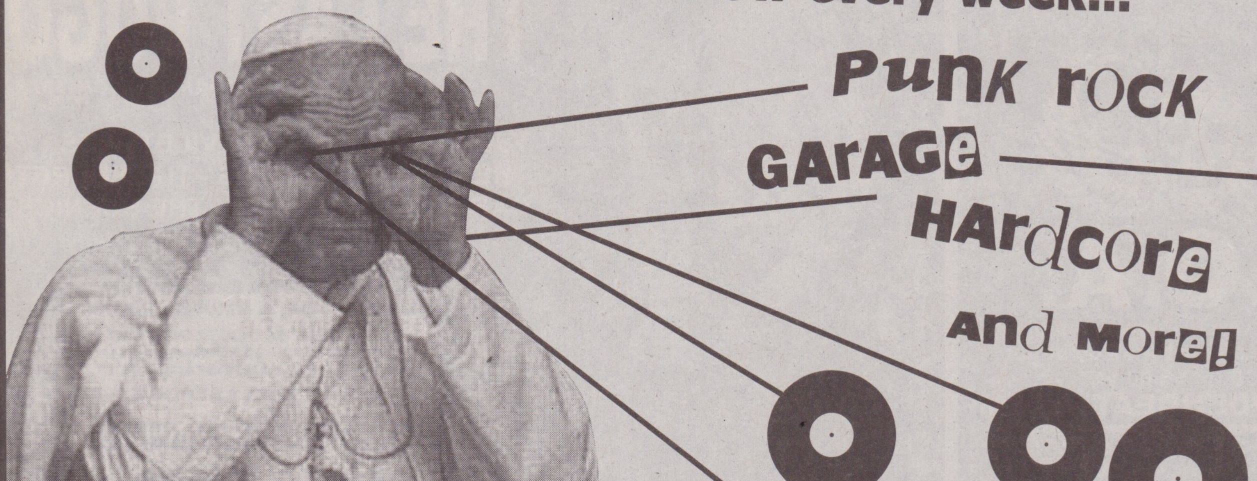

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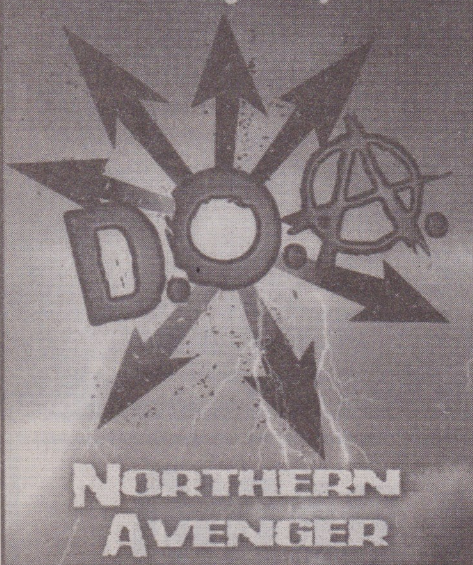

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MOVIES

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CAROLYN KEDDY

DO YOUR PARENTS KNOW YOU'RE RAMONES?

Hurray. The holidays are here again. Looking for a way to kill some time as you while away the hours at grandma's house? I'd like to suggest my three favorite DVD commentaries. As far as I know I am the only one who actually enjoys listening to filmmakers, writers, producers, and actors ramble on about making a movie while watching the film. I don't know who thought this might be a good idea, but I'd like to thank them. Well, at least when the participants are interesting.

The best audio commentary is **Rock 'N' Roll High School**. Why? The commentators aren't afraid to dish the dirt. Director Allan Arkush, producer Michael Finnell, and screenwriter Richard Whitley all participate and right from the start they mention how cheap executive producer Roger Corman is. In fact, they put it into the film. The very first shot has birds saying "cheap, cheap, cheap" over the opening credits. They also point out the shadows in the first scene. One shot has short daytime shadows and the next has long sun setting ones. That was because Corman wanted the whole scene done in one day. Arkush wanted Mamie Van Doren to play Coach Steroid, but Corman wouldn't pay her $1500 salary. Yet, perhaps because of these seemingly lame costs cutting approaches the result was a great, funny movie. It is hard to imagine how **Rock 'N' Roll High School** would have turned out with Cheap Trick in the Ramones role. When shown the comparison costs between having Cheap Trick or the Ramones in the film, Corman easily picked the less expensive Ramones. That turned out to be the right decision.

Rock 'N' Roll High School was originally supposed to be *Girl's Gym* a script Corman had waiting to be made. Screenwriter Whitley was working on script called *Heavy Metal Kids* based on the Todd Rundgren song where the kids blow up the school. The films were sort of combined into *Disco High,* because Corman wanted to cash in on the **Saturday Night Fever** craze. After some convincing by director Arkush that disco was not cool and rock, 'n' roll was the way to go the film was changed to **Rock 'N' Roll High School**. The search for a band to star included Todd Rundgren, Cheap Trick, Devo, and even Van Halen. Fortunately, eventually the Ramones got mentioned. Rundgren later told Arkush that he should have taken the role in the film. I have a hard time even imagining him in it.

How many times have you watched **Rock 'N' Roll High School**? It still holds up. Writer Whitley says he put all his high school fantasies into the film. The one thing everyone, including Corman, agreed on was that the school had to blow up at the end. I was always disappointed with the film **Heathers** that they didn't blow up the school. (We can argue about that later.) Face it, for pretty much everybody high school sucked. While I never got to blow up my own high school, living vicariously through a film or two is still satisfying.

There is so much to learn about the making of **Rock 'N' Roll High School** from the DVD commentary. Most Ramones' fans already know that Dee Dee was a notoriously bad actor. His one speaking line was cut from five words down to two and after more than thirty takes he still barely got it. Yet, there is a lot more to tell. For instance when Joey looked through Arkush's personal record collection he "couldn't believe anyone who liked the Ramones could also like the Grateful Dead." Rob Bottin who plays the giant mouse also played the drummer of the Cantina band in the original **Star Wars**. Roger Corman thought there was "too much Ramones" in the movie and wanted the middle of each song cut out. How would that have worked? There is way more to **Rock 'N' Roll High School**'s background than you probably need to know, but you'll definitely enjoy the stories.

Number two on my list is **Repo Man**. That is mainly because it blew my mind to learn that Jimmy Buffet makes a cameo in the film. After many years of seeing the film many times, I never knew that. I don't recall ever seeing his name in the credits, but even if I did I am sure I wouldn't have thought that it was *that* Jimmy Buffet. Why would I?

Repo Man's commentary includes director Alex Cox, executive producer Michael Nesmith (of the Monkees), casting director Victoria Thomas, and actors Zander Schloss (Kevin), Sy Richardson (Lite), and Del Zamora (Lagarto Rodriguez). There is a lot of shit talk about Emilio Estevez being a diva and being afraid of the punks. But there is also talk about Fox Harris', who played J. Frank Parnell, inability to drive a car. In most of the car driving scenes it is Cox driving the car. The one scene in which Harris does drive the car he crashes into a gas pump. After the first few days of shooting the Chevy Malibu went missing. After scrambling to find another the original turns up in the Valley. Luckily there was an extra car because actor Harris smashed one up crashing into the gas pump.

Cox wrote **Repo Man** after his first script was considered too expensive to film. He based the idea on his own experience as a repo man. He considered three possible endings for the film. He seems to have chosen the best one. I couldn't imagine Otto taking off to South American to fight in a revolution. While Cox is excellent at giving background and pointing out all the film homage shots, it is left to the actors to give away all the behind the scenes secrets. Zander Schloss who played nerdy Kevin also mentions that while filming he tried to befriend the Circle Jerks who didn't want anything to do with him. Then years later he joined the band.

Finally, spend some time with **24 Hour Party People**. There are two different commentaries, but I choose Tony Wilson's. It is interesting to hear what someone thinks of viewing his film alter ego. Wilson is quick to point out all the inaccurate scenes in the film. No one pogoed at the Sex Pistols' first Manchester show. He never tried to get Paul Morley to write Ian Curtis' biography while at his funeral. Wilson will also add random personal stuff such as although the Stranglers did appear on *So It Goes*, he hated having them on the show since he thought they were old guys that just jumped on the punk bandwagon. Fortunately, Wilson doesn't hold anything back and that's what really makes a DVD commentary.

One more film that might ease you through the holidays is **Starstruck** an Australian film from 1982. There is no audio commentary, but the film's existence is a new discovery for me. Jackie is a singer whose cousin Angus writes new wave songs for her to sing and plans her rise to stardom. Both are fairly naïve when it comes to the entertainment industry. Jackie is willing to sleep her way to the top until she discovers that the man who can make her a star is gay. The two live with their grandmother and Jackie's mother above the pub that they run. There are a bunch of interesting characters that frequent the pub. When they might lose the bar, a grandiose plot is devised to help Jackie win a singing contest and save the bar.

Starstruck provides a fun take on a fairly generic plot. The music and choreographed dance sequences are very catchy as well as very '80s in style and look. They have to be seen to be believed. If that wasn't enough there is also an all-male synchronized swimming number. It goes great with eggnog.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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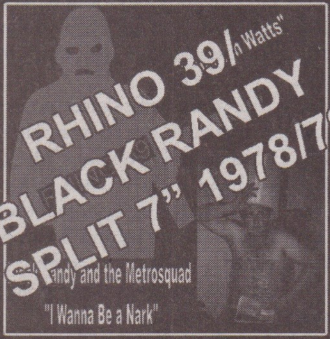
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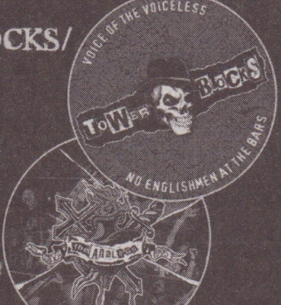
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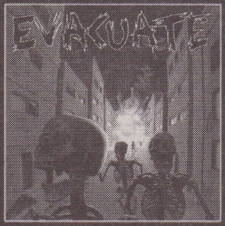

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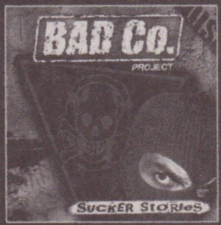
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PRINTING AND REPLICATION FOR INDEPENDENT RECORD LABELS AND BANDS SINCE 1994

RECORDS

Send **two** copies of vinyl or CD-only releases (if on both formats, please send the *vinyl*) to **MRR, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146, USA.**
We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

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ABLACH – "Demo 2008 + 1" EP

Self-described "crust grind death" music from bleak and dreary Scotland. ABLACH keep it real with the brutality, combining the (not overly obnoxious) grind-tastic aspects of their music with sometimes noticeable melody! Unfortunately, they also stay true to grind's unremarkable knack for shitty production; though this is a pressed-to-vinyl *demo*, I have a feeling the indistinguishable guitars and all-around muddy sound wasn't for lack of trying. Lyrically they sing about the Scots' rich, pagan history and the mythical days of yore. They do make a point on the back of their EP to state that the lyrics were not meant to be nationalistic, just commentary on Scottish culture and history. Limited to 230 copies! (RM)
($7 ppd: Problem?)

ABRADE – "YB" EP

Chicago seems to have a ton of great bands these days. Case in point: ABRADE. Further case in point: Southkore Records. This blends those two. These guys play fast old-school grindcore bringing to mind NAPALM DEATH, DROP DEAD, TERRORIZER, and BRUTAL TRUTH. Some experimental parts and quirky parts, but overall it's pretty brutal! (NM)
(Southkore)

ALPINIST / FINISTERRE – split LP

I am weeping as I write this. Tears falling as snowflakes on a cold German night, forever soaking the broken remains of my FAITH/VOID, CODE OF HONOR/SICK PLEASURE splits, destroying forever what they once meant to me. This record (nay, this masterpiece) has all but annihilated all my decadent Western concepts of music, poetry, art, taste, and death metal screamo crust. On the ALPINIST side there's a cut with a dance-crust part, and on the FINISTERRE side there's a crust ballad. No wonder it took nine labels (excuse me, collectives) to put this out, and it's no small surprise they all would rather listen to techno than deal with this heavy metal vomit. (BB)
(Acclaim)

AMBER ALERTS – "Ghoast Houze" EP

Dirgy, dark rock. Is it goth rock? Perhaps. There is a brief BAUHAUS (*In The Flat Field*-era) riff during the bridge on the first song. Mostly the songs on side one are in the LOST SOUNDS style with swirling keyboards and semi-intense vocals. Side two is one big, rambling mess. I used to record my friends and I playing music after a night of drinking and those tapes sound a lot like this song, "Ben." It is one long, repetitive, monotonous and nonsensical song that was probably so much fun to play in the moment. I don't think I need to hear it again, unless I somehow get caught up in the next jam session. (CK)
(Florida's Dying)

ANCHOR ARMS – "Cold Blooded" CD

Whenever I get something like this where I've never heard or even heard of the band, I always go and look them up online. I got to these guys' MySpace thing, and they've got something about having toured with BON JOVI's solo project, and I can't tell if it's a joke or not. The songs here have that very clean, very produced feel that it's hard for me to get past. I think this is ANCHOR ARM's second record and first full-length. I won't say that it's bad, but the overall feel is generic and derivative. I know there are people out there who will like this CD, but it's not for me. (BD)
(Fail Safe)

ANFO – "Ayacucho" 12"

Raw hardcore punk from Peru. ANFO has been around for quite sometime now. I did not know they were still active, so this record came as a surprise. Overall, they blend chaotic hardcore punk with dark and gloomy moments. I don't have a lyric sheet but they sound pissed off on every single track. They grace us with a cover by DESORDEN PUBLICO from Mexico. Good shit! (MS)
(Darbouka)

ANGRY YOUTH – "First Attack" CD

OK… So exactly what the hell are the youth so angry about? I've got a wake-up call for all you kids out there—life doesn't get any easier when you don't live at home anymore and you have to go to work everyday and start paying all the bills! Ah… I'm just kidding around—where would punk rock be without any angry youth to form punk bands, eh? Even though the name is a little generic and the music is a little tedious to listen to for a whole full-length, ANGRY YOUTH is really, really good! With fourteen songs that blaze out of the gate and don't stop ripping at you until the end, this album is all fast and aggressive with tight rhythms and gruff vocals. These kids don't mess around! Combined with the plethora of spiky hair and studded denim and leather on these young German punks, I'd say that this will have broad appeal to fans of THE CASUALTIES or A GLOBAL THREAT. I'd be interested in hearing more from these guys, but preferably on just a four-song EP! (ML)
(Contra)

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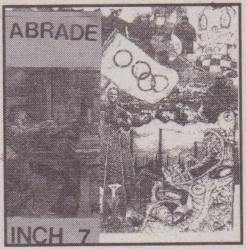

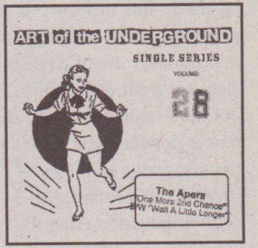

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ANIMALS AND MEN – "Never Bought Never Sold" LP

A great compilation of these lady-fronted lo-fi punkers that I was first exposed to via the *Messthetics* CD comps. With no interest in touring or "making it big," ANIMALS AND MEN stood little chance in the punk rock marketplace of the late '70s, so they stuck it out in Frome, a small town in the West Country of England, making their own sound in a practice space on top of a pub. The liner notes are great—a history of the band with awesome and very entertaining song explanations and line-up changes. ANIMALS AND MEN's sound shifts whilst retaining a distinct identity. Starting out with an icy post-punk shamble—not at all taut and sharp like, say, THE POP GROUP or GANG OF FOUR. Maybe like a less-expansive SWELL MAPS or a less-twee TELEVISION PERSONALITIES? But with rad tough-girl punk vocals; she sounds like a less self-consumed Siouxie perhaps. Not really though. The later recordings were apparently their idea of what a beatnik band would be, with a blues-inflected sound. It's actually reminiscent of the Medway scene to these ears. Imagine that with one of the girls from THE DELMONAS on vocals. I can picture them hanging out and watching *Jules et Jim*, listening to HOWLIN' WOLF, and discussing class politics... Totally dreamy, in short. It's awesome seeing how this band developed and how many new sound ideas they had within the context of their existing band concept. This is a great record and a must-have if you are at all interested in underground DIY punk. Such a cool. genuinely eccentric band, and what an awesome collection of music. Essential. (LG)
(Mississippi)

THE APERS – "One More Second Chance/Wait a Little Longer"

Art of the Underground's series of 45 rpm 7" singles gets right to the point of putting out a record—the music! These are no-frills releases that all come with a generic Art of the Underground sleeve that has the name of the artist stamped on it. A very cool idea! The single I got to review is from a band called THE APERS whom I had never heard of and probably for good reason—the A-side sounds like friggin' JIMMY EAT WORLD, man! This seriously could be a "punk" radio hit, it's so poppy and slick. Don't get me wrong—I love a lot of cheesy pop music, but this was just too much even for me! There is some salvation on the B-side however as it's a more retro-sounding pop-rock track with keyboards and backing vocals that reminds me of THE SPEEDIES! So for me this single is a hit and a miss... but the B-side hit edges out the A-side miss and I'd say that if you're a fan of power pop then you should check this out and support the very, very cool idea of the singles series from Art of the Underground! (ML)
(Art of the Underground)

ASALTO 54 – "Larga Vida Al Co" CD

Catchy street-punk/Oi!-ish stuff from Barcelona—I like this a lot more than I expected I would. The songs are faster punk numbers with nice leads that make the songs really pop. These tunes have just as much in common with Oi! as they do their Spanish forefathers in ESKORBUTO and RIP, in the almost football-chant-like fist-pumpers. The songs are nicely rounded out by a female vocalist who accents much of the lyrics and does an awesome job of making catchy choruses that much catchier. Track two, "15 Años," is the standout here. Cool. (JU)
(Grita o Muerto)

ASEDIO – "El Ultimo Invierno" LP

This Spanish band plays really metal-influenced D-beat—it's brutal and vaguely Scandinavian-sounding in its black metal influences. DISCHARGE meets IMMORTAL, but as far as I know, no grim clown face, which is good. That shit is ridiculous. (AA)
(Contraszt)

ATLAS LOSING GRIP – "Shut the World Out" CD

More solid melodic punk with emo overtones from Sweden. ATLAS LOSING GRIP reminds me of BODYJAR, SAMIAM, and later BAD RELIGION. This band has its chops down with tight riffing, nice tempo changes, and decent melodies. An annual top-ten contender. (RL)
(Shield)

ATTACK DISARM TAKEOVER – LP

Fresno, California's best-kept secret has unleashed twelve inches onto the world. ADT are an awesome live band and do not disappoint on record. The singer has such a good style and wails and howls over this mid-tempo fist-pumping hardcore. I can't stress how unique the vocals are. The parts where the music breaks and he just screams like a fucking madman are insane. The riffing is on the more metallic tip like Broken Bones with some GBH and later-period Poison Idea-style plodding. The album's biggest downfall is that every song moves along as the same pace as the one before it. Lack of tempo changes aside, this one is a ripper. (SE)
(Abuse)

ATTACK! VIPERS! / ASTPA – split CD

The split starts off with the contrived, (anti-) MTV generation, melodic hardcore outfit known as ATTACK! VIPERS! These Brits beat the listener over the head with the melodramatics of their music, combining a rockin' feel with an intense hardcore sound. Band names like THE REFUSED and WALKEN pop into my head but that's not accurate because ATTACK! VIPERS! ends up annoying me much like the disaster that was END ON END. Their sound lays somewhere in that landscape, blatant and familiar, hovering around a style that has been played many times before (and better). ASTPA closes the second half of the CD with a rather unappealing mid-tempo, melodic punk set that they thankfully limited to three originals and a NERVE AGENTS cover (that is *terrrrrible*). This is like a neutered and tortured version of the band after KID DYNOMITE (the one that sucked)—that is to say they play hooks with a safe/friendly appeal and galloping drumbeats, and have vocal harmonies. Maybe a safe bet for your cousin in junior high or fans of formula rock; not safe place for me. (RM)
(We Heart)

A/V MURDER – "Missile Command" EP

A/V MURDER is loud, noisy, infectious, and perfectly abrasive. They're from Chicago and feature Jim from TYRADES as one of the guitarists. The highlight of this EP is the guitar work. While one guitar keeps the rhythm, the other guitar grates and scrapes, plays lots of notes, and sometimes sounds like it's bathing in reverb. There's a cut-and-paste style at work and occasionally the "lead" guitar plays in time, as if it only sometimes remembers that there's a song happening. This is my favorite style of guitar playing, by the way. Oh, and there's other instruments on this EP as well—the bass is super low-toned and repetitive and the drums keep things loud and simple. The vocals are slurred and sound slowed-down and altered, which adds to the odd factor. Anyhow, although A/V MURDER is very modern in its weirdness, I like what they're doing a lot better than most of what's coming out in this scene at the moment. I bet it would be fun to see them at Cal's with DAILY VOID. (CI)
(Dusty Medical)

BASTARDS OF YOUNG / WOLVES AND THIEVES – split LP

WOLVES AND THIEVES plays a sound that's started to become common. Their music is somewhere between hardcore, rock, and emo with elements of a post-FUCKED UP era. The rock vocals are painful. I don't understand why people *ever* decide to sing like this for a hardcore band. In fact, I'd say WOLVES AND THIEVES are too polished on every front. Too much care was taken into this recording—the guitars sound overly rawk and have lots of wailing moments, and the vocals have oh-so-much feeling and a lot of held-out notes. Onto BASTARDS OF YOUNG—and sadly they also have rawk-bro vocals and a FUCKED UP influence in their emotional, rocking hardcore tunes. And then they break into a folk-ified song that's meant to be some sort of anthem for the underground called "We Want More." This song is so trite and awful that it's beyond second-hand embarrassment territory, and it makes me want to go to their next show just to throw bottles at them and taunt them. Blah, this record is terrible. Pro-gear, boring attitude. Nothing redeeming. (CI)
(Swagger City)

BENARD / WORN IN RED – split EP

BENARD: An adequate stab at some sceamo post-hardcore jams. Their songs don't stand out too much and the lyrics were pretty unspectacular. Listening to this was interesting because what made it all right is kinda the same thing that made it adequate. It's totally well played, but it sounds and feels exactly like you'd expect it to. So if you're way into the screamo stuff, that's probably good news. But if you're into a wider range of jams, it may not be for the best. The WORN IN RED side is pretty fucking epic. One song spans the whole side. It's a long song. It's mid-paced and heavy but not really plodding. I'm really digging it. The way the guitars rub up on each other leaves very little to be desired. The vibe is quintessentially *HeartattaCk* and this band, like BENARD, doesn't really remind me of any one other band in particular. In this case it's a good thing. (P$)
(Alaska)

BETTY AND THE WEREWOLVES – "Euston Station/Wind-Up"

I always want to like pop music. When it's lo-fi and/or has female vocals, I really want to like. Sometimes that can leave not really understanding how much I really like a certain record. If I like this stuff so much, do I like stuff that other folks wouldn't? Or, because

I'm such a fan of this stuff, am I even more difficult to please? I don't know the answer. This one has its moments, particularly when it has that sort of disjointed KLEENEX quality to it. When it's all said and done, I can't say that it's something I'd reach for when looking for something to put on the turntable. I will say that Damaged Goods is one of those labels that I find puts out a certain sort of music and is pretty consistent with its quality, so if you've liked their other stuff, you might give this a shot. (KK)
(Damaged Goods)

BIRTH CONTROL – "Going to Target" EP
On initial listen, BIRTH CONTROL reminds me of KARP if they had been less obsessed with MELVINS and more with that DC post-VOID hardcore/rock sound, like URUKU or something. Some super spun-out, rock-inflected mutant hardcore. That may lead you to assume it's crossover style, but it's not. Just some dense riffage with a guy on vocals that sounds like a post-rehab, 'Nam-war-vet version of Grover from *Sesame Street*. Also, it's falling apart in a slightly inept manner—it's punk, meaning to say I liked this but I am not sure if I would listen to it all the time. I'd like to see how it translates live and am curious about future sounds. (LG)
(Fashionable Idiots)

BLACK MARK – "Wrecked" EP
Fuck! The Kansas City representatives of the KC/Osnabrück Wolfpack have come to infiltrate your fair city! The BLACK MARK *Wrecked* EP is a scathing indictment of modern, safe rock 'n' roll! Fuck that weak shit! On this one-sided EP, BLACK MARK crashes through "Intro," "No Society," "Shut Down," "Image Bound," and "Wrecked." This uncomfortable thrash and punk milieu will put you suburban punks ill at ease! This raw thrash shit will fuck your PC hippie shit up! The menacing bass and slice-and-dice guitar coupled with the guttural vocals will reduce you to rubble! Order this shit from Hardware Records! (BR)
(Hardware)

BLACK RANDY / RHINO 39 – split EP
A quick glance at the cover to this 45 and you can tell you ain't with Dangerhouse on this one, but forget it, OK? Two ancient and buried-and-dead LA bands from opposite ends of the street (RHINO 39 being beach bum burnouts, while BLACK RANDY was sucking in cocks and cocaine in Hollywood) resurrected by some label that has no concept of a record cover. Unreleased RHINO 39 song is decent/good and BLACK RANDY, you heard this one before but hey, why not hear it again? (BB)
(Artifix)

BLACK SISTER / KRUPSKAYA – split EP
KRUPSKAYA starts out with fast, screeching punk-metal for the evil hordes from Hell! The song "Flag of Hate" shows that these humans are possessed by Satan himself! Fucking great! Side two offers two songs by BLACK SISTER! This dark and sinister speed metal will fucking rip your gonads off! This music is brutal, fast, and shows no remorse whatsoever. BLACK SISTER tears through "Dresden 45" and "Ausgebombt"! You will be nauseous and miserable—BLACK SISTER has done their job! Hey you fucks! Get this metal mania right now! (BR)
(Problem?)

THE BODIES OBTAINED – "From the Top of My Tree" CD
What is the jam du jour?? Is it mystery people making off-kilter new wave?? More or less. These folks seem to be pulling from THE RESIDENTS and JOY DIVISION. They aren't bright enough to do it well. The music on its own isn't horrible, but this whole thing is dripping with pretense. They lack any true new wave thunder prowess, and so much of the lyrics and liner notes are so laughably bad that I'd be remiss not to admit that there's some entertainment value in this package. (P$)
(www.myspace.com/thebodiesobtained)

BOMB TOWN – "Interrobang" CD
Ska-punk. I hate ska-punk. I hate fucking MURPHY'S LAW for starting one of the worst genres in the history of music. I hate bongs and snowboarders, I hate jocks and saxophones mixed in with New York style hardcore, I hate white boys with Rasta names, and I fucken hate punk kids who think they can rap. This is awful, and so past its sell-by date—real punk would scare you shitless Jersey boys. (SD)
(Stubborn)

BOOKBURNER – "Soulless Travel" EP
Tacoma, WA… Hell on earth. It's no surprise that this is one of the more creative and angry powerviolence-styled hardcore releases to be unleashed upon these ears in a minute, along with that HATRED SURGE single on Deerhealer. Getting down to brass tacks, the bulk of these songs are stripped down (as powerviolence should be), cold, oppressive, bass-heavy monsters with tastefully distorted, tough-as-an-overcooked-twenty-pound-lobster vocals that aren't forced—as tends to happen with this style of hardcore. The short, aggro blasts are mated nicely with occasional bouts of power-electronic noise pieces that work really well in setting a Dante's Inferno-like mood to this 7" piece of wax. (JU)
(16Oh)

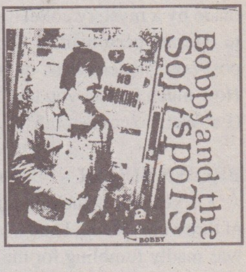
BORED STRAIGHT – "Puke on Someone Your Own Size" EP
These DIY punkers from Milwaukee, WI give a harsh dose of early-'80s hardcore thrash. On this record is pretty good version of the song "Enemies" by DIE KREUZEN (probably the best song on the record though). The rest is pretty decent, but nothing spectacular. The songs are forgetful and the lyrics are pretty silly. They do however cynically point out things like the whole anti-Bush tip in punk or underground music and how it's pretty pointless. A lot of times it's just pandering to the whole "Coexist"-bumper-sticker-having, Whole Foods-shopping squares out there. (PL)
(Data Control)

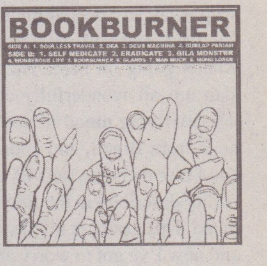
BOSTAURUS – "Made in Hellfire" CD
It's kind of hard for me to describe this CD because BOSTAURUS plays a musical style that I really don't agree with. Metal mixed with punk/hardcore? Say what you will, but I hate the fact that the two have been corrupted enough that there has to be subgenres of every small category of music these days. Remember the days when if you played three-chord songs you where a punk band, even if you sounded like THE EXPLOITED or DOOM? Anyways, the sound on this CD is decent enough and the musicians are obviously skilled enough to play together as a tight unit. My problem begins with their slow mosh parts and the vocals that are really gravely a la BLOWN TO BITS. I don't know… It just seems like a band I wouldn't pay any attention to. There are so many great bands, why settle for mediocre? (WK)
(Contra)

BOTOX RATS – "Kick Me Like Trash" EP
Jeez. The record labels said 45 RPM so I tried that and got a band that sounded like a bunch of munchkins trying to play *Too Fast For Love*. So I tried 33 RPMs and got GG ALLIN'S meth-dealing cousin's inept bar rock band. Safe to say this is a rotten record at whatever speed—shitty rocka-rolla boredom for aging scabby dudes who belong on the King's Road circa '85. (LG)
(Ken Rock)

BRAINWORMS / TUBERS – split EP
This is a pretty cool 7" split. Both bands sound like they take a lot of lessons from the Dischord Records playbook. BRAINWORMS

BLACK MARK
WRECKED




BOOKBURNER
SIDE A: 1. SOULLESS TRAVEL 2. DEA 3. DEUS MACHINA 4. BURLAP PARIAH
SIDE B: 1. SELF MEDICATE 2. ERADICATE 3. GILA MONSTER

BORED STRAIGHT
EP

THE Botox rats

BRAINWORMS
TUBERS
split record(ing)

had a FUGAZI kind of thing going on, and TUBERS reminded me of RITES OF SPRING. But both bands play a bit dirtier and sloppier than their Dischord counterparts. The record is good—not amazing, but good. (FS)
(Dead Tank)

BOZIDAR BRAZDA – "Drugs" EP

Like a tape of THE NORMAL practicing, but made from the apartment below. A manifesto chanted over early Fast Product Records worshippin' synth buzz. You know the deal—a blank record in a blank sleeve made by a mystery collection of humans known only to internet personalities. Is the band named after the post-post modern artist or is this item the artist's art? How much art can you take? Being boiled! (LG)
(Eat Wet, no contact info)

BROWN SUGAR – "Deportation" EP

Oh yes, this is fucking fantastic! Within in seconds of throwing this on, I had a huge smile on my face and was madly fumbling for the lyric sheet to read along. Imagine the very best of late-'80s hardcore, like the TURNING POINT EP and SIDE BY SIDE, and then strip away any posi attitude and annoying sing-along choruses, and you are starting to form of a picture of what's going on here. The songs on this eight-track slab are all wonderfully cynical, angry, and reveal an underlying mood of complete despair. The singer hails from Brazil, and apparently he and some other band members are sort of underground and face the reality described in the title track. Now that's fucking punk! This easily is my favorite review of the month, and now I've got to worry about finding a copy of this because there are only 300 of these made. You need to act quickly if you want to track this down (and you should). Better watch I don't get there first 'cause I might be willing to fight for this! (BG)
(Feral Kid)

BULL THE BUFFALOS – LP

I'd never heard of this early-'90s Japanese band, so while listening to their well produced but unremarkable Oi/street rock, I kept myself entertained with that never-ending source of fair and balanced information, the internet. Turns out these bootboys have what you might call "shady" politics (anti-immigration song, alleged Nazi-sympathizers, etc.). Investigate before checking this out... Or better yet, skip altogether and stick with THE TEMPLARS who actually write interesting music. (CS)

BUNNYGRUNT / SEX ROBOTS – split EP

This split has one song from each band. Both songs are covers. Both songs are not that great, which is unfortunate because I've heard good things about SEX ROBOTS. I'm pretty certain they're on their way to Pop Punk Message Bored (PPMB) superstardom, but this is certainly not indicative of any such success. I checked out some of their other jams, which have more of a pop-punk-by-way-of-'70s-power-pop feel, and those are good. Their song on here sounds like a catchy but bland take on QUEERS-style pop punk with uninspired vocals. The BUNNYGRUNT side is a few different kinds of awful. It exists in some awkwardly unpleasant reality between pop punk and '90s alternative rock. Fans of NERF HERDER might find merit in these songs' cruciality. (P$)
($4 ppd: The Bert Dax Cavalcade of Stars)

BURNING TIMES – "Pride" EP

This is *really* good. The recording was done live in studio and ends up sounding super trashy and thin. It works for these guys though—well enough, anyhow. I've got my stereo turned up pretty high but the music is still faint, possibly adding voracity to their sound. The record reminded me of a grittier INCURABLE COMPLAINT or something from that raw era of central-coast California from years back. These guys are punk as fuck from Brighton though and provide us with a really amazing EP totally unique and refreshing. They certainly call to mind the urgency of LOSER LIFE as well as their "almost falling apart" recklessness while displaying a sincerity you can't fake. Nice screened cover art that ties into the song lyrics. (RM)
(Tadpole)

BURNT CROSS – "Carcass of Humanity" LP

From the band name, album title, and black and white cover featuring a pile of skulls, I'm assuming this isn't power-pop. Guess what—it's not powerviolence either. This is hard anarcho-punk that sounds a lot like EXIT-STANCE, LIBERTY, or a tougher SWARTZENEGGAR. This band is a two-piece comprised of two brothers from the UK. It's pure DIY, recorded in the bedroom with an 8-track and drum machine. It's well done, and they have a solid political street punk sound that fans of CONFLICT will like. Good lyrics on a variety of topics make this a very worthwhile release; good stuff. (AD)
(Tadpole)

BUZZER – "Disco Kiddz" EP

If BRAIN ENO played with THE ADVERTS and they all took loads of acid and followed HAWKWIND around every shitty, scabby, dog-ridden field in England, then they would quite possibly sound like this. I'm one track in, and I wanna pack my bags and run away to join this band. Glam mixed with punk mixed with proto-punk mixed with stoner punk (yes, it this is a genre, just ask Tim Brooks) mixed with power pop. A rock 'n' roll caldron that could well elevate this band into this year's top-ten winner. I finally got my punk rock ROXY MUSIC—or is that my punk rock THE SWEET or T-REX? Fuck it and just buy it. Brilliant. (SD)
(Douchemaster)

CATALOGS – "Scrunchy" EP

Holy smokes! Mutant Pop has thrown their hat back in the ring and has released/re-released a good number of 7"s—this being one of them. Apparently this record was supposed to come out in the '90s, but because of some problems with the covers it wasn't released before Mutant Pop decided to call it quits. But now that the label is back, I guess they decided to finally release it in a limited pressing of 280 copies. 280 is probably a good number, cause side A is totally unlistenable. That shit wasn't cool in the '90s and it's not cool today. The first song sounds like someone trying to make fun of SCREECHING WEASEL. Think of SCREECHING WEASEL'S worst song... that's what this song sounds like, maybe worse. But side B saves the record; it's more upbeat and frantic, in that GREEN DAY *Dookie* kind of way. I like the B-side. Only listen to the B-side. (FS)
(Mutant Pop)

CCCPn – CD

Dirty, female-fronted rock 'n' roll-style punk. The first song is a forgettable Swedish interpretation of "Steppin' Stone" and the second song features something that sounds like a kazoo. I'm not feeling very captivated yet. The third song features an infectious bass line and cool, crazy-sounding Swedish vocals and then that fucking kazoo makes an appearance again—arghh, such a bad idea. Later on, we get a Swedish sung version of "Louie Louie," reinforcing my blasé impression of this disc. I don't know, overall this CD has some catchy parts and the vocalists sound good together, but there's nothing that sticks—it's just another collection of basic punk songs and I want something more... (CI)
(Ken Rock)

CCCPn – "Knulla, Knulla, Knulla" EP

Fun and wild freak-pop that seems to fall apart more than it strides forward. CCCPn is the low-fi rock 'n' roll freak-out of a band like SUPERCHARGER or THE DRAGS paired with the experimental poppiness of KLEENEX. Rad! (AA)
(Ken Rock)

CHEAP STUFF – "Live and Die in the Prison of Life" LP

Generic German street punk with an anthemic sound—lots of backing choruses and toughness. It's getting a little played-out, this sound. This isn't bad, though my attention wandered almost immediately. (AD)
(Psycho T)

CHEEKY – "Deal With It" EP

This here is a couple of ladies playing some messy pop punk. To me, CHEEKY sounds like what I wish THE MEASURE [SA] sounded like. It's real rough and dirty sounding, with the distortion cranked and up and obviously played louder. But yet they still maintain that distinct East Coast pop punk sound that's getting so dang popular these days. The B-side especially sounds like it takes a lot of influence from BENT OUT OF SHAPE. CHEEKY definitely fits right in with that whole scene, and I like what I hear. (FS)
(Art of the Underground)

CHOOSE YOUR POISON – "Laid to Waste" CD

These guys certainly get points with my Minnesotan ass for being from Northern Wisconsin (like many fine crust bands of their ilk). They play very fast, percussive, and somewhat discordant crust with a blend of old USHC influences like POISON IDEA and so forth. But I gotta say there is a Wisconsin crust punk sound, and these guys and gals have it. On a matter of principal I have to mention I think CDEPs are a waste, but I digress. (NM)
(www.myspace.com/chooseyourpoison)

CHRONIC SEIZURE – "Live on WHPK" EP

These maniacs from Chicago give you another taste of hardcore madness with this live set on what I'm assuming is some Midwest college radio station (there's no information anywhere in this record). This raw live recording really captures the band's energy live with a relentless dose of ripping hardcore tracks. If you don't own either of this bands EPs, seriously find them and pick them up, then pick up this sweet

live record if there are still any left. (PL)
(Fashionable Idiots)

COMBAT 77 – LP

This is probably in the running for most generic band name *ever.* Pro-sounding female-fronted German Oi!-punk that also reminds me a lot more of SOCIAL DISTORTION than COCKNEY REJECTS and 4-SKINS. Maybe it's the huge production. Not (completely) terrible but I really can't handle it. (JU)
(Contra)

CONDOMINIUM – "Pupils" EP

CONDOMINIUM displays a bit more diversity on this EP than their first effort. The A-side crawls along, characterized by repetitive rhythms, spewed vocals, and disgust for humanity firmly intact. On the B-side, CONDOMINIUM offers two hardcore tracks, which are reminiscent of the wilder spectrum of early Midwest HC, although it'd be unfair to classify these Minnehahas as retro. CONDOMINIUM seem to acknowledge that creative flair can be a positive thing, and they manage to avoid any implications of contrivery. The adventurous guitar work and thoughtful songwriting give long-lasting life to the songs, and the odd, clever studio trickery on the track "On/Off" is definitely cool. CONDOMINIUM makes perfect use of the 7" format on this EP—three distinct, awesome songs. (CI)
(self-released)

CONNIE DUNGS – "I Hate This Town" EP

Story behind this one is: band records in mid-'90s, five-song record is pressed with original intentions of being six songs, multiple subsequent pressings are made with the record eventually achieving six-song status. Now it's 2008 and this is a new pressing of it with a new photo-sleeve. Was it really worth the effort? What you get is *six* songs of mid-tempo pop-punk. Vocalist sounds like a wheezy Joey Vindictive. Lyrics range in from girls to alienation to, uh, back again, girls. Sounds like a third-rate VINDICTIVES, which means sixth-rate RAMONES. I think the latest pressing was unnecessary. (VL)
(Mutant Pop)

CONNIPTION FITTS – "Shart Sandwich" EP

This one's a rocker and seemingly full of rage, or at least partly full of rage. Nice. Wow, sometimes it's like classic hardcore, only a few years later. Other times, it's almost a little artsy, but not in a scary kind of way. It's faster-paced, it's got a great bass line, and the vocalist is just a tad angry, at least some of the time. There are four cuts and not a loser among them. (KK)
(Let's Pretend)

COPROLITAS – "Naftalina" EP

Oh my *gooooooodddddd!!* Raging, pogo-worthy squeals in Spanish! So good! Super fast moving, melodic bass lines, weird grunge-sequel breakdowns, dancing on the edge of lame indie-dude guitar wankage, but it manages to keep it noisy and chaotic. The first side is way more screeching dance rage than side B (which compared to side A is kind of a let down) but they both do well. Total pogo shove energetic wildness. (MM)
(Blondes Must Die)

COWER – "Hatred Songs" EP

Modern power violence with song structure that would remind one of IRON LUNG at times while mixing equal doses of catchy mid-tempo chug with the unbridled aggression. On repeat listens, this is better and better, I like what is going on here and will be looking for more. (RM)
(Television)

CRIATURA – "Verde" LP

I don't like this at all. Sorry, but it is really emotional sounding with no sort of punch or rage and I'm just not a fan. Weird since the subject matter seems to consist of a lot of the same issues that many bands have touched on in the more personal political way. This is really soft and slick and that just doesn't work for me. Actually I'm not sorry. This is my opinion. What else can I say? You know who will dig this record by the cover. If you like Photoshop scratches and clouds, then you may like it. (WK)
(Mala Raza)

CRIME IN STEREO – "Selective Wreckage" LP

Selective Wreckage is a collection of mostly unreleased studio outtakes and other rarities from this Long Island band. Slick melodic hardcore, somewhat reminiscent of HOT WATER MUSIC at times if that band was less pop punk and more DAG NASTY. The lyrics, somewhat flowery and obscure, deal for the most part with personal topics, although there are a couple songs about employment in the modern world. For CRIME IN STEREO fans this record will be a sure bet; personally, while it's not really my type of thing, there are a couple of tracks on here that did set my toes a-tappin'. (CS)
(Bridge Nine)

CRUEL HAND – "Life in Shambles" EP

Man, what is up with all the Pushead rip-off art these days? The guy that did the cover for this EP (skulls impaled on spears) even signs his name to look like Pushead's. Kind of lame. Moving on to the music, there are two songs on this one, each clocking in at less than 1:45. Almost seems like a waste of vinyl to press a record that's less than three minutes long. CRUEL HAND plays in what I would describe as the neo-crossover vein, mixing modern heavy hardcore with '80s thrash metal influences. They remind me a bit of LA's ALPHA & OMEGA and VIOLATION. Negative personal lyrics that are pretty well written; nothing I feel like singing along to though. This is apparently a teaser for their upcoming LP, so I'll have to reserve final judgment until I've heard that. My copy is on maroon vinyl. (VS)
(Bridge Nine)

CUT SICK – "Fraudulent Little Fuckers" EP

Complete and utter early NEGAZIONE worship from Melbourne, Australia that fucking hits it just right. I'm talking about everything from the great screaming vocals to the frantic power chords and even on down to the haircuts! This four-track EP is a perfect storm of mid-'80s style thrash that leans strongly towards the hardcore sound rather than metal. And coming from a minority voice here who despises metal and crossover, that means a lot! The pessimistic, near-suicidal lyrics run along the personal side of things, with heartening and inspiring song titles such as "Hope I Die" and "Dull"! I hope you're getting my hint here that this is pretty freakin' good! (BG)
(Aarght!)

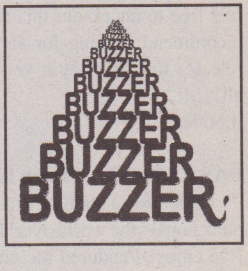
THE DAMNED – "Nasty Damned" LP

I love THE DAMNED, even the later fruity stuff that got into the charts when I was a kid. It's always good to hear their stuff, but who needs another shitty bootleg? Not me. The songs are of course great—all from the early years, "Love Song," "Stab Your Back," etc.—but quality is shitty. I guess these are demo versions, judging by how deafening the organ is in "Just Can't Be Happy"…but how would I know? There is no info at all. If you are rabid you have it—otherwise, skip it. (TB)
(bootleg)

THE DAMNED – "Rare Tracks & Demos Volume Two '80-'83" LP

Oh my… When I saw that I had a DAMNED album to review this month I got all excited! What a friggin' let down though!! First of all, this is hardly a "DAMNED" album in my opinion as from what I can tell it is pretty much just a hodge-podge of

BURNING TIMES



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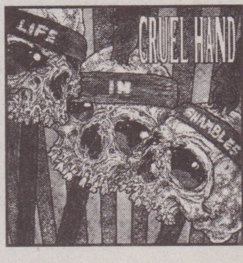
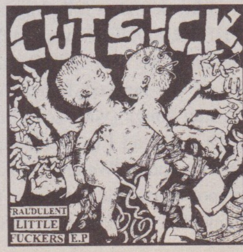




demos by Captain Sensible, and last time I checked, THE DAMNED was not a one-man band consisting of Captain Sensible. No offense to him, but this just seems to be a poor excuse of a bootleg masquerading as a DAMNED album… My second complaint is that the songs aren't even good or interesting! A lot of it is filler "instrumental" tracks—I guess they must have used all the good and/or interesting "rare tracks" on Volume One?? Anyways, as I am always looking for the silver lining in all things, let me say this: *if* you are a huge fan of THE DAMNED and you already have everything else that they ever released, then feel free to check out this record. However, I would recommend looking for some of their actual studio releases first on eBay if you don't already have them all! (ML)
(bootleg)

DAS KAPITAL – "Punk House Heaven" EP

Kudos to DAS KAPITAL for paying homage to punk houses the world over! It's been many years since I've enjoyed/endured the environment of living in a punk house myself, but I have a ton of memories both good and bad from those years… As for this EP, the title song actually kicks off the B-side and it's a short and chaotic mess! I'm thinking that this might have been written on the spur of the moment and intended as more of a joke song that wasn't expected to make it out of the basement, but it did! The next song is "I Like It" and it's a grittier garage-y rock 'n' roll song with a cool guitar riff and a great drumbeat! Going back to the A-side is where I am particularly pleased. "That's Career Suicide" is a lot more refined and has a much more "Midwest" punk sound that one might expect from a band out of Chicago. While still not being over-produced, this has a much more polished sound that is vaguely reminiscent of NAKED RAYGUN or PEGBOY or later-era REPLACEMENTS… (ML)
(Let's Pretend)

GRAHAM DAY AND THE GAOLERS – "Begging You/Sitar Spangled Banner"

THE PRISONERS are one of my all-time favorite bands, and out of all the ex-members of that Medway '60s throwback combo, the one I have followed the most since has been Graham Day. I loved THE SOLAR FLARES and am all over his recent incarnation. Nothing much has changed since he trod the boards in full Star Trek gear on the same bill as THEE MILKSHAKES. Its mop-top-bobbing, dog-tooth-check-wearing, foot-shuffle goodness. Like an updated, crazed freakbeat SMALL FACES, Graham still has the pipes. The A is a '60s-styled stormer, the B an instrumental rocker complete with sitar and Hammond—which works for sure, but I wish it had vocs… Check the LP. Top-drawer material. (TB)
(Damaged Goods)

GRAHAM DAY & THE GAOLERS – "Triple Distilled" LP

I know many folks regard Mr. Day's old combo, THE PRISONERS, very highly, but they never struck me as more than OK. On the other hand, this nifty bit of '60s-derived, fuzzed beat is aces. Catchy, well-written songs (with some amusing old fart themes, such as "Glad I'm Not Young" and the middle-aged rebel anthem "Wanna Smoke"), a great combination of pop harmonies and raw rock and roll with some demented freakbeat breaks, favoring humor and damn the torpedoes over anal-retentive retro rulebook following. What's not to like? (DD)
(Damaged Goods)

DEAD END GUYS – "Among The Dead" CD

These guys really like the MISFITS. Too bad I don't. A more rock version of DANZIG-era MISFITS. A touch of metal guitar noodlings and quasi-industrial noise too. A German band that needs to do their own thing. (RL)
(Fiend Force)

DEAD TO ME – "Little Brother" CD

At first, was diggin' on this. I popped it in and the first song came on—the vocals have that kind of obnoxious, somewhat snotty edge to them. The songwriting isn't bad, but it's got a lot of musicianship (for lack of a better term) that I think it would be better without. Don't get me wrong—these folks are obviously musically inclined enough to stray out of the basic three-chords-and-no-frills box, but sometimes I think bands should just keep it simple. I do however like the reggae breakdowns in the song "Little Brother." Unfortunately, the good parts are outweighed by the not-so-good-parts. (BD)
(Fat Wreck)

DEFIANCE, OHIO / ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH – split EP

When I started listening to this split, I thought the labels were on the wrong sides. I put on the DEFIANCE, OHIO side and it sounded nothing like what I had heard from them before, so I thought that it must be the ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH side with the wrong label. Anyway, the first song here is a faster tune with electric guitars and a different feel from their folkier songs. They follow through with one sounding more like what I expected—acoustic guitars, banjos, etc. ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH wrap this split up with one original and a cover of a CCR song. While this isn't a Plan-It-X release, if you're into the PIX style, you'll love this record. (BD)
(Dead Tank)

DERBY DOLLS – "Rick Kids Love Hate" CD

Hard rock, all-girl band. Classic rock riffs with deep and overpowering vocals. (CK)
(That Lux Good)

DESTRUCTORS666 – "Malleus Maleficarum" CD

Huh? I'm a little bit confused by this. It looks like a serious black metal album, but it rocks like a fucking great punk/rock album! Is this an attempt at a humorous piss-take? Or is it perhaps a brilliant crossover of metal and punk? I am pretty sure that it is the latter and these are just a bunch of old English punks that have a healthy appreciation of all kinds of music including metal! I've heard a lot of metal influence in British punk over the years, like later-era GBH or THE EXPLOITED, but those bands never really embraced the imagery and lyrics of metal, just the sound. DESTRUCTORS666 however, sounds punk as fuck *and* they rock the dark and evil style of black metal with success! They even do some decent covers—three of eight songs on this EP are covers including really great heavy-metal versions of "The Witch" (THE SONICS) and "Hellraiser" (THE SWEET). Overall, this gets a thumbs-up from me for originality in a world of music that is all too regurgitated these days. (ML)
(Rowdy Farrago)

DETERMINATION – "If All Else Fails" EP

Energetic and fast, yet nihilistic and drunken hardcore punk from Austria that is oddly full of posicore-like chorus shouts. Listening to this band live, I bet punks are confused as to whether they should join the mosh pit and sing along with pointed fingers or if they should go out into the alley and drink until blurry nausea overtakes them. Doing a bit of both, I suppose, is the solution. I would say the sound on this group's third EP falls somewhere between POISON IDEA and Y2K-core. Sort of a strange mixture, for me anyway, but it seems to work. I dig this record, but I think this would be even better with less of the shouted choruses, but that's just subjective bias put forth for the few out there who hold a similar view. The singer's intense voice and the fantastic guitar and drum work make this worthy of your attention either way, so check it out. (BG)
(Capeet)

EL DIABLOS BLONCOS – "Dancing to Contusions" EP

This is almost a good violent basement freak-out but the recording doesn't work. It's not exactly that it's not a bad recording (it is), but it's almost like it's not bad enough—there's no screeching treble or mega crunch to it. It almost sounds like it was an awesome recording and then it got the shit compressed out of it so it manages to be bland. It's like they wanted a slick recording but didn't have the right stuff to pull it off. The second side is a little better but still kind of whatever; it's a little to slow, like it's trying to be sexy or sleazy or something. It's kind of just making me think of a ROB ZOMBIE-type scene, except maybe a little more unhinged punk. Like almost totally crazy noise punk, but then the cover has a monster-headed babe on the front in a bikini (it doesn't, but, you know?). It also really threw me off that the insert mentions another 7" by them featuring "one hour of industrial chill-out." Ewww. (MM)
(self-released)

DILLINGER FOUR – "More Songs About Girlfriends and Bubblegum" EP

The long out-of-print Mutant Pop EP from DILLINGER FOUR has finally been re-released. This has always been my favorite D4 record, and one listen should be enough for anybody to agree. This originally came out in 1997, just before their first LP, and while it sounds very similar to *Midwestern Songs of the Americas*, there's enough that sets it apart. Two songs on here feature Paddy on vocals, and two songs feature Erik. It's hard for me to even say which is my favorite because they're all well written as far as lyrics, and the music is nothing short of amazing. I haven't seen D4 in a long time, but they hadn't played any of these songs in ages, so I'd hope they'll pull out a few of these gems for their live shows more often. If you weren't lucky enough to snag a copy of this record the first time around, now's your chance. Oh, and as with all the other Mutant Pop releases, you get some really confusing pressing info on the back sleeve. (BD)
(Mutant Pop)

DIRTY DEAD – "Carnivorous Lunar Activities" CD

Goddamn! This came out of absolutely nowhere! I am a dyed-in-the-wool horror punk and I usually try to keep on top of bands of this style, but these guys blew me away and I had never heard of them at all. Of course taking their name from "London Dungeon" by the 'FITS, these guys play melodic, *Walk Among Us*-era stuff, some of it similar to SAMHAIN. I guess these guys have been around for a few years because the CD has demos and songs from a split 7". And here is the great thing—these guys can actually sing! Lots of "ohs" and "whoas" but also lots of screams! *Killer!!* (NM)
(Nothing But a Nightmare)

THE DIRTY LITTLE HEATERS – "The Dry Wait/Untitled"

This one's not doing a lot for me. The A-side reminds of the metal shit that kids in high school used to listen to, except that it's fronted with female vocals. Imagine JOURNEY sped up just a bit, quite a bit trashier, and with a female vocalist that wanted to sound like Steve Perry or whatever his name was. While the B-side doesn't sound like JOURNEY, it isn't really any better. (KK)
(Churchkey)

DISCARGA – "Musica Pra Guerra" CD

Brazillian thrash maniacs back with their third CD. Everyone is always calling LÄRM on these guys but I think SEEIN' RED is a much more apt comparison. (I know the relation but I think there's a difference worth distinguishing.) Straightforward thrash but with a guitar that is low on distortion. I hear the lyrics have a strongly leftist socio-political bent but I have no idea as I speak no Portuguese. The packaging is great but I was confused by the references alongside of the lyrics. Names of bands and albums, for example, next to "Medo Nas Ruas" ("Fear on the Streets"—thank you Google translator) has DISCHARGE, DOOM, DROPDEAD, and DISRUPT. Fine company, but…? Anyhow, last track features their six songs from their split with H ZERO. (VL)
(625 Thrash / Laja / Karasu Killer)

DISCO LEPERS – "The Government Took My Virginity" EP

You know who took my virginity? Her name was Holly-Anne. I was a fresh fifteen, young/dumb, with an inability to cum (least by hole and not hand), so we fucked on a borrowed bed and I pretended to c-c-c-climax just so I'd have the whole thing done and could do something more fulfilling. THE DISCO LEPERS are not fulfilling. Like the kid brother of the great SHITTY LIMITS, these British bums shit out a fake-funny (as in not) garage-hardcore high pitched whine of a 45. This isn't terrible, but it's miles, light years away from great. Also, I think they stole the title from an INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY album (featuring the girl from THE VICIOUS and my favorite band ever, DOUGHNUTS) There's a lot of songs, but whether that's a positive or a negative is up to you, the consumer. (BB)
(Ken Rock)

DISSOBER – "Outcasts of Sobriety" EP

Holy shit! These Swedish D-beaters come back after years of probable alcoholic coma! Of course, their CD is fairly basic, but pretty raw and fun D-beat all about… well, you know what! These guys were more on the punky side with some GBH influence and stuff that seems to be common to their countrymen. Get it! (NM)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

DIVISIONS RUIN – "Fear" EP

Epic crust that sounds more Appalachian than Irish, but these Dubliners have the doom, destruction, and fierce trading vocals of a band like REQUIEM or APPALACHIAN TERROR UNIT down pat. Rad; nothing new, but good all the same. (AA)
(Contraszt)

DNA – "DNA on DNA" 2xLP

Seminal '70s New York no wave band DNA produces some intriguing and bordering-on-unlistenable harsh noise. The vocals are somehow beyond singing or screaming; they are like a wild fit of Tourette's, matching the wild and atonal screes of the guitar playing. The Brian Eno-produced songs are the most immediately compelling, but the rest of this double-LP is filled with a more visceral and feral noise that makes DNA stand out among their no wave contemporaries (such as TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS or THEORETICAL GIRLS). If you like music that is minimalist, severe, and dark, you want to pick up this collection of DNA's recordings. (AA)
(No More, no contact info)

DRUNKDRIVER – "Born Pregnant" LP

The music on here is a full-on blown-out mess, a biting-kicking-screaming sonic assault of raw guitar shards delivered with maximum heaviness that would demolish most other bands completely. Mindblowing. I am therefore all the more bummed that their vocalist blows, dropping retarded lines in a faux-crazy voice like "You look like a cancer / And you taste like a cancer / You fucking smell like a cancer / Oh, you feel like… *canceeerrrr* / Wooaah wooahh etc. etc." (Shit reminds me of the Rollins spoken word part on the TOOL CD I loved in junior high… OK, in high school, too.) I dunno, to me it just sound contrived in comparison to such bone-crushing music. I really wanna dig it, and if that one dude would stop trying so hard, I think this would be one of my favorite bands of the last couple years. As it stands, this LP's a mixed bag. (CS)
(Parts Unknown)

ENERGY – "Invasions of the Mind" LP

As if putting out H2O and NEW FOUND GLORY records wasn't enough, Bridge Nine had grace us with this shit. This wannabe NERVE AGENTS/AFI/I don't know what the fuck—sounds like emo metal to me—will make you cruse THE MISFITS for creating the subgenre of horror punk. With its crappy cartoon halloween artwork featuring scarecrows and retarded swamp things, there really is no redeeming aspect to this record. If there was a worst five records list to this magazine, this would one would definitely make it. (PL)
(Bridge Nine)

ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH – "Let's Ride" LP

I had the opportunity to review these guys for their split with DEFIANCE, OHIO that is also in this issue. I'll admit, while I didn't think their song on that record was bad, it didn't stand out to me. Well, I'm glad I got this full-length to review. I'll take it as a second chance. These songs are fun, lighthearted jams that to me feel like being in a sweaty basement somewhere in the Midwest enjoying a rowdy show where every band is two thirds beard, one third beer gut. ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH = Florida pop punk at its finest. (BD)
(Dead Tank)

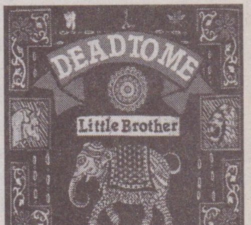
EVILTWIN – CD

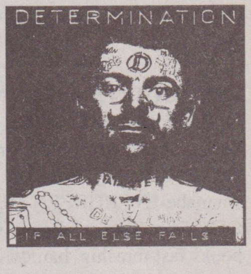
What did I do to deserve this? I don't know if this is punk, alternative, crew, or metal. The guitar players could learn a thing or two from MAIDEN, who at least they thank. Reminds me of newer AFI and OVER IT done horribly. Not good. I have grown to expect better from Canadians. (RL)
(Dichotomy)

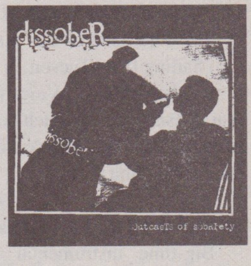
EXIT HIPPIES / WANKYS – split LP

Genres are typically defined by a particular style or subculture. When something new comes along, something that is not yet defined, a new genre eventually comes to fruition. Music that Japan's EXIT HIPPIES produces is definitely something new, but possibly impossible to define. On their side of this split

Dös·Kapital
PUNK HOUSE HEAVEN







DIVISIONS
RUIN

Fake Gut | Female Snake

you get seven tracks of raver-noise—maybe that's your genre, fanatical-Japanese-distorted-HC-noise-ravers-obsessed-with-Sesame-Street. (Oh yeah, there are drawings of Elmo and other characters on the cover and the insert.) Call *Webster's* and Wikipedia. Imagine the STATE CHILDREN flexi being recorded at an underground Detroit rave in 1991. It's noisy as all fucking hell, it's monotonous as shit, and yet it's incredibly catchy. My favorites were the second and third tracks, which actually are remixes of the same song. They're slower, using a drumbeat that sounds like ZEP's "Immigrant Song," and have a lurching bass riff that were the stereo any better or louder may have made me nauseous. So fucking awesome. All right, THE WANKYS' side is much tamer. I listened to their side first and left it thinking it was just a novelty: inept and simplistic fast HC with heavily distorted guitars and rhyme-on-a-dime lyrics. But after re-listening to it, fresh from a few spins of the other side, I have a greater appreciation. The riffs may not be the most original, but they're catchy. The lyrics may not be the best, but they demonstrate some thought behind them. The noisy guitar tone is lackluster, but the bass lines are cool. This record is definitely recommended! (VL)
(Detonate)

FAKE OUT / FEMALE SNAKE – split EP

From the silk-screened manila sleeve, the last thing I expected from this record was fast hardcore, but that's exactly what you get, and not some '90s-wannabe-EVERGREEN record or something. FAKE OUT, from Tucson, drops five tracks of fairly by-the-books fast thrashin' hardcore with crucial breakdown parts. This band woulda fit just fine on bills with TEAR IT UP, NO JUSTICE, SCHOOLASTIC DETH, and other bands of that ilk/time in history. On the other side of this platter, FEMALE SNAKE, also hailing from Tucson, is more on the blast-beat to dirge-y hardcore tip. A nice window into a local scene that doesn't get too much coverage, from a label that is doing just that—showcasing their scene. (JU)
(Goin' Ape Shit)

FALL OF EFRAFA – "Tharn" 12"

Big-time instrumental emo (circa 1994-stlye) complete with piano and a cello to round out a well developed and executed piece of music. Gruff, yelled vocals make a brief appearance after a l…o…n…g calm and help usher things into more of a concerted song—yes, *song*, singular. This one songed, one-sided 12" has a beautifully screened B-side that does not play music. The side that does is comprised mostly of singular instruments slowly coalescing and ultimately reaching a crescendo of epic…ness. Dreary, emotional, and made for certain rainy nights alone, this is bringing me back to sad days in high school. Apparently known in some circles of heavier music, FALL OF EFRAFA has taken a piece of music originally done by PAPER AEROPLANE and given it their personal touch of eloquence. For fans of GOSPEL, DROWNING WITH OUR ANCHORS, and MINERAL. (RM)
(Sound Devastation / Tadpole)

FEVER S.E.S. – "Blinded" EP

This was recorded in 2006 but were it any more recent I would think they were trying to emulate WALLS. Guitars are really heavy and metallic, and each song has a build-up to be a blazing grind tune, but instead the pace is kept slow, with one, maybe two, HC ringers. This is like a grind version of the COWS. Lyrics are incredibly hateful and negative and I'm really into it. (VL)
(16Oh)

THE FITT – "Hawk Eyes" EP

This record is all over the place. At times it's tribal and atmospheric, hearkening to the HIS HERO IS GONE side of their split with URANUS. The de-tuned guitars playing overly progressive-esque riffs and vocals that sound processed bring to mind DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN. The riffs are heavy and pummeling but there's a strong metallic-emo feel to it, plus the production reminds me of MINISTRY's *Psalm 69* or BUTTHOLE SURFERS' *Independent Worm Salon* albums, but, you know, on crack. So… emo-violence is alive. (VL)
(Big Neck)

FKU – "Horror Moshing Metal Machine" EP

Well, this is an instance where you know exactly what you are dealing with right up front. All the way from the umlaut on the U to the title of the record. This is '80s American thrash metal through and through with hardly a nod to anything more recent. EXODUS, OVERKILL, and DRI all the way. Nice. (NM)
(Torture Garden Picture)

FOUL PLAY – "Victory" EP

Good stuff here—fast, straightforward hardcore from Vancouver, with a couple of soccer-related sound-bites thrown in. Also, the cover shows a Smurf playing soccer. Maybe these guys will be to soccer what TEN YARD FIGHT was to football—musically and lyrically they're not that far apart either. Lots of sing-along and circle pit parts in here, which is all to the good, of course. This kind of reminds me of their fellow Canucks BURDEN, and maybe CROWD DETERRENT from Ohio as well. The 7" comes with a free CD, which has all seven of the vinyl songs plus a bonus track. There were only 150 pressed, and all on colored vinyl to boot, so order soon as this is sure to go fast. (VX)
(Eel Attitude)

THE FRIGHT – "Dacabre" CD

These dudes totes heart THE MISFITS the most! I guess this is better than being in a cover band? Everyone wants to be DANZIG in this band—singer *and* backing vocalists—and it's a little distracting… If a slightly inept MISFITS tribute band is what you're on a perpetual hunt for, it's clear this CD is the answer to your problems. It sounds like it was recorded at one of those record-a-video booths that video arcades in now-closed shopping malls used to feature. (LG)
(Contra)

FULL OF FANCY / SCREAMING FEMALES – split EP

I got to let you know I think SCREAMING FEMALES fucking wail! They combine the *best* parts of early '90s grunge with modern pop punk. Marissa has got this super intense growl of a singing voice and totally kills it on guitar with all kinds of crazy-ass solos. And watching them live is fucking sweet. I'm reminded of the first BIKINI KILL 12". Listen to their side of this 7" if you want to find out why I think they are one of the best touring bands right now. On the flipside, FULL OF FANCY continually skate back and forth on that line constituting "too much bubblegum in your pop punk." At times they'll sound like the MUFFS and it will totally rule, but others they're like coffee someone put too much sugar in. But that's purely a personal judgment call. They are very good at what they do, and if you like your pop punk with a capital P, you'll be way into this. (FS)
(Let's Pretend)

THE FRACTIONS / REVENGE OF THE PSYCHOTRONIC MAN – split CD

Two Manchester bands team up for a snapshot of at least a part of what's going on in that fair city these days. Manchester is responsible for producing some of the greatest and most original music of all time; unfortunately I can't honestly say that either of these bands is carrying on the local tradition. REVENGE OF THE PSYCHOTRONIC MAN plays Fat Wreck style pop punk: fast and heavy on the syrup. THE FRACTIONS perform three tracks of vintage ska-punk, complete with the shittiest guitar sound imaginable and a horn section that sounds like an elephant with a kazoo. The Manc accent makes them sound a bit like the ARCTIC MONKEYS mashed up with MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES. The songs are actually pretty good though, and could have benefited from a better recording maybe. All in all, fans of either band will probably be happy with this, but it didn't get me that excited. (AM)
(TNS)

GARY SUICIDAL KIDS COMMANDO – "Par la Douleur la Joie" CD

Interesting stuff. Heavy and melancholy hardcore (or possibly post-hardcore) from Southern France. In addition to the usual mix of guitar, bass, and drums, GARY SUICIDAL KIDS COMMANDO (try saying that five times fast) also incorporates some tenor saxophone and cello into their compositions, to excellent effect. These guys have definitely listened to some NEUROSIS and could share a stage with them easily, but they aren't really in the same vein. The slow parts aren't as much epic as they are mournful and depressive. The faster and heavier parts make me think of CURSED. This one will stay in rotation for a while. Highly recommended. (VX)
(Rimbaud)

GEPØPEL – "Complete 1982-'85" LP

GEPØPEL was an awesome thrashy hardcore band from the Netherlands in the early '80s, and this LP is a compilation of their releases from 1982 to '85, including their very beginnings as a one-man band. The record tracks their transformation from totally raw reel-to-reel recordings in 1982 to their more produced 1985 EP, *Paracide*, which has a slower feel to it. If you haven't heard this stuff, get on it. All of the songs clock in under about a minute and a half and are just really cool, fast, tweaked-out, and distorted punk. The music came out of Niels' boredom with mainstream music and culture and it totally shows. Listening to the earlier solo stuff on the first part of the LP, you can just imagine him sitting in his attic as a teen, frantically tapping out beats. Most of the songs on the record are fast and incomprehensible, kind of like PANDEMONIUM, or even VOID. But there's also some more melodic stuff ("In Our Hands") and

even a few versions of a weird no-wavey song called, "Mooi Volendam." And then there's a slow, pensive, reflective jam called "Tied to Time" to top it all off. Killer! (DA)
(Noise and Distortion)

GERM ATTAK – "A Bleak Future" EP

Fuck, this is a ripper—more DISORDER/CHAOS UK, loose tight 1-2-1-2, UK82, super catchy and bouncy, gorilla mid-paced stompers and less Finnish worship. It's even rounded out with a Dis-er. Oh and disregard the rumors. (RR)
(Capitalicide)

THE GET OFFS – "Airplane Fight/Drunk"

I dig it. It sounds messy and bored (in the good way). THE GET OFFS kind of remind me of NODZZZ—fun and goofy but not a joke. I like the first side ("Airplane Fight") *waaay* better than the second ("Drunk") which is more of lounge-y dive bar groove with some keys and bullshit, and then it kind of rambles into one of those "I don't remember but they told me I…" and so on and so forth. It's the kind of record where you do that thing where you stare at the floor and shake yr head a lot and dance like Molly Ringwold until the middle of the night. "Airplane Fight" is way cooler and simple, with that quieter verse/louder chorus kind of party. Rocking and totally fun. (MM)
(self-released)

GOMEK – "What the Hell Happened?" EP

GOMEK hails from Orlando and plays fast crust stuff with thrash tendencies, female vocals, pounding bass, and pummeling guitar. The vocals sound pretty fucking incredible, like there's tons of distortion on them, and the singer belts out poetic, mostly personal lyrics with a couple of speaking parts here and there. The last song is an epic tune, with the finale being totally dragged out and then suddenly cut off, which is sort of a weird and abrupt end to the record. Though I'm generally not the biggest crust fan, I'm into this. It reminds me of bands like Canada's BALLAST musically, but with crazier, more screeched out vocals. (DA)
(Drugged Conscience)

GOOD FELLAZ – "Demos 2007" EP

Fast youth crew hardcore from the Spanish Canary Islands. This round black disc contains (no shit!) the two demos that GOOD FELLAZ recorded in 2007. Think the classic late-'80s NYHC sounds. The songwriting and recording on the first of the two demos reminds me more of bands like TRIP 6 or KRAKDOWN—bands that were rawer than the JUDGEs and YOUTH OF TODAYs. The second demo, *Youth Crew Fellaz*, is more typical of the genre. Pretty psyched on this, actually, but it's definitely not essential. (JU)
(self-released)

GRUESOME STUFF RELISH – "Horror Rises From the Tomb" LP

Thematically horror-based metal with monster sound bites, troll-style vocals, and several blast beats here and there. I am sure there are armies of thirteen-year-olds whose lives are incomplete without this hunk of shit. A bad joke played on me. Someone out there reading *MRR* may like this and how it landed in my review pile is a mystery to me. Cheesy, to say the least. (MS)
(Torture Garden Pictures)

GUILT TRIP! – "Call Me Old-Fashioned…" EP

Rockin 'n' rollin' thrash with members of TEAR IT UP. Matt from the aforementioned and THE RITES moves over to bass duty on this one. The singer's vocals remind me a little bit of UNIFORM CHOICE but over more rockin' thrash. The record is pretty short however, which kind of makes you wonder, "Why bother?" I don't understand why hardcore bands are doing the two to three song singles. Usually to pull that off, your songs have to be really fucking good or be longer than two minutes. Pretty good, just wish there was more. (PL)
(Absent)

GUT REACTIONS – "Yer So Cruel" EP

"Yer So Cruel" sounds like a garage punk remake of the DILS' "You're Not Blank" with a little "Peter Gunn" thrown in (that's two "Peter Gunn" references this issue—Henry Mancini, *you are avenged!*). "Happening" is a solid garage stomp workout and "Jihad Blues" is also a good 'un. Me like. (DD)
(Ken Rock)

HANSON BROTHERS – "It's a Living" 2xLP

If you are already a fan of this band, you will probably be stoked that they have a brand new double-LP with 24 songs. If you already hate this band, these 24 songs won't change anything. If you don't know anything about the Hanson Brothers, don't bother to change that. (MU)
(Wrong)

HARD TIMES – "Demain Nous Appartient" EP

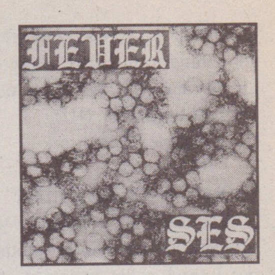
Fuck yes!! The Une Vie Pour Rien label from France has dropped the weapon of mass destruction on you lucky skinheads! These rough and tumble fucks come out swinging on track one, side A with the song "Paris." This is a very strong skinhead anthem that would put a smile on the WARRIOR KIDS' faces if they were fortunate enough to hear it!! HARD TIMES slow the pace a notch with the second song on side A, "S.P.E." This tune has more of an ANGELIC UPSTARTS soccer hooligan feel to it. The chants, the melody, the macho male bonding—all these variables are in place—it all works! Side B cranks up the volume once again with "Ces Années Là." Fuck! This shit kicks truckloads of skinhead butt! Gruff vocals linked to incendiary guitar and bass and bombastic, over-the-top drumming make this a lethal dose of skinhead rock!! Order this slab of working class glory as soon as possible! When you order HARD TIME, make sure to include your request for THE JANITORS' first full-length LP entitled *Work*. This is top-notch Oi! that you need in your house! Also available from Une Vie Pour Rien is the split EP from LUTÉCE BORGIA and the JANITORS. This is essential! (BR)
(Une Vie Pour Rien)

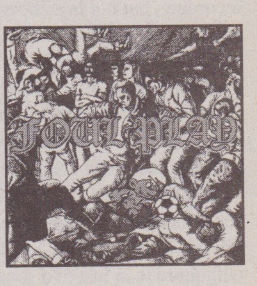
HARRY PUSSY – "You'll Never Play This Town Again" CD

A collection of rarities from this Miami-based '90s noise band, one of the only acceptable demonstrations of the singer/drummer combination. Like listening to the audience of the CRAMPS at Napa playing "IQ32"—or, if you'd prefer it, "free rock," as the press release states, whatever that means. HARRY PUSSY made totally wild, furious sounds—obliteration, disgust, venom, and so forth—but it's very listenable and totally compelling. It's not self-indulgent or precious. "Just feel the oppression / Take in the pressure…" They capture the violence of the best hardcore—the feel, but not the sound; total totalities. Classic rock. No wave. End times, you know? (LG)
(Load)

HERDS – "Full Wolf Moon" EP

With the countless amounts of records that are released month after month, year after year, there is always something left to be desired from each and every one of them. Well, my friends, look no further. Right here is a platter that delivers on all fronts. The packaging is top-notch, the recording is perfect, the tunes are original and ripping—what more could anyone ask for? This is definitely one of those loss-for-words-type of situations where you sit down with no predisposition about a band and your mind is blown by what transpires. That thing that rests just outside of the box yet you can't put your finger on why it's outside of said box. HERDS manages to retain what makes hardcore great: the anger and ferocity, a sense of paranoia and claustrophobia (in





FULL OF FANCY

GERM ATTAK
A BLEAK FUTURE

HARRY PUSSY

the music not lyrics), and breakneck songs, yet adds something to it that is inherently their own. And as I already stated, I can't figure out what. But it's special. Fucking awesome. (JU)
(Fashionable Idiots)

HERDS – "Spring/Katmai"

The song on side A is your pretty much your standard hardcore song—nothing real mind-blowing, but I think what makes it stand out is the quality production. They really took it up a notch with the recording, but not in a cheesy way. The drums, guitar, and bass are really loud, clear, and in your face. The vocals are really gruff; almost reminds me of the singer of THE FIX or NEGATIVE APPROACH. They slow it down with the B-side with a heavier tune. This is the second record I got this month that has less than three songs on it. That's great if you're ELVIS COSTELLO or something, but not if you're some mediocre hardcore band. I feel like a more full release would do this band more justice—a record with more than just two songs. (PL)
(Deer Healer)

THE HIGH SOCIETY – "No Fun" EP

Caffeine punk from Germany? Here's where those six years of German classes would come in handy… too bad I have a notoriously wretched memory. Luckily, THE HIGH SOCIETY provides translations for jerks like me who only know English. Anyway, this band of scrappy dudes is of another era. They capture the Northern Euro '80s hardcore punk sound smashingly… Sounds almost like a faster, less disco, and more German RATTUS. They seem to have a darker, slower tone and super political lyrics about capitalism and nationalism and the like, not unlike the sinister moodiness that comes out of this region of the world. Awesome. (DA)
(Hardcore Nerd)

HUNCHBACK / SCREAMING FEMALES – split EP

It took me a while to get into THE SCREAMING FEMALES but now I wish they would play here immediately. Marissa is an incredible guitar player, and her voice is really cool and restrained, which compliments her playing. She totally shreds and if her voice was wailing in the style of Beth Ditto, it would be *too much*—you know, one inch away from BLUES HAMMER! They cover "Cortez the Killer" and retain the epic feel and gloom of the original. It's hard to describe their sound exactly—kind of a dirgy, blues punk, maybe like an imagined Thalia Zedek band? I only say imagined because I kind of can't remember what LIVE SKULL sounds like anymore, but they are popping up as a reference, maybe a misplaced one. Someone told me they thought this band sounded like SLEATER KINNEY, which I don't get *at all*. As for the HUNCHBACK side, the less said the better. It's pretty horrible, generic, bouncy pop rock that I could imagine supporting some third tier indie band circa '92, maybe SAMMY or something. (LG)
(Freedom School)

THE HUNGER – "Hope Against Hope" CD

All right, here we have some metallic hardcore (not to be confused with its ugly cousin metalcore) from the Netherlands. To be honest, I was hoping for a bit more from a band that lists CATHARSIS, UNBROKEN, HARVEST, and INTEGRITY as their influences. This is just a bit too "modern hardcore" for my tastes, although they definitely get bonus points for using a Charles Bukowski poem as lyrics for one song. I'm sure that what these guys are doing here means the world to them, but it isn't doing any more for me than the last couple of HOPE CONSPIRACY records did. I guess I'm saying that if you liked those records you'll probably dig this too. (VX)
(Shield)

HUNX AND HIS PUNX – "Good Kisser" EP

The first time I heard this I was not into it at all-the vocals seemed *sooo* affected and the lyrics just a touch too much: "We'll go to Del Taco, and order something macho." People kept putting it on the stereo for the radio show and when they stopped by the house, and upon a few listens over the course of a few weeks it has, as they say, grown on me. It's got this cool bedroom-pop feel, formed out of a pile of forgotten girl group 45s, a BOMP! catalog from '81, the sound of K Records when they only put out tapes… There's a reflective dreamy quality that is tempered by Seth's incredibly nasal vocals. Anyway if you are Seth Bogart fan #1 you should get this; it's no *Puberty Strike* but it's a good time. (LG)
(Bachelor)

THE IMPULSE INT'L – "Saturday Suzie" EP

This is a tasty little treat, most definitely. It's lo-fi pop, with a certain rockin'-ness to it, which sounds'60s at times, '50s at times, and '70s at times. (I realize I didn't put those in chronological order.) Faster-paced, steady, and bouncy as all hell, this one will have you bobbing your head in no time. Really. "Yeah, yeah, she's a Roller Derby girl…" Here's to hoping the shit-load of other Mutant Pop records that came in this month are this good. (KK)
(Mutant Pop)

IN DISGUST – "Reality Choke" 10"

The 10" has to be the worst format—thankfully the BORN AGAINST 10" was re-released as an LP by Prank—but I'll make an exception for this record. Face-peeling grind and HC, also known as powerviolence, from my hometown of San Jose, California. The recording sounds DIY, which is good because that's one thing that drives me away from this shit; well-recorded grind/powerviolence/whatever, just comes off as fake. No lyric sheet but a fold-out poster. Band information is non-existent. Reminds me a lot of early TERRORIZER. (VL)
(16Oh)

INFANTICIDE – "Sonic Punishment" EP

Ten tracks of raging Scandi-grind that takes cues from NASUM, NAPALM DEATH, and, like many, DISCHARGE. It's fucking solid from start to finish, and recommended to all grind freaks. (AA)
(625)

IRON GUTS KELLY – "Axe to Grind" CD

Generic tough-guy hardcore out of Kansas City that I feel is trying to go for something along the lines of SHEER TERROR. My first grievance with this record is that the artwork is so lame. I'm not sure if they are serious, but the art doesn't work with the tough-guy thing. Second downer was the real low-quality digital recording, but that's just me. Bad analog recording always sound way more intense. I'm not above listening to generic hardcore punk that tries to sound like SHEER TERROR; besides the artwork and the recording quality there's nothing really bad I can say about it. (PL)
(H8 Piece)

JAPANTHER / PHARMACY – split EP

Step 1) Brooklyn's hip-happy JAPANTHER went on tour with Seattle's PHARMACY. Step 2) The bands bro'd down and recorded a couple of songs in the desert. Step 3) Austrian label Bachelor released the songs as a limited 7" single. Step 4) Five hundred of their fans are happy. (MU)
(Bachelor)

KAOS – "Ayacucho Centro de Opresion" EP

Man, Peruvian HC/punk in the '80s. This beautiful disaster mirrors what these kids lived day to day. KAOS is yet another band from South America who spit it right back at the world's face with a fuck you attitude to your bullshit life. KAOS doesn't believe in it and neither should you! Be a fucking punk! Make noise, don't accommodate, don't assimilate. PUNK!!!!! KAOS rules! (MS)
(Sin Temores / Odio Los Discos / Discos Huayno)

KILL THE CLIENT – "Cleptocracy" LP

Nothing like an LP's worth of technical grindcore to cleanse a reviewer's musical palate. Grindcore is the sonic equivalent of the orange slice they give you after your meal at some Chinese restaurants. Yum. I saw these guys at Gilman a few months back with PHOBIA and IN DISGUST, and they definitely held their own, which is quite a feat on a bill with those fuckers. The LP does not disappoint: 18 tracks of socially minded brutality. These Texans (along with fellow political grinders WARFAIR?) are the legitimate heirs to the almighty ASSÜCK and BENUMB. Play loud and destroy. (VX)
(Rescued From Life)

KUNG FU KILLERS – 5x7"

This is a concept I just don't get. This consists of five separate limited seven inches, each one a two-song 45 rpm single, each hand-numbered on colored vinyl. Put them all side by side in order to form a panoramic scene of a ninja ambush. I completely understand the appeal this would have to potential record collectors, but if you ask me it's a bit wasteful. Why not just put out an LP? Hell, each of these songs is short enough that they could have done a two-EP set. Whatever, on with the review. The songs here ain't too shabby, ranging from pogo to straightforward early-'80s hardcore a la SEVEN SECONDS, on up to later-'80s tracks in a more youth crew vein with the chanting backups and all that jazz. At times this also sounds a lot like QUINCY PUNX, with a 1-2-1-2 and the snotty vocal delivery. If you're a record-collecting fan of these guys, you'll want to hop on this—it's limited to only 300 copies of the full set. (BD)
(Zodiac Killer)

LA DISPUTE – "Somewhere at the Bottom of the River Between Vega and Altair" CD

It's not every day that a band can capture the pretentiousness of literary know-it-all-ism, the look-at-me smugness of poetry or the faux-hawk, the tiredness of a million broken-heart songs, and join it

to the embarrassment of SAETIA's music. Oh wait, it is everyday! But this takes it to a whole new level. While technically proficient and most likely "exactly what they were going for," this is really, *really* embarrassing math-y bookish screamo. (JU)
(No Sleep)

LAMPS – "Boring Girls/I Need a Chick"

Two excellent choices of cover tunes. PISSED JEANS' "Boring Girls" is from their first album *Shallow* and DEVO's "I Need a Chick" was released only as a live track from the early years of the band. Both are performed in the LAMPS' dirty, distorted rock style. Neither version exceeds the original, but it sure is fun to see live. (CK)
(S-S)

LAST ROUND UP – LP

The first thing you notice about this LP is how awful the cover art is. *God-awful*. It's too bad that it'll probably have people flipping past it in distros and record stores, since the actual music has some redeeming qualities. From what I've been able to track down (and that's another thing—there's an insert with flyers, artwork, and who played what on what recordings, but no additional info about this obscure band), LAST ROUND UP is from LA, started in the mid/late-'80s, and still plays every now and again. The music is pretty cool, scrappy hardcore with thrash overtones and slight hints of crossover in the riffing and solos. Makes me think of ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT if they had Mike Muir on vocals. The material on here comes from two early demos ('88 and '91) and a 2007 studio session. Aside from the '88 demo tracks, which are a bit too lo-fi to merit repeated listens, this should be a big hit with the folks these days who dig No Way Records' releases. (In fact, I can totally imagine Brandon would've been stoked to reissue this if he had the chance; probably would've ended up with better cover art!) (CS)
(Punk)

THE LIBYANS – LP

This is the first LP from this Boston band that plays some sort of excellent combo of straight-up punk and mid-tempo hardcore, similar to a lot of the stuff like SOCIAL CIRCKLE or DIRECT CONTROL that's come out in the past couple years. A bit faster than their EP from the spring, with really interesting breaks and stops and weird endings. The lyrics are short and to-the-point, covering topics from complacency to depression, and they've got female vocals that remind me of a whining, kicking, screaming, snotty little child—which is totally rad, in my opinion. Manic and all over the place in the best possible way, this LP makes me want to start circle pits on skateboards. I recommend picking up this record, and if you're lucky, your LP will come with an airplane to be assembled, and that shit flies far. (DA)
(Upstate Chamber of Commerce)

LION SHIELD – "Against All Odds!" LP

Oi! Oi! Oi! LION SHIELD, this is what I think of you. Skinheads are good at goin' down the pub, working down the factory, and finding some bovver. Unfortunately, most of the bands are not quite skilled at forming very interesting songs. Sure, there are the classics like COCKNEY REJECTS, 4-SKINS, or CONDEMNED 84. Face it—if you can name more than five good Oi! bands since the '80s, then you are probably counting HARD SKIN. They are a cover band! LION SHIELD is mid-tempo, decently produced and executed Oi!. The vocals can it though. They are uninteresting in tonality and really play into the stereotypes of working class youth lyrically. Honestly, the best song on the record is the slightly faster number that they sing in their native *Deutsche*, which seems less forced and more anthemic. Still, with songs like "Out on the Street," "Die Hard," and "Skinhead Night," you pretty much know what to expect. They kind of remind me of '90s oi! Bands like SUBWAY THUGS or BOOT PARTY, but a tiny bit better. (WK)
(Contra)

LOS LLAMARADA – "Take the Sky" LP

I'm diggin' this one. I was stoked to see it land in my review pile. I dug their first LP as well. This one's a little different—they toned down the psych facet and pushed the punk/garage vibe. There's a more distinct guitar sound. It's a little less, err… "explosive" than *The Exploding Now*… but it definitely has good moments that make it worth checking out. Once in a while it gets a little wanky, less in the psych sense and more in the CAR COMMERCIALS' what-the-fuck-is-going-on? sense. But regardless it's still a fucking solid record. I don't know if no one else is doing dark, no-wavey, lo-fi psych garage punk, or if it's just that no one else is doing it as well, but this is certainly worth checking out. (P$)
(S-S)

THE LOBLAWS – "Won't Stop!" EP

Wow! This is the poppiest music I've listened to in a *looong* time! I was never the biggest fan of the whole Lookout! Records type of thing from the early-to-mid-'90s that spawned the likes of THE QUEERS or THE RIVERDALES, etc., but I can appreciate it for what it was... And THE LOBLAWS didn't just rip a page outta that book—they tore the whole damn chapter out! Don't get me wrong—they do what they do really, really well! All the songs are catchy as hell with upbeat mid-tempo songs that are full of RAMONES-like buzzsaw guitar, ultra-melodic harmonies, and backing vocals galore. If you are a fan of the aforementioned bands and genre, then you should definitely check out THE LOBLAWS and get a copy of this new EP from Mutant Pop! (ML)
(Mutant Pop)

LOVE & HATE – "There Are No Heroes Out There" CD

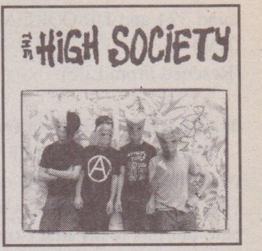
Holy awful motherload of a shit sandwich!!! Horribly generic Oi! with nonsensical lyrics. There's a pro-Germany song, and I can't make sense of what kind of point LOVE & HATE is trying to make, but given Germany's frightening history I wouldn't be that proud of singing its praises. Vague lyrics aside, everything about this CD is bad. The recording sounds as if it was mastered from a low-quality MP3—everything is thin and tinny-sounding and then they decide to use flange, hoping to add flavor to that bland turd. Didn't work. The vocals are semi-sung in the tough-guy style, which is the worst combination. I find their whole aesthetic repulsive: iron cross logos, wife-beaters, pseudo rockabilly fashion, and computer-generated graphics. This CD is quickly finding its way to the trash. (CI)
(Contra)

LOW VISION – "Touch the Truth" EP

Japan's LOW VISION brings to mind the Y2K thrash era, but they definitely throw some huge twists in the mix. Song one starts off a lot like the first LIFES HALT EP, but ends with a reggae-fied jam session. Overall, *Touch the Truth* has a lot of riffs that remind of GORILLA BISCUITS/YOUTH OF TODAY, accented by sloppy, roll-filled, fast drumming and a male singer that registers pretty high on the screech-o-meter, and on rare occasions LOW VISION treats the listener to short bouts of reggae, funk, emo, '70s rock, etc. If you're pining the glory days of bands like JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS and LIFES HALT, then LOW VISION might be the perfect, albeit wackier, antidote to end your longing. (CI)
(Give Praise)

MAGNICIDE / NOISEAR – split EP

NOISEAR are of course one of New Mexico's longest running punk bands, and they play some vicious powerviolence-influenced grind. MAGNACIDE is a new band from Singapore that plays incredibly heavy, vicious, and technical grind which brings to



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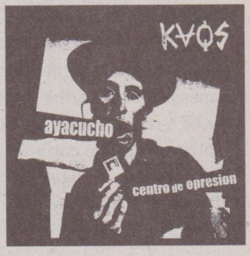


KUNG FU KILLERS

LOWVISION
TOUCH THE TRUTH EP

mind 324 and DISCORDANCE AXIS. Pretty good! (NM)
(Rescued From Life)

MARERIDT – "Distort Oresund" EP

Sweden's MARERIDT kicks out six songs that were previously released on their 2004 demo tape. I know that this band has a few records under their belt, but this is my first exposure. *Distort Oresund* is full-on raw crust thrash that has a really heavy sound with out relying on slowed down tempos to display the brutality that lies within. The vocals have the same throaty feel that brings their Swedish brethren BOMBANFALL to mind. Although many would mistake this as a D-beat band, only on the second song on the A side is said beat heard. The drummer really carries the band and just pummels through these songs at a speedy pace and tops it all off with some ferocious drum rolls. Now I have to go back and listen to the rest of their records that I missed. (SE)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

MASSACRE / SEKAANNUS – split EP

If you are thinking this is a repress of the old split 7" both bands did back in the '80s, then you are as off as me. Here we have the bands reuniting to bring us a second split to file in your collection. This is much cleaner/neater than the earlier EP, which, for some, may be a relief. I miss the out-of-sync drumming and chaotic energy the early recording captured, but hey, these dudes are dedicated. Fuck it! Not bad, just a bit different; still hardcore punk. (MS)
(Massacre)

THE MEASURE [SA] – "Songs About People… And Fruit 'n' Shit" 12"

Yet another record from this New Jersey band. I think I've seen roughly seven different splits and EPs from these folks, but never an LP. I guess this will suffice as a short full-length, being an eight-song 12". If you haven't heard THE MEASURE [SA], you should do yourself a favor and go look for some of their records. The songs I have heard have all been pretty good. The vocals bring to mind THE SOVIETTES, and the music compares just as well. You really can't go wrong with songs about drinkin' on rooftops and hills and hanging out with friends. I've heard these guys and gal are really good live. I wish they'd play some West Coast shows so I can see for myself. (BD)
(Don Giovanni)

MEHKAGO N.T. / RELIGIOUS AS FUCK – split EP

Split with two bands from that turd that hangs from the asshole of America known as Florida. MEHKAGO N.T. plays a heavy, down-tuned blend of hardcore that manages to incorporate goober mosh parts and blast beats. RELIGIOUS AS FUCK's six songs of speedy hardcore noise grabbed my attention more than the previous side. They keep it quick, to-the-point, and interesting, with solid breaks and tempo changes that don't sound forced. (SE)
(No Idea)

THE MEKONS – "The Mekons Story 1977-1982" CD

Jon Langford has finally responded to the four or five requests he's received over the years and has re-released THE MEKONS' 1982 rarities collection on CD. THE MEKONS formed in the same town at the same time as GANG OF FOUR and DELTA 5, but managed to stick around a lot longer than either of those bands (although of course GANG OF FOUR are now back to give them a run for their money). This originally came out just as they were breaking up, following an intense initial burst of creativity that saw them release two of the best punk singles ever (their first two 1978 singles on Fast Product, sadly not included here) before moving on to post-punk territory. This album is all over the map, from bedroom synth-pop experimentation to breathless, angry, two-chord '77 punk explosions. When it's great, it's great, and when it's not, it sounds like sub-PiL boredom drone... Every self-respecting post-punker needs this, but frankly, releasing this album on CD in 2008 is a waste of time—who the fuck buys CDs? Anyone who really wants the digital version can (I'm sure) find it. This should be a deluxe 180-gram vinyl edition with an option for downloading mp3s. The original on CNT fetches more than a few quid when it turns up. I guess they didn't get the memo that vinyl is back. (AM)
(Buried Treasure)

THE MISCASTS / YOUR PEST BAND – split EP

Goddamn, the Japanese are amazing at everything they do! Here we have two totally awesome bands from Japan perfecting the pop-punk style. YOUR PEST BAND gets down on some simple, catchy tunes. Sometimes fast, sometimes mid-tempo, always rockin'. THE MISCASTS are a little cleaner-sounding with a slightly more rock and roll feel, but they are completely at home on this record. At this point, it's safe to say that anything on Snuffy Smiles is worth checking out. (BD)
(Snuffy Smiles)

MILKY WIMPSHAKE – "One Good Use For My Heart" EP

Wow, I didn't even know this band was back together. MILKY WIMPSHAKE existed in the '90s as the twee pop outlet of the Slampt! Records/RED MONKEY axis. If I remember rightly, I wasn't that into them years ago…but either they've changed or I have (probably me), because this sounds great to my ears. They even cover one of my all-time favorite YUMMY FUR tunes. Great stuff pop pickers! (AM)
(Fortuna Pop)

MINUS-ONE – "The Kids Don't Skate Here" CD

MINUS-ONE is band I know zero-to-nothing about that I do believe farted around the Bay Area in the early '80s. The CD has nine tunes of the old stuff mixed with some new material. The new stuff falls flat coming off as some college radio drivel from the '90s. The old stuff however is great, like an early predecessor of the melodic-era HÜSKER DÜ with elements of THE CROWD, THE JAM, early XTC, THE JOLT, and EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS. Fortunately, only three new tunes, but unfortunately they're mixed in with the old stuff, which begs the question why the fuck? (SD)
(DC Jam)

THE MONIKERS – "Wake Up" CD

Kiss of Death Records delivers another solid pop punk album here. Gotta say I'm fairly impressed with them—they are turning out to be a really kick-ass new label. As for THE MONIKERS, they give us a record drenched in that Florida-style pop punk in the school of LEATHERFACE and DILLINGER FOUR. I've been listening to the new DILLINGER FOUR album a lot this past month and I hear a lot of echoes between the two records. I do feel the need to point out that THE MONIKERS' singer bites the singing style of Blake Schwarzenbach (of JAWBREAKER) harder than anyone I've ever heard. That singer is Ryan from the band DISCOUNT, for those that care about that sort of thing. But the album is solid from beginning to end. There isn't a track that really stands out, and none that I'd want to skip over. You know, now that I think about it, I'd compare this album to JAWBREAKER's *Dear You*; with everything from the music, to the singing style, to trying to end the album with one of those acoustic guitar ballads. (FS)
(Kiss of Death)

MOVIE STAR JUNKIES – "Mother"

A one-sided, limited edition of 200 7" record from this Italian band. A catchy, driving, stomping garage rock song in a GUN CLUB vein. It's the darker side of the jangly pop garage revival. Not too jangly and so much more my style. (CK)
(7 euros ppd: Hell, Yes!,)

MR. CALIFORNIA & THE FLINTSTONE SOUND EXPRESS – "Crazy Toons" EP

Crazy Toons features a guitar, bass, sampler, and drum machine; a blown-out recording; and an animal-instinct-driven, sexually frustrated man who calls himself MR. CALIFORNIA. The music is about as primitive as it gets, and the buried drum machine only amplifies that effect. MR. CALIFORNIA is not about talent or polish—his music seems to reflect the exorcising of a primordial animal-man, or maybe he's just a drug casualty. At any rate, something's not right with him. Most of the songs are pretty catchy and I liked some of the noisy, simple guitar work, but the insistent juvenile nature and the drum machine started to grate on me after awhile. My opinion aside, *Crazy Toons* is sure to please any member of the surely burgeoning MR. CALIFORNIA cult. (CI)
(Ken Rock)

MY MIND – "Anvil's Rising" CD

MY MIND is a melodic-to-noisy sounding band from Arizona. They refer to themselves as post punk, but I would say if anything it's more post-emo. They sound like HOT WATER MUSIC or LEATHERFACE with noodle-y bits. The lyrics are of the personal/political variety, and the vocals gravelly. Their harder songs remind me a lot of I SPY. Not bad. (AD)
(Satiated)

NO CHOICE – "Anaesthetize This!...Annihilate That!" CD

The lyrics on this album are very well thought-out and articulate. They speak of politics in a way that is personalized and interesting. The music on the other hand I'm not much into. There is a really fine line between a good pop punk band and a not so great one. LEATHERFACE, for example, are absolutely brilliant, while a band like NO CHOICE doesn't quite make that cut for me. I guess it's the fact that they lack that raw energy which is crucial in my opinion. This is a good band by all accounts and I'm sure that the fans of No Idea Records will eat this up. (WK)
(No Idea)

NO SLOGAN – "Killed by Gentrification" EP

Really basic, rough sounding, and catchy hardcore punk songs from this Chicago-based band. The usual comparison to another great Chicago hardcore outfit, ARTICLES OF FAITH, makes sense here, but NO SLOGAN is clearing their own path with a great political sensibility, and songs that sound like punk classics to be. (AA)
(Desobediencia)

NSU – "NASA Space Universe" EP

Six tracks of breakneck thrash with quirky breakdowns and raw snotty SoCal vocals. NSU would fit in well with the likes of HARRY BALZAGNA or HARPOON GUNS. It's basic '80s skatepunk with a psychedelic twist to keep things weird. The artwork is pretty cool, but is that a drawing of the band in blackface? (AM)
(Gradual Limbo)

OOGA BOOGAS – "Romance And Adventure" LP

There's something in the water in Melbourne (or is it in the Victoria Bitter?) but fuck me, where the fuck did this come from? THE OOGA BOOGAS traffic in '60s garage punk laced with post punk venom. The drummer's called Ubu—is that a reference to PERE UBU? I'd say they have more in common with ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS. There's a member or two from everyone's new fave rave EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING on here, but that's a red herring. OOGA BOOGAS are more way out and experimental than the stark minimalism of that band. Also recommended if you are into the likes of the new wave of San Francisco trash-pop, like NODZZZ or TRADITIONAL FOOLS. I love this. Seek it out; it'll be dear coming all the way from down under, but it's worth it. (AM)
(Aarght!)

PAINTED BIRD – "Always On Time and Never Light" EP

Six super short songs from two dudes presumably based in San Francisco. I love it when one idea can be expressed in just a few seconds (think: WIRE) and this band does it well. The lyrics paint interesting images in one's mind and the layout of the artwork, liner notes, and lyrics are top-notch. The 180-gram vinyl rounds out the total package. The music is simple, catchy, and to the point. Just a few riffs, beats, and words put in the right places. Good luck finding one of the 275 copies. (MU)
(RFC, no contact info)

PATHETIC HUMAN – "Deaf Elf" EP

Manic hardcore thrash from Australia that attempts to cross the line into grind and powerviolence at times, but never fully commits. And that's a good thing. What takes away from this—what brings it down a notch from a very high rating—are those few rare moments where the crossover temptation is strong and the crusty growl gets thrown in that totally seems out of place. But otherwise, this EP blazes ten tracks of fast, distorted thrash along the likes of RUNNAMUCKS, EXTORTION, or BRAIN HANDLE. And the name of this band rules. Oh wait, but there's another thing that brings this rating down a notch. What's up with one of the lines calling someone a "Jewy fuck" for ripping them off? How freakin' obtuse to do you have to be to use a term like that? I thought we're supposed to be above that level of thinking in hardcore. (BG)
(She'll Be Right)

THE PEABODYS – "The Future Will Kill You" EP

Mutant Pop is releasing records again, due to the resurgence of both vinyl and pop punk. THE PEABODYS play solid, driving up-tempo melodic punk rock with plenty of hooks and harmony. It's well played, well written, and up to form which the good current crop of this kind of stuff. This four-track EP comes with a two-track one-sided 7" that has a very capable cover of SCREECHING WEASEL's "Leather Jacket." Good. (AD)
(Mutant Pop)

PENETRATION – "Our World/Sea Song"

I'm taking this to be the old PENTRATION doing two new songs. It's all a bit too polished and '90s indie for my taste buds. To be honest, it shouldn't be getting reviewed since the rock and roll on this piece of vinyl is as thin as the hairs on my head. I don't like it in the same way as I don't like later CHUMBAWAMBA. No thanks. (SD)
(Damaged Goods)

PISSCHRIST – "Victims of Faith" LP

Finally!!!! The new PISSCHRIST LP has arrived! I was beginning to think that it did not exist. Melbourne Australia's PISSCHRIST nails it on the head again with their Dis-beat hardcore party. Anyone who has seen this band live has been witness to their ability to win over an unsuspecting crowd. Every song has a hook, catchy vocal part, or breakdown that make that makes it stand out. This is one of the most energetic mutations of the DISCHARGE-by-way-of-ANTI-CIMEX blend of hardcore out there. "Punk Is Love." (SE)
(Yellowdog)

THE POPSTERS – "Our Bites Bring You Back" CD

Pop punkers from Italy keep the GROOVIE GHOULIES and SCREECHING WEASEL sounds alive. File under RAMONES-influenced for sure. Good stuff like their prior releases. Even though this is on a US label, it's still the normally imported band. (RL)
(Cheapskate)

PREACHER'S KIDS – "Is This Love" EP

Wow, could the cover be any more pixilated? More garage landfill. Low-rent DEVIL DOGS or an even more straight-ahead CYNICS… Generic as fuck. (TB)
(no contact)

PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT – "Four Tracks by Private Entertainment" EP

This is fucking Rad shit with a capital "R," man. PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT is an electronic duo from Russia that knows how to craft catchy songs from synthesizers. They have appeared on some compilations but this is their first proper release. This EP contains four songs that are all pretty bad-ass. Elements of dance, noise, minimal wave, and spacey sounds all blend together into one nice mix. It's almost like a scary pop version of KRAFTWERK or a happy pop version of COIL. (MU)
(White Denim)

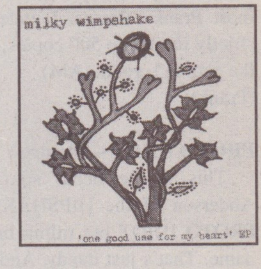
PRIZZY PRIZZY PLEASE / PUSH PULL – split EP

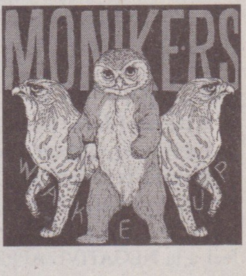
I listened to the PUSH PULL side first and it reminded me of the post-HICKEY project, YOGURT, and I was kind of into it. It's noisy and distorted and lo-fi, but on this the bass has a strong presence, which is very different from YOGURT because really they had no bassist. Ha. In your face. But yeah, it's like odd, quirky art-punk. PRIZZY PRIZZY PLEASE has a similar lo-fi recording but has more of a rocking drumbeat that supports it, reminding me of DRIVE LIKE JEHU. But DRIVE LIKE JEHU had Rick *fucking* Froberg and these guys have some dude that sounds like a screechy, high-pitched clown for a singer, and a keyboard that sounds like a *Simon Says* electronic game. Bummer for them. Each band contributes two songs. (VL)
(Joyful Noise)

PROTESS / SIGNAL LOST – split EP

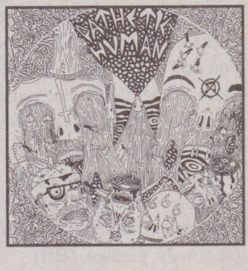
This is the first US release for Japan's PROTESS, and they picked the perfect band to complement them on this split. Their first song is a fast, melodic hardcore anthem, but the second one

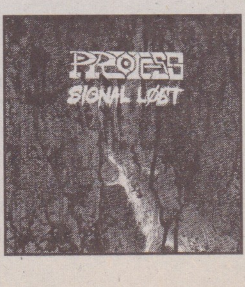
Mehkago N.T. / Religious As Fuck





Mr California & the Flintstone Sound Express
CRAZY TOONS





has a more unusual structure. The slower parts remind me of LIFE… BUT HOW TO LIVE IT? or VERBAL ASSAULT, if you'll allow me some off-the-wall comparisons. On the flip we have (I believe) the last two songs from the sadly missed SIGNAL LOST. If you somehow managed to miss out on SIGNAL LOST so far, they have rousing female vocals over soaring melodic hardcore. Stan is one of my favorite hardcore guitarists/songwriters. Somehow he manages to utilize that melodic HÜSKER DÜ/WIPERS guitar tone without becoming wimpy. The second SIGNAL LOST song on here might be their best yet. Unlike most Prank releases, I understand that this one is strictly limited to 500 copies, so you'd best get while the getting's good. (AM)
(Prank)

PROTO IDIOT – "Andrew Anderson" LP

This is the debut solo album from Andrew Anderson of the HIPSHAKES using the moniker PROTO IDIOT but titling his album with his birth name. That's just dandy, Andy. It's lo-fi garage rock the way it should be: simple, catchy, and trashy. Not much to it but everything seems in place and it's a nifty little rock record. (MU)
(Slovenly)

QUICK FIX – "Rat Race" EP

A bunch of drunk, pissed dudes from Iowa who will probably steal your beer if given the chance. They play pretty basic fast hardcore with a couple of slow mosh breakdown parts thrown in for good measure. And at times, they have a harder, more Midwestern hardcore feel a la NEGATIVE APPROACH. The back cover has a drawing of a dinosaur sporting a "kiss the cook" apron while holding a beer in one hand and manning the barbecue with the other…which pretty much sums up this band's attitude, I think. Songs about raiding frat parties and refusing boring, dead-end lives. Silk-screened covers, colored vinyl, and cool insert with lyrics and flyers of past shows. I wasn't that psyched on this record, but if you're into a lot the stuff that comes out on No Way Records these days, you'll probably dig it. (DA)
(Records of the Damned)

RAMONES – "Return to London Again" 2xEP

Soundboard recordings of these relative unknowns, previously the territory of message-board geeks and nerds, now set loose on plebian punks like you and me. Never heard much by these guys before, these RAMONES, but I guess at one point the future drummer of my all-time favorite band OSAKA POP STAR was a member. Not on this, though, some guy with the decidedly un-Marky or Tommy name "Ritchie" seems to hit the pots and pans. Listen, either buy this record or look up OSAKA POP STAR (seriously, please). (BB)
(bootleg)

RATIONAL ANIMALS – "Perception Becomes Reality" EP

This is fucking rad—representing the true sound of frustrated youth. Apparently they just graduated high school, and they already have the perfect Ginn sound in the bag. Sometimes with a great record it's hard to figure out what it is that makes it so distinctive compared to the dull creations by all the other kids in garages with all the right SST records. The guitar sound and style is so compelling and the recording is kind of shitty, but in the right way—raw and definitely adding to the unrelenting feel. And um, the guitarist just rips. The bass is relentless but is also loose, a style that brings to mind Dale Nixon. Speaking of which, *My War* is a definite touchstone lyrically, but they write something more like BL'AST would than Dukowski would, if you get my drift. I don't mean to insinuate that this is just some teen FLAG-lite. You can't listen to this without getting the references that they are so distinctly pulling from. And who cares about xerox clone sounds? Not me, for sure—there are some killer songs on this 7". Most of the riffs on *Perception Becomes Reality* are raging, but I think maybe "Loose Cannon" is the jam. It takes less than a minute to convey total frustration, with what is to me a perfect sound that finally collapses in on some of the best aggro guitar hassle heard this year. Recommended for the disheartened and dissolute. (LG)
(Feral Kid)

RATTUS – "Khomeini-Rock" EP

Ahhhhh. Finally, the very first disc released by these Finnish fuckers has made it to the land of repress. I sadly, do not own the original, so this repro is such a tasty treat! Totally punk with zero hardcore for those who may not be in the know. RATTUS is one of those few bands that lasted long enough to cross genres and go from rocking pogo punk to a band that brought us some amazing brutal hardcore that we today view as classic. Great reissue, thanks for it. (MS)
(Hilipili)

REBUILT – "Hank" EP

REBUILT lives in the mid-to-late '80s, later TURNING POINT/EMBRACE style. They're a little more in the TURNING POINT vein than EMBRACE because moments of straight hardcore creep into the songs here and there. This is the classic sound of straight-edgers that have begun to sway from their hardcore roots. The guitar wanders a lot and I hear a lot of minor chord progressions and all that. The vocalist strains to get all of that self-reflection out of his gullet. The drummer mostly sticks to a straight rock style; he offers some variety during the breakdowns and faster hardcore moments. And the bassist, I'd venture to guess that he's jumping around with his wireless set up, animating all of the feeling of the words and sounds in leaps and bounds, literally. Well, that's conjecture based on other bands that I've seen play this style… Even though my instinct is to trash REBUILT as cringe-worthy, they're pretty great for the style—the songs are catchy, energetic, and well played, and the melodic guitar bits are perfectly executed. Fans of post-youth crew, emotional hardcore should definitely pick this up. (CI)
(Silly Girl)

RED HERRING – "Faster Moving Forward" LP

Dude. Really? I somehow keep on ending up with these records that are good for what they are but I really don't dig their kind of scene. So it's another one of those Northwest mega political slightly folksy but still real rocking, super triumphant anarcho bands. I've totally said this before, but this kind of thing just reminds of being in Olympia and ending up at these shows where everyone sat cross-legged on the floor and sang along and somewhere there's vegan potluck food. Like FUTURE PHONES and such. That's really awesome and all, but I never got into it. I like this a little better than most of this stuff because it's overall darker sounding, and has elements reminiscent of NEW BLOODS, who I totally love. They have a tuba and a banjo, which sometimes can be super revolting, but it all blends in well and sounds good. There's desperation in all of it that's appealing. Eh. But of this kind of thing, I like this way worse than most. (MM)
(Tofu Guerrilla)

RESIST – "Resistography" 2xCD

It has finally been done and I am thrilled to see this discography of RESIST, a band that was really a bit before its time. In the early '90s, there weren't many bands playing this variety of heavily political thrash crust punk. These guys combined the sounds of then-relatively-obscure Scandinavian, Eastern European, and Japanese punk and turned it faster and harder. They also released a *ton* of records and recordings. 50 songs with two live videos and a reunion show. Profane Existence does it again! (NM)
(Profane Existence)

RUBELLA BALLET – "Anarchy in the UV" CD

Forming in a kind of mythic moment at the end of a CRASS show where the audience was invited to come up on stage and get on the instruments and create their own noise, RUBELLA BALLET made their debut. With members of FLUX OF PINK INDIANS and FATAL MICROBES you can be sure it wasn't an altogether spontaneous generation, but it's fitting symbolically that their band should be born of CRASS, as two of their members were literally born of Vi Subversa of POISON GIRLS. What kind of sound does the progeny of this music produce? If CRASS and their ilk are dada, then a band like RUBELLA BALLET is art brut. It is playful, crude, and—though bright and colorful in appearance—fairly dark in its worldview. The best songs are from early singles, like "Ballet Dance," "Unemployed," or "Love Life." Their more experimental textural sound pieces are harder to get into, and have more retro appeal than groundbreaking no wave credibility, but in the context of their other work it's interesting. Worth picking up for the *Ballet Dance* EP songs; consider the rest as extra bonus. They get massive extra points for still playing, and still being the neon clad, big-haired punks they were then. (AA)
(Overground)

THE RUCKERS – "To the Lads and the Ladies" CD

Super catchy, Oi!-infected street punk from the land that rivals good ol' England in its numbers of well-dressed baldies. Its got the hooks and the balls, great production, played as tight as a nuns chaff with abundant licks and enough football chants to win over any booted-up chrome dome. Like an early DROPKICK MURPHYS, with a touch off THE REDUCERS and a sprinkling of THE SWINGING UTTERS. Nice. (SD)
(Contra)

RUINER – "I Heard These Dudes Are Assholes" LP

You should know of this band by now if you dig Bridge Nine-style hardcore, but if you haven't, this EP and demo collection is the place to start. These guys do a fine job crafting melodic, modern hardcore tunes that rightly put them towards the top of the genre. And the heartfelt, personal lyrics are some of the best

that I've seen in a while. The demo tracks, unfortunately, are all songs that appear on the two EPs (*What Could Possibly Go Right* and the split with DAY OF THE DEAD), so don't expect any unreleased goodies or anything. Oh, and listening to this on vinyl is a clear illustration of the superiority of the medium, because it sounds so much warmer than the CD version, which is kindly included just in case. (BG)
(Bridge Nine)

SCHLIMME BRUDER – "Rock Against Politics" CD

Ready for some watered-down COCK SPARRER? I wasn't, but had to listen to this CD anyway. Sometimes I forget how misogynistic other scenes can be. This is from the first song on the album, it's about doing a prostitute: "She was so sweet, anything I could think about was a gang-bang." It goes on like this. Not a fan. (FS)
(Contra)

SCI-FI NIGHTMARES – "Cold and Blue" EP

Here we have four songs of straight-up RAMONES-style punk rock. This is the kind of music that can only be created in a basement at the peak of an icy cold Midwestern winter. You know, the kind of pop punk I'm talking about: super simple songs, modestly catchy, and every song is about girls or heartbreak. After listening to the first song and reading all their lyrics, I thought to myself, "These guys have to be from small-town Minnesota, Wisconsin, or Illinois." And sure enough, the address on the back says La Crosse, Wisconsin. But I gotta say the artwork depicting a cartoon boy in early 20's killing a bunch of girls is pretty stupid. Or maybe I'm just a PC thug. (FS)
(608 Kisses)

SECRET ARMY – "The Edge Of Bravery" CD

Cool! I got a 10" from these guys a couple of years ago and it was really, really good! I gotta admit that I was thrown a bit by the first song—the intro was a slow guitar riff that made me think that I accidentally put on a COLDPLAY CD or something?!? But luckily that was just a blip and when the song kicked in I was happy to hear the same up-tempo and catchy streetpunk that I had been hoping for! Not to be confused with the punk band with the same name from Portland, this SECRET ARMY is from Spain and in my opinion they have a very "English" sound like a lot of European punk and Oi! bands seem to have. With a big, chunky sound full of driving bass, solid drums, crisp guitar, and strong vocals that are sung with gusto rather than grunted out, SECRET ARMY gets a big thumbs up from me! SECRET ARMY reminds me a lot of the CLASS ASSASSINS from Canada a few years back, and with both of these bands I appreciate when a band pushes the limits of their genre and can make it sound good, like STIFF LITTLE FINGERS or THE CLASH did back in their day. Even though there are a couple of songs that fell a little short of the mark for me, this album maintains it's power and intensity that makes it a smash success overall! (ML)
(Contra)

SEKRET SEKRET – "Happy Town Sounds" 2xCD

If you're in the mood for some nervous new wave from Australia, this is probably worth an investigation. It verges a little to far over to the 'wave for this girl; there'll be a hint of TELEVISION then suddenly it'll swing back to an '81 prom soundtrack sound. The singer is just too fucking irritating. You can all too easily visualize him, hairbrush as microphone, throwin' himself into the bathroom mirror. It's actually kind of frustrating to listen to in that they make total could-be-good music. Nearly but not; I like the guitar playing a lot, but the singer is a band-ruiner. The liner notes seal it—this was the band these guys formed in '79 after "punk was dead." Maybe you had to see 'em play to get it? I mean, I *love* most Australian punk from the same era, and I generally don't have that much against wave with psychedelic inflections. So, yeah, there you have it. This is a double CD with a live set or two, a few cover versions, and some hard-to-find 7"s. You might like it more than me. Members of SPK if ya care 'bout that sort of thing. (LG)
(Feel Presents)

SERIOUS GENIUSES – "You Can Steal the Riffs But You Can't Steal the Talent" CD

I'd rather steal the art on this one. The riffs and the talent didn't impress me too much. But the art was totally killer. It's like this weird monster puking out the band name, water, a sailboat, and a bunch of garbage. SERIOUS GENIUSES are from Boston and you can hear the regional influence in there from other East Coast melodic pop punk bands. LEMURIA is the band that comes to mind first. The kind of style you'd expect to hear on Salinas Records or Art of the Underground. (FS)
(Kiss of Death)

THE SHIRKS – "Dangerous" EP

OK, now we're talking. Now we're getting into the punk. This one is faster-paced, straightforward, melodic, and snotty all at the same time and does a nice job of blending traditional punk rock with hardcore. While I wouldn't say it sounds like early SOCIAL DISTORTION, it does remind me of the *Mommy's Little Monster* LP. This one is worth looking for. Now get off your ass and do it, punk. (KK)
(Big Neck)

SHIT SA – "1983-1985: The Boski's Cut" CD

This absolutely jaw-dropping gaggle of punks-among-punks only recorded six studio tracks in 1984 and out of that only two ever saw the light of day on an official release—"Abortos" on the *PEACE* comp and "Fuckin' Shit" on Weird System's *Life is a Joke Vol. 1* comp—this may explain why you've never heard of them. This CD collection compiles that six-song sesh along with 31 other demo, live, and practice recordings. The sound quality of the remaining tracks runs from decent to just rad and raw sounding, and as much as everyone likes to dismiss live tracks on CDs as unnecessary, none of this is filler. Every track on this CD *should* be on this CD. This band of Barcelona mutants was a rip-snortin' blend that lived perfectly in the margins between what was considered "punk" and what was "hardcore" and the studio songs show that perfectly. "No Music/No Life" and "Revive tu Vida" even showed SHIT SA experimenting with funkier elements similar to what the BIG BOYS were trying to do. I wish I knew more Spanish as the liner notes to this are *muy* extensive. A great view of one of the world's most forgotten mutations. I urge you all to seek out this collection. (JU)
(BCore)

SHOREBIRDS – "It's Gonna Get Ugly" LP

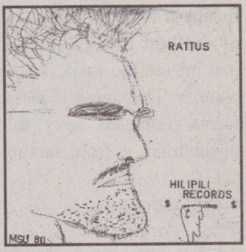
If you ask me, this is probably the best record to come out this month; it's a super solid LP from beginning to end. SHOREBIRDS do that kind of Florida/No Idea Records-style pop punk. Really similar to RADON or even a male-fronted THIS IS MY FIST. Members from this band were also in LATTERMAN and JAWBREAKER. And you can hear a bit of those two bands in the record, but SHOREBIRDS is by no means a rehashing of those old bands so don't expect this to be like the long-lost JAWBREAKER album you never heard. It's too bad these guys broke up last summer 'cause these songs are amazing. If you have a soft spot for pop punk, get this album—you'll love it. Man, Olympia rules these days. (FS)
(Rumbletowne)

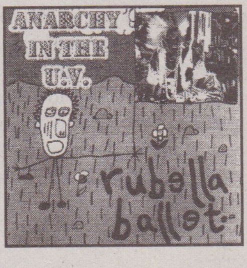
MATT K. SHRUGG – "I'm Gone/ We're So S.O.L."

Catchy, poppy punk tunes from this Sacramento, CA rocker. Simple and fun. I like anyone who can incorporate the term "S.O.L." into a song without sounding lame. The second of two

QUICK FIX
RAT RACE

Rational Animals
PERCEPTION BECOMES REALITY





Life Sucks!
Skitslakt
SKITSLAKT
Victim.

new singles on Plastic Idol by Matt this month. Buy 'em both. (CK)
(Plastic Idol)

MATT K. SHRUGG – "Phono" EP

Apparently this dude's no stranger to Rip-Off Records, and it doesn't sound like he is either. Take the Rip-Off Records sound and run it through a garage-pop *Hyped 2 Death* filter. The *Phono* EP somewhere in that ballpark. These are pretty catchy atypical jams. It's a little more poppy and outta left field than some of his other stuff I've heard floating around this month. Any way you cut it, it's really good shit. (P$)
(Plastic Idol)

THE SHUDDERS – "Big Heat" LP

Super primal girls-in-the-garage vibrations straight outta Oaktown. SHUDDERS have got a dirty girl-gang thing going on—maybe like SUZI QUATTRO's first band THE PLEASURE SEEKERS but obviously not as rad. This is tube-top rock, with stripped-down, super basic GOSSIP guitars, a steady (to the point of plodding) rhythm section, and a vocalist that moans a little too much. Girls in the garage is one of the best musical forms possible, but this record just misses the mark. It's just not wild or fucked up enough. The sound is just too contained and has this weird, simulated "sexy" thing that somehow instantly disqualifies it from having any actual raunchiness. (LG)
(Teen Action)

SINKS – "No Money" EP

Some times I wish some records were recorded a bit more cleanly. I don't mean all spotless. A bit of dirt is always necessary. But when you hear a band that may or may not have some talent being buried beneath a layer of distorted noise, you've got to ask why. Is it necessary to cover something up or is it an aesthetic that is being improperly used? In this case it is probably the former. What I can hear is average garage punk. Fast songs in the later years Rip Off Records mold. (CK)
(Ken Rock)

SISTERS – LP

The plague of shambolic indie, post-TIMES NEW VIKING bands is a total dull shitsystem to these ears. So when a band like this comes along that takes the first DINOSAUR JR record and adds malice and a doomed vision, it feels like something should happen as a result. Hopefully not a million kids recreating *Death Valley '69* dioramas, but maybe some sort of response? I dunno. This is an awesome record. The sound of the Northwest—rain, forests, coffee, drugs, Fred Cole, UNWOUND, *Gluey Porch Treatments*. I already got yelled at by a dude in this band for writing 'bout the distinctly Thurston Moore'd vox, but I still hear them as such. You can't call your band SISTERS and expect a SONIC YOUTH-free ride. At any rate, I think SISTERS is of superlative quality despite angry dude rant. The drums bring to mind Moe Tucker and also *Psychocandy*, which is to say they've got the best drumming style. The guitar sound is dense and claustrophobic, no bass needed. The songs create worlds in the way that the best bands do, and while somehow this sound might not be something I feel part of, that's not a big deal. It's music for headphones, for walking around disconnected and totally internal. (LG)
(Parts Unknown)

SKITSLAKT – "Victim" EP

Sloppy boombox practice space recording. Anti-Cimex, Mob 47, Shitlickers styled, drunk Swedish punk. The dual vocals aren't cutting it for me, they are almost grind like. Minimal packaging. In these bleak economic times save your money and skip this one. (RR)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

THE SLEEPWALKERS - "VC Baby/Down With Baby"

'VC Baby" is a riff-heavy (the riff being the ONE WAY STREET's "Peter Gunn" mutation, "Jack the Ripper") sluggish stop/start rocker with sludgy guitar and a kind of catchy chorus. Flip reminds me of when arty new wave bands were trying to get funky, but a bit heavier. Limited to 300, so get right on it if it sounds like your bowel of tea. (DD)
(Wrecked 'Em)

SNAKE RUN – "Lies" EP

Pretty straightforward punk, nice 'n' fast, not too slow…you may know the kind. Done very well but not too creative. Nice output from an Australian scene that is pumping out some real winners these days. This record is defiantly a rager. High marks for intensity and a well executed record—from start to finish this is top-notch thrash. (RM)
(self-released, wertyy1@hotmail.com)

SOCIAL TASK – "1979 Studio Recordings" EP

Old-time OC beach punk from '79 finally sees the light of day with re-recorded versions on the flip. Good shit all round; the A-side is classic SoCal 'core like KAOS, HATED, ADOLESCENTS, or FUNERAL—way more punk than a lot of the beach crowd. The B-side is recently recorded versions of old songs, which still sound great and head more into Hostage Records territory (which in turn took a lot of the chops from bands like this). If you dig the wave of bands like THE PUSHERS, STITCHES, etc., this is well worth digging into. (TB)
(Artifix)

SOJOURNER – "Tour Single" EP

Goddamn, after a half fucking hour on the interweb I finally found out what fucking record I was listening to—SOJOURNER put this three song "single" out to promote their upcoming LP and sold them on a recent US tour. Really cool screened cardstock cover for this limited EP containing one song from their upcoming full-length and two "single only" tracks. SOJOUNER claim to be "ambassadors of the South End Style" and stamp their shit with S.E.S. whenever they can. Reppin' Tacoma hard, these brutes take not-so-subtle nods from familiar tuff-guy hardcore and tend to peed things up from time to time. All in all, a forgettable release from guys involved in killer bands like BARRICADE and OWEN HART. (RM)
(self-released)

STAJNAS LOBOS – "Brain Waves Searching Heart Beats" CD

Hyper spaz-out pop punk. Lots of slickness and sugary sweetness. When it first came screaming through the speakers I got excited, but then immediately bored. It kind of reminds of THE BEATITUDE to the point where I wouldn't be surprised if they members in common. In theory I have a total boner for super sped-up, punked-out, and politicized B-52'S-like rave-ups, but somehow this record sounds real clinical and clean. I guess I'm not down with slick recordings. (MM)
(Lupa)

STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS – "Until We're Dead" CD

Honestly, I didn't think you could come up with a worse name than LEFTOVER CRACK (which STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS is ex-members of) but this takes the cake. The onesheet said something about being ska-infused and I'm sick to my stomach before I even put this on the stereo and had my ears raped. I had two disturbing images in my head. I got bummed out thinking of some lonely kid in Bumblefuck, USA going to a mall hours away and stumbling upon this in Hot Topic. That is really fucking depressing; I hope some kind-hearted clerk steers 'em in the right direction. The second image is of some poor kid outside of, say, Burnt Ramen or Hazmat puking up some blue or pink Boone's Farm or any other flavored malt beverage and being taken advantage of from some Pyrate Punx as STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS plays in the background. This band makes me wish I were deaf. One question? Wouldn't it have been more eco-friendly to not put this out than have printed it on 100% post-consumer paper and recycled plastic? For real, fuck you for this band. (RR)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

STATIC STATIC – "No Bodies" EP

This is the second EP from the elecro-punk trio STATIC STATIC. It's got two slower, jammed-out tunes, both heavy on the keyboard and echoed vocals. The guitars sound pretty trashy, fuzzy, and raw, especially on the B-side, which also begins with a bit of a new wave feel. The songs are simple forays into the land of the four-note synth-punk song, with nothing too fancy going on musically. They are also a bit long and repetitive for my tastes, but they seem pretty in line with a lot of the music that comes out of this genre and a bunch of the stuff on Horizontal Action. (DA)
(New York Night Train)

THE STEINWAYS – "Black Lung/Headache – Girlfriend = Zero"

Charming melodic punk with male vocals and male/female backing vocals. I like this a lot better than their recent album—it's way rougher and un-neutered. Two songs that were over in the shake of a lamb's tail. Short and sweet. (AD)
(Art of the Underground)

STRONGBOW – "A Dog Called Retinue" LP

Dies ist Shit! Deutsch Pop wie Oi! punk vielleicht dem Namen nach ein schlechter süß mittelmäßig (nicht im Gegensatz zu diesem Band) Apfelwein. Einige dieser erinnert mich an ein schlechter modernen SOCIAL DISTORTION. Kill me now. (RR)
(Contra)

STRONGBOW – "Terminal Life" LP

Hmm… I like it! I'd never heard of STRONGBOW

before this, so with a quick bit of research on Myspace, I have gleaned that they are from Germany and they've got a few releases out already dating back to 2003, so they are definitely not newcomers! I would lump these guys into the street punk genre—not straight up punk nor is it straight up Oi! music. It reminds me a bit of the kind of stuff that GMM or TKO was releasing about ten years ago… The music is all tight and well played with driving guitars and the vocalist reminds me of a young Mike Ness from the early (and best) years of SOCIAL DISTORTION at times. Most songs are up-tempo anthems, but STRONGBOW also takes a stab at some slower stuff with acoustic guitars and even piano and bagpipes, so there are definitely some good dynamics on this record! This album has some hits and misses for me and starts out strongest on the A-side with my favorite song being "Let Our Enemies Know," which has some great female backing vocals along with the previously mentioned bagpipes. Overall, STRONGBOW is a little cliché at times and they're definitely not re-inventing the wheel at all, but if street punk is what you're into, then this is well worth checking out! (ML)
(Vinyl Junkies)

THE SUBHUMANS – "Death Was Too Kind" LP

A collection of THE SUBHUMANS' (not SUB/HUM/ANS) EPs, and two previously unreleased tracks. I love the Canadian SUBHUMANS (and the English one, for that matter) and I think their EPs are even better than the two LPs. Their debut 7" *Death to the Sickoids/Oh Canaduh* is about as close to punk 45 perfection as it gets—it's up there with THE DILS' *Class War/Mr Big*. This collection shares the cover and name of the 1979 12" which featured the classic "Fuck You," later to be covered by DOA (and metal band OVERKILL.) My favorite SUBHUMANS song, though, is "Firing Squad." Brian Goble's voice on that song still gets me—and it's one of those punk songs that is probably going to make me cry one day. The two unreleased tracks from 1981, "Look at the Dawn" and "Pissed Off…With Good Reason," are definitely worthy of inclusion here and sound as hard and loud as anything they did. In fact, "Pissed Off…" an instrumental, could be a lost classic. Old Canadian punk was rare in that there was very little garbage, and THE SUBHUMANS were one of the first and best bands. Well done to Alternative Tentacles for compiling and releasing this—it was about fuckin' time somebody did. You need this…if just to preserve your original copies of these records. Brilliant. (AD)
(Alternative Tentacles)

SWINEHOOD – "I'm a Fuckin' Misanthrope" EP

When I started at *MRR* they told me that if the record was generic that I should give it a generic review. This band sounds like a mix of TURBONEGRO and THE MEATMEN without all the hilarity of those bands. Good production. This sounds like rock 'n' roll and not much else. I kind of like the song "Up to the Brim with Hate" because of the off-time vocals and general fuzz of the song. Big up for song title "I Wipe the Shit Out of the Ass of the World." Not a lot else going on here. (WK)
(Ken Rock)

SWINGIN' UTTERS – "Hatest Grits: B-Sides and Bullshit" CD

Fans of ye olde street punk are probably familiar with THE SWINGIN' UTTERS—this San Francisco institution has been around for just shy of 20 years now, though it's unclear how much of an active band they are these days, not having released anything in almost a decade and just playing the odd show here and there. *Hatest Grits* (har har) collects demos, rarities, and unreleased outtakes recorded between 1991 and 2000. Along with contemporaries like THE DROPKICK MURPHYS or THE BELTONES, the UTTERS' sound is heavily influenced by old UK greats—STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, THE CLASH, and of course, COCK SPARRER (three covers of that band appear here)—but vocalist Johnny Bonnel's gravelly delivery gives the band their own signature sound. While I can't say they've got the songwriting chops of, say, THE NEWTOWN NEUROTICS, these boys did pen a few decent tunes of their own, several of which can be found here among the well over two-dozen tracks. Perhaps not the best place to start for the newcomer, but a good deal for the veteran UTTER-heads out there. (CS)
(Fat Wreck)

THE TANKS – "Keep Breaking Down" CD

The children of the corn started a band. The sound they generated was a bizarre combination of HELMET, LARD, RAPEMAN, and early-'90s AmRep stuff. This sounds like the kind of album a band makes in a bubble of isolation, with a healthy disregard for what's "trendy" or even current. This is the way it should be, so more power to them. The screen-printed cardstock packaging is beautiful, too. (AM)
(Scenester Credentials)

TEN-VOLT SHOCK – "6null3" CD

Sounds like the type of screamy, rooted-in-Revolution Summer, post-hardcore that you'd find on No Idea Records. It's not emo. It kind of differentiates itself from similar stuff because it's a little more angular and distorted. I don't know what to make of the distortion on the bass and vocals—it gives it a rock feel that isn't altogether bad, but the quality it lends the jams isn't altogether good either. There wasn't too much on this that really jumped out at me. If you can't get enough of the No Idea post-hardcore stuff you probably won't go wrong with this, 'cause it's not bad. (P$)
(Dead Tank)

TOTAL CONTROL – "Stare Way" EP

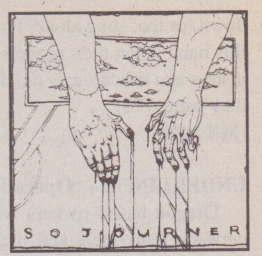
I love—I mean *love*—Aussie music. From MASTERS APPRENTICES through ROSE TATTOO, AC/DC, RAZAR, RADIO BIRDMAN, all the way up to the current crop—EDDY CURRENT, SOVIET VALVES, STRAIGHTJACKET NATION, etc. This band is a side project of those last three, and as expected blows the fucking doors off. This single is palate-cleanser after the less-than-stellar platters. Sure, you could throw it into the "garage" category, but it's way more than that. Blown-out yet cohesive, dark yet catchy, this is the soundtrack to my life. It's hard to hit the nerve these days but this band have managed it; the song "Total Control" is the jam!! Kinda like an Australian JAY REATARD if he listened to THE FALL and THE CURE. Top ten material beyond a shadow of a doubt. Magic. (TB)
(Aaargh)

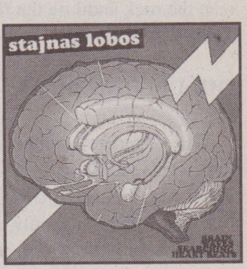
TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION – "Peace, Love, and Total Fucking Destruction" CD

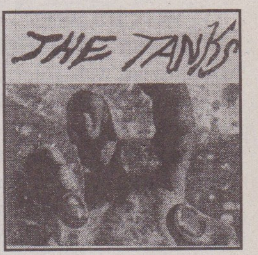
This month's music reviews are a total mind-fuck. I can't believe what I'm listening to here. It's like groovy, cyber, power-violent-pop…*what does that mean!?!* The cover of this CD has a computer-generated image of a kid (like 8 years old) with a mohawk, blood splattered on his face, a machine gun and bullet belt, wearing flip-flops and some *Mad Max*-style shoulder pads (with a unicorn painted on them)!! Song titles: "Bio-Satanic Terrorist Attack," "Grindcore Salesman," "Electromagnetic Pulse," and "Seth Putnam Is Wrong About a Lot of Things, but Seth Putnam Is Right About You," just to name a few… Imagine LES CLAYPOOL dropping acid and being stoked on playing anti-humanity grind. It's really weird. (RM)
(Enucleation)

TYVEK – "Sidewalk" EP

I haven't really checked out this band since their first 7". The first song on this one ("Sidewalk") is pretty fucking great. It's Rough Trade-style punk that's a little poppier than what I've heard from them before. The last couple songs aren't as stellar; they're good, but "Sidewalk" is the fucking shit. This is worth tracking







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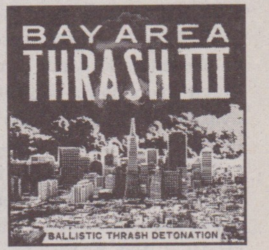

MESSTHETICS
GREATEST HISS

down for that song alone. I had kind of lost interest in this band when their records were disappearing from distros at a ridiculously quick pace. But I can see why they were. (P$)
(M'Lady)

UNDERLINGS – "Operational Excellence" CD
Oregon-based rockers who fully mine the seam between punk/indie and rock. Sounds a lot like the ENABLERS from SoCal. Kinda SPRINGSTEEN meets THE CLASH. I can dig the vibe for sure if they keep the rock and lose the fucking solos! (TB)
(Daily)

THE UPTOWN BUMS – "Just the Other Day" EP
Three garage numbers with a nice hint of power pop mixed with the slashing guitar sound of SMALLTOWN. THE UPTOWN BUMS do this with a certain indie sensibility a la the first STROKES LP mixed in with a retro nod as perfected by THE MYSTERY GIRLS. Good stuff. (SD)
(Shake Your Ass)

USELESS CHILDREN – CD
USELESS CHILDREN plays fun, fast, party hardcore punk with spat out female vocals and catchy guitar leads. I could definitely see these kids being the life of the party, as they throw out wild jam after wild jam. This CD has six songs, all being pretty straight-forward, nothing too fancy, with your usual tempo changes and some gang vocals at times, but not in an overbearing way. When I first saw the CD I thought it was going to reek of over-production, but it actually sounds pretty cool and kind of reminds me of BLACK FORK, especially with the vocals. The hit on this record is definitely the first song, "Leave Us Alone," which starts out with driving guitar and ends with some sweet solo action. Pretty good stuff. (DA)
(Exo)

USERS – "Secondary Modern" CD
One of the top five '77 UK punk records has to be USERS *Kicks In Style*—it is the epitome of pure punk snot mixed with sassy glam hooks. In John Peel's legendary box of 140 records, he kept two copies of this 7". The USERS are best known for their two storming 7"s—the aforementioned and *In Love With Today*—both on Raw Records, both absolute gems. This CD collects those along with a handful of unreleased tracks which come a little later and have a slightly more power-pop/pub feel, almost like a more dynamic EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS. Unlike a lot of the reissues around of no-mark bands, this really is "all killer, no filler." Every track is a winner, and the four from the singles are worth the price of admission alone. Just check out the crazy vocal dog-barking on "In Love With Today." Of course, this comes to us from an offshoot of Detour who always deliver. Fan-fucking-tastic. (TB)
(Bin Liner)

VIOLENT ARREST – "Criminal Record" 2xEP
A few records into their "career" and VIOLENT ARREST continues to stay true to the sound of early Boston hardcore—mean, fast, burly, all-business style. *Criminal Record* is the best stuff I've heard by them. The band keeps it straightforward and simple, and the anger here is relentless as hardcore should be. I can keep repeating myself, or I can just let ya know that this record is for fans of hardcore punk. Do you like hardcore? Then write to… (CI)
(Grave Mistake / No Way)

VITAMIN X – "Full Scale Assault" LP
God damn, more Pushead rip-off artwork! Skulls and bandages, how original. Seriously, artists, get your own fucking style. Shit. That just got me started of on the wrong track. Amsterdam's infamous straight-edge thrashers VITAMIN X has returned with their fourth full-length, recorded and mixed by the legendary Steve Albini, who seems to be doing just about everyone's albums these days. Good for him. This time around these Dutch punks have a slightly more rocking sound than on previous efforts, but it still sounds damn good, akin to WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? or MUNICIPAL WASTE. Plus they got John Brannon of NEGATIVE APPROACH to provide guest vocals on two songs, so what are you waiting for? Buy this record. I wish I had been able to catch them again when they came through in September. Alas. (VX)
(Tankcrimes)

WILD ZEROS – "Homesick" EP
Three tracks that could have easily fallen off one of the *Where Birdmen Flew* or any of the other Aussie comps. Rock 'n' roll played the way rock 'n' roll is supposed to be played—aggressive, drenched in attitude, hooks, and those killer moments that make ya wanna wing your beer straight at the band. Hints of THE REAL KIDS, TV KILLERS, THE SAINTS, DEAD BOYS, and THE SONICS. A band that has perfected the formula without becoming another faceless Rip-Off Records clone. Four tracks of great, great, great, and greater. (SD)
(Frantic City)

WITCH HATS – "Hellhole/Revolution"
WITCH HATS is a bunch of Sharpies from Melbourne, Australia. The A-side, "Hellhole," is a noisy, fucked up take on GANG OF FOUR meets, surprise, THE BIRTHDAY PARTY. As they say in music magazines, it rides a groove. The flipside is a clanging, feedback-strewn cover of SPACEMEN 3's most famous song; but no matter what you do, you're not going to get more demented than SPACEMEN 3 does themselves. Therefore the cover falls short, but it was always going to. However, I hope they play this song in their live set. This 7" was released to coincide with the band's US tour. I'd check the WITCH HATS out given the chance, and the record's definitely worth a trip to the merch table. (AM)
(New York Night Train)

YAKUZA HORROR – "Y Ventran Mil Anos Mas" LP
Man, Spain has really been churning out the killer crust bands in the last few years. I remember hearding YAKUZA HORROR on a previous release and thinking they were pretty good metallic crust. But this LP really does take it to the next level. There is definitely some face-pummeling crust punk here but with an undercurrent of melody and atmosphere. I also love their name. (NM)
(Mala Raza)

V/A – "Bay Area Thrash Detonation III" CD
Rad comp with Bay Area thrashers IN DISGUST, SUBURBAN DEATH CAMP, SECOND OPINION, BRUTAL DEATH, and NO DICE. All solid and brutal bands, no filler. If you are a thrash fan, don't hesitate. This is for you. (AA)
(625 Thrash)

V/A – "Messthetics #106" CD
I was excited when this ended up in my "to be reviewed" pile—this is the Manchester Musicians Collective installment. There are some cool things here; however, almost all of the songs are kind of long in my opinion. To me, long songs (ones that move too far past the two-minute mark) says one of two things: 1) Let me masturbate on your face, or 2) We don't know how to end the song. Either way, it's totally boring, so really you could consider this a review of the first minute or two of some of the bands, and in that sense it's an overall good compilation. MUD HUTTERS are reminiscent of TALKING HEADS; CONTACT lands somewhere between THE CARS and THE KINKS; DISLOCATION DANCE are what DELTA 5 would have been if they grew up in the twee side of the Northwest; ELTI-FITS are like a weird, more punk-funk version of TUBEWAY ARMY; DIAGRAM BROTHERS sound like DAVID BOWIE fronting MADNESS if they weren't ska but weirdo chaotic post punk; GOD'S GIFT sounds like a bored SWELL MAPS; MANCHESTER MEKON (who had to add the Manchester part after the rise of THE MEKONS) sounds like a sad boy's try at a heartbroken girl group single; PROPERTY OF... manages to have one of the most exciting tracks, sounding like a less chaotic SLITS; THE ELITE brings a refreshing fast punk rager in a BUZZCOCKS-type way. There's a lot of variation among the tracks, but at the same time it sounds like the same scene (cuz it is…). It's an enhanced CD and the seven bonus tracks kind of outshine the rest of the normal tracks. (MM)
(Hyped To Death)

V/A – "Messthetics Greatest Hiss: Classics of UK Cassette Culture 1979-1983 Volume 1" CD
Maybe you already know the deal with *Messthetics*—an imagined nation made up of those who heard that DESPERATE BICYCLES 45 and figured out for themselves that it was easy, it was cheap, and thus they should go do it. And what's easier or cheaper than making a tape of your bedroom band? The forerunners of the art-damaged noise CD-R scene of now are contained on this comp. A super-secret self-referential world of tape trades and zine-writing obsessives with band names like GRAVITY CRAZE, MILKSHAKE MELON, LIVING DEAD NO. 5, and DIGITAL DINOSAURS. Some of the sounds were probably more fun to make than listen to, but gaining entry into a secret cassette-tape club made up of a variety of true weirdo types is something I can endorse. This compilation covers everything from shitpunk to precursors to that dreamy lo-fi Postcard Records/53rd and 3rd Scottish indie pop sound. A few songs bring to mind the BLANK DOG sound… Tape hiss that's totally worth getting your mitts on. The liner notes are great, with interviews and anecdotes about each musical endeavor and rad grainy replications of tape covers and band photos from old, ripped-up zines. A true representation of the DIY ideal. (LG)
(Hyped To Death)

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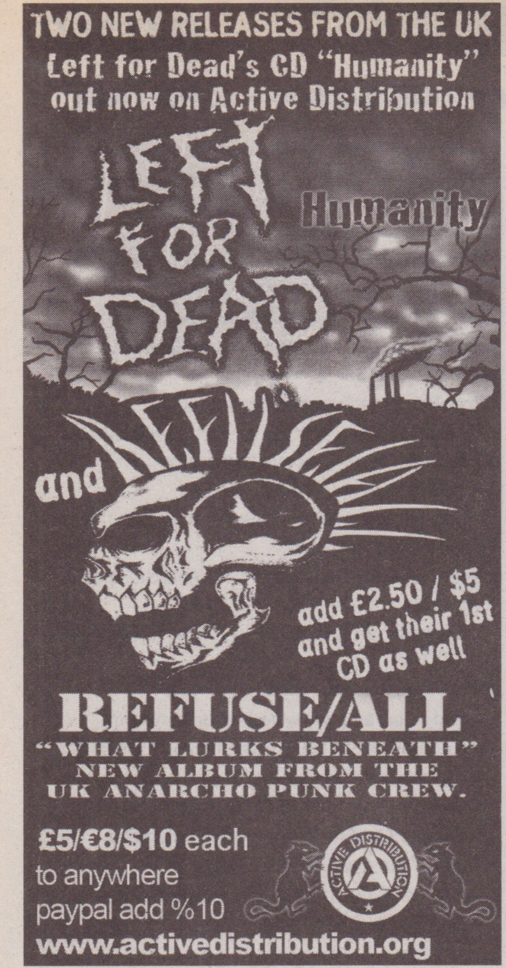

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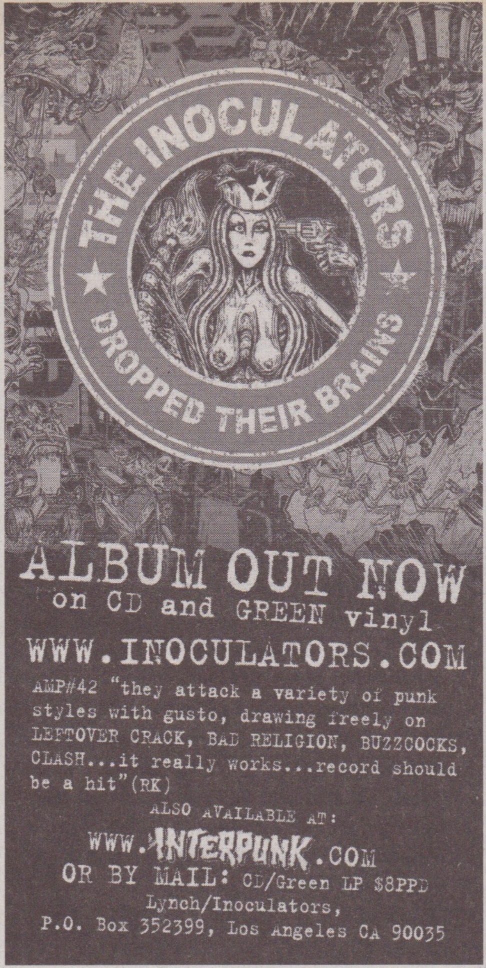

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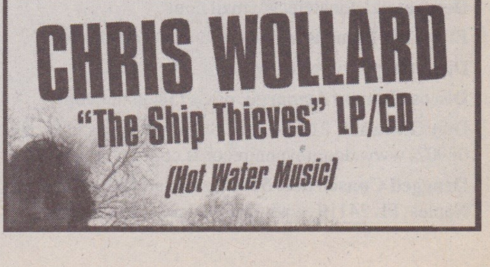

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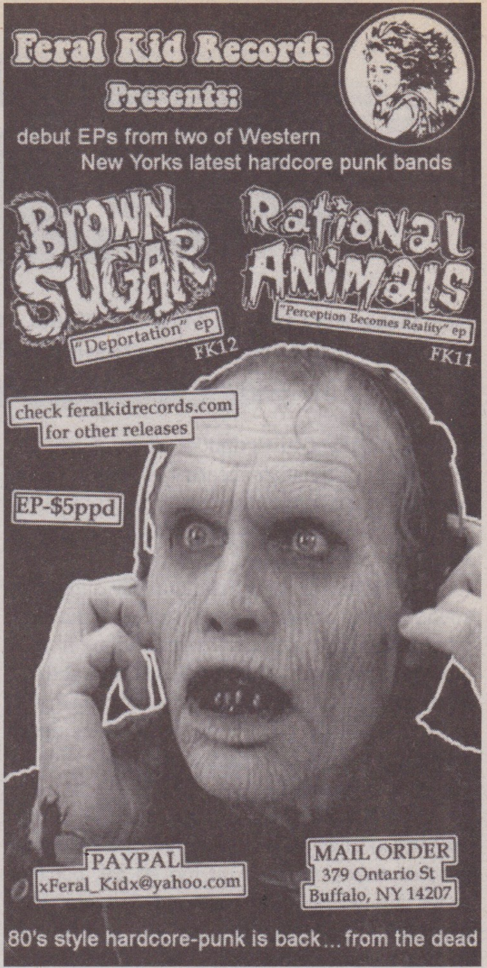

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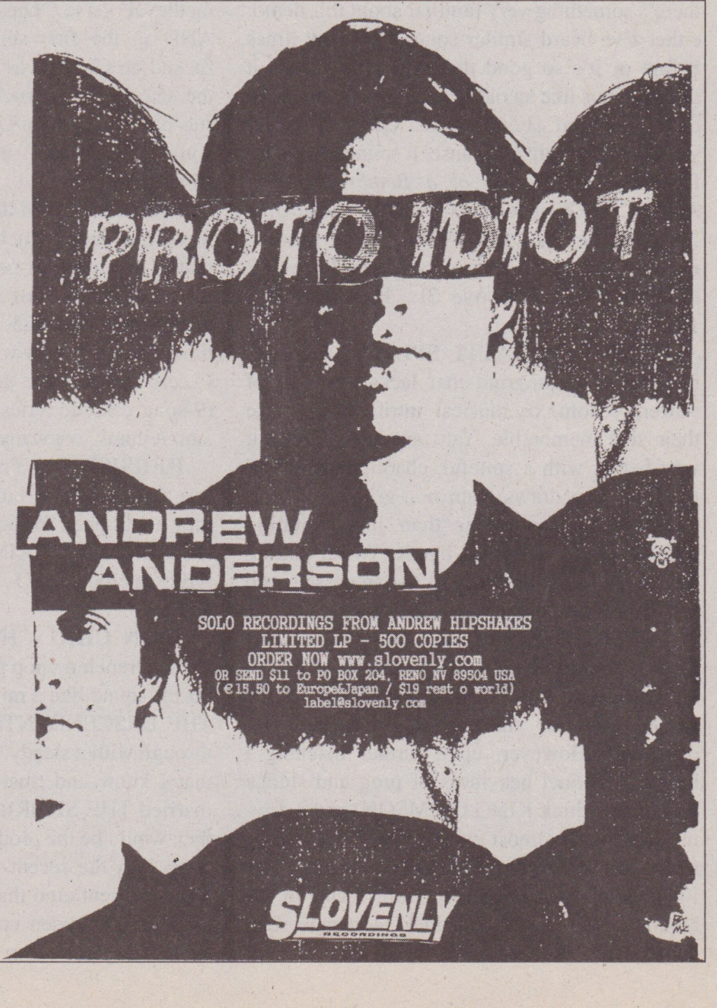

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SLOVENLY RECORDINGS

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Helen Degenerate, Dan Goetz, and Vinnie La Russa.

ABLACH – Crust/grindcore that focuses on the subject of Scottish ancestry. A skillful presentation of a genre that is easily interpreted as contrived and bland by bands who are filled with the falseness of false, false metal. ABLACH manages to maintain an authentic sound while avoiding such lyrical topics as Satan, the desecration of virgins, and the imminent doom of Earth. This is the most straightforward blend of traditional metal instrumentals and anthropology that I've heard in a long time. (Helen) (4-song CD, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/ablach)

ABSURD SYSTEM – Crusty HC with liberal sprinklings of all your favorite Swedish acts. At times maybe a bit too liberal, but the songs are written well with good hooks and interesting parts that I feel like an ass for mentioning let alone feeling this way. I don't know, there's something very familiar about this demo: either I've heard similar songs too many times before or it's so good that after four listens it already feels like an old friend. What's a punk to do? Sum total…bottom-line…check this out: you should buy this, because, it sounds like a lo-fi version of *Victims of a Bombraid*-era of ANTI-CIMEX, it features a former member of NYC HC heroes DISTRAUGHT, and it costs, only… (Vinnie) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, $2 PPD to 179 Irving Ave 3L, Brooklyn, NY, 11237)

CAKEWET/ YATTI SPLIT – Cakewet play nondescript grind that lacks any sort of power, venom, or musical intricacy to make their side memorable. Yatti are also grind but way better, with a spiteful, chaotic, sound and feel that also draws from non-grind punk and metal influences rather than just imitating already derivative grind bands. Worth getting for the YATTI side. (Dan) (17-song cassette, no lyrics included, dancewithpants@yahoo.com)

CRITICAL RESPONSE TEAM – At first listen, I couldn't help but think this band sounded like FLORAL BEEF if JEFF OTT were the singer and all the members were more depressed. However, upon further listening I hear the distinct heaviness of prog and sludge influences (think KING CRIMSON) and a driving buildup in almost every song. I bet they're really fun to see live, especially in a place like Indianapolis, where they're from. Later in the album, before the secret track (a reggae song about some kind of junk food, the name of which is unintelligible) they do a bap bap bap bap ska thing, which is nice and familiar but not overly contrived. All in all, they present a reliable, if not predictable, and entertaining brand of Midwestern hardcore. The art for the demo is really nice but there's no information on it. Also, no lyrics, which makes me wonder if I'd feel differently about them if I knew what Micah, the vocalist, was saying. For the time being, I'm into it. (Helen) (10-song CD, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/criticalresponseteam)

EASTERLINGS – Oh shit! Chris Connelly got drunk and tried to start an environmentally friendly black metal band! Man, the lyrics to these songs wouldn't be bad if they were meant for actual metal songs, if you couldn't hear how corny they sound when they are so clearly annunciated. But they are more than mediocre as emo songs. They even quote a famous medieval verse "Dies Irae (Day of Wrath)." AND in the first song they sing about how fucked up Cortes was and about dying alone in the sea. Bummer, such sweet lyrics wasted on sub-par Champaign/Urbana emo. (Helen) (4-song CD, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/easterlings)

EILTANK/KSM40 SPLIT– EILTANK play modern-sounding melodic crustcore with riffs that give it its own personality. KSM40 play a hybrid of crusty stuff and the kind of Euro DIY youth crew that 625 used to release a lot of, though I don't know what the fuck the Zelda and F-Zero samples are doing on their side. (Dan) (9-song cassette,lyrics included, www.myspace.com/eiltank, www.myspace.com/ksm40)

HERSISTER – Five hit or miss songs from this "experimental punk trio" that sounds like they could open for both THE JESUS LIZARD and ALICE IN CHAINS. (Dan) (5-song CD, no lyrics included, PO Box 982, Hillburn, NY 10931)

IRON CHIC – Holy shit this is amazing. Heart-wrenching pop punk from New York. The vocals sound like a mix between CURSIVE and THE DESCENDENTS, and the music follows through with a steady east coast emo sound, one that I know and trust. If THE GET UP KIDS married THE SHOREBIRDS, these five young men would be the product, dazzling you by traveling into the recent past of crisply produced self-indulgent emo that still manages to qualify as punk. I've been nostalgic for that past ever since it began, so I'm way into this band. I recommend this band for people who get wasted and have two to six people sing alongs to ALKALINE TRIO, SAVES THE DAY, and FIFTEEN. (Helen) (5-song demo, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/ironchicsmyspace)

THELITTLEMANCOMPLEX – This band is musically all over the place, with the screechy vocalists being the common link, and this discography tape (which contains both live and recorded material, with a few songs appearing more than once) has them at their best and worst . The stuff that's snotty teenage punk via youth crew revival riffs is what I like the most, but the '90s Revelation sounding and emo-y noodling stuff I can do without. That said, there's an infectious enthusiasm and determination that runs through the entire tape and keeps me listening through even the songs that aren't so hot. (Dan) (26-song cassette, no lyrics included, no address)

LONG LEGGED WOMAN – This demo is titled "Drugs Don't Last Forever," but they lasted long enough for these six songs to be conceived of, and that is a good thing. This is bizarre, recorded WELL in the red, and all of these songs sound pretty different and run the gamut from overdriven psychotic dirge to thrashy hardcore to melancholy pop. The vocals are chronically off-key, saturated with echo, and overbearing at times, but this might have been the point. I think I caught an out of tune harmonica part too. (Dan) (6-song CD, lyrics included, c/o Pollen Season HQ, 1380 De Haro St., San Francisco, CA 94107)

NEVER SAY NEVER – I'm not much for street punk, but this Salt Lake City quintet fucking rules. Austin, the vocalist has a rad voice that reminds me a lot of what used to come out of Savannah in the late nineties, specifically UNPERSONS. Sticking to trusted punk themes such as alcoholism, smashing the state, hatred born of social awkwardness and paranoia, and generally just being a scummy, scummy dead beat, they stir in me a passion to waste away into a substance abuse induced haze, surrounded by runaways whilst getting half my head shaved while I'm passed out. A passion I've long since forgotten. Thanks, NEVER SAY NEVER. You can thank me later for not making a shitty SLC Punk reference. (Helen) (7-song CD, lyrics included, www.neversayneverpunx.com)

NIESTROY – *Very* straightforward HC. The band is not the most inventive, though not bad, just somewhat generic. Though the singer sounds like a cross between Danzig and CRO-MAG-John Joseph. What stands out the most are the lyrics—each song is about animals being tortured, killed, experimented on, and man's attempted dominion over the world—so there is some thought behind these guys. I think they are from Germany, which makes much sense as it sounds like a group of Germans playing straightforward American HC. (Vinnie) (11-song CD, lyrics included, niestroy@blumenthal.de)

NO COURAGE – I'm rarely offended. Rarely. You can call me any name in the book, tell me I'm a horrible driver, spit on my truck, tell me I'm a shitty bassist or can't keep a drum beat…any of those things, and I'll barely care. Now, I'm not going to say I was offended per se by this demo, but it was just so fucking bad and shitty that I kept thinking either, "*They can't be serious*," or "*What the fuck is wrong with these guys*?" NO COURAGE plays screamo ala UNIVERSAL ORDER OF ARMAGEDDON and ANTIOCH ARROW, but while those bands were powerfully chaotic, writing amazing material, these guys just seem sloppy, uninspired, and out of control. But maybe that's due to their lack of brains. Plus, those bands did not have a singer who is a dead-ringer for John Wayne, or wrote lyrics such as "You're a feminist and anti-racist / So you only date black men or women / Being a feminist is sexist…You're a conformist whore / I wanna kill you but I don't have to"; or this gem: "What the fuck is your problem you goddamned cunt / All you've ever done is nit-pick everything on Earth…You've got a chip on your shoulder the size of my dick / And that's pretty big / That was a sexist joke for you," followed by shouting "Bitch," 31 times. What the fucking hell? So while trying to guess what's wrong with these guys I came to the conclusion that they all had bad experiences with women, and instead of therapy or dating someone new or skipping stones down at the lake, they created this band as a *creative* outlet and revel in their idiocy. This is just stupid bullshit. (Vinnie) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, nocourage@gmail.com)

NO NO NO HOPES – This is *sum'* bad-ass, *twangy* garage rock! Songs are all written well and have a sort of *swingin'* feel to them. The guitar is recorded way up-front in the mix and I'm guessing it's a Fender Telecaster by the twangy-tone. This is like a modern and funkier version of THE SONICS. Real cool. (Vinnie) (6-song CD, no lyrics, $1 PPD to PO Box 4491, Austin, TX, 78765)

ORDER 66 – This one is heavy, folks, *Heavy*. Ranges from straight-forward HC, to blast-beat freak-outs, to heavy mosh breakdowns with only drums and screaming vocals. Reminds me slightly of HIS HERO IS GONE but more of ACTS OF SEDITION, but with less technical parts than the latter. Lyrics have the negative, '90s-Ebullition-esque, personal is political, and man is really, *really*, bad, feel to them. My favorite was the first song about a person realizing there's no God on her deathbed. Creepy. (Vinnie) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, order66music@gmail.com)

POLLUTION – Heavy, dissonant hardcore that's hard to pin down. I hate to do a ton of name-checking, but I'm hearing various elements of RORSCHACH (primarily), FLIPPER, BORN AGAINST, SWANS, the riffs on the slower parts of *My War* and *Slip It In*, and maybe even BOTCH in their better moments. Hopefully these songs see vinyl treatment, but write them and get this in the meantime. (Dan) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, 117 Roebling St. #1R, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

RVIVR – I was expecting a *sick tech metal* demo because of the packaging and name, but instead this is mid-tempo melodic HC a la LEATHERFACE. Like LEATHERFACE there's great guitar leads and gruff *singing* but RVIVR has a male who sounds more like the singer of CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE than Lemmy, and a female who does not remind me of anyone. Songs are tight, they're played well, and the sound quality is great despite being live at their first show. (Vinnie) (3-song cassette, no lyrics, PO Box 663, Olympia, WA, 98507)

SUSPECTED TERRORISTS – Yow! This trio from Louisville is kicking my ass! Male vocals sound like BLACK FLAG, female vocals sound like BLATZ, the music itself a mix between the GERMS and SURRENDER – all things that rule. Trusted and skillful sounds and techniques create a product of unparalleled satisfaction. Extremely and exclusively radical political lyrics, which at times approach corniness but are necessary and sincere always. Sincerity! It goes a long way. (Helen) (16-song CD, lyrics included, www.suspectedterrorists.com)

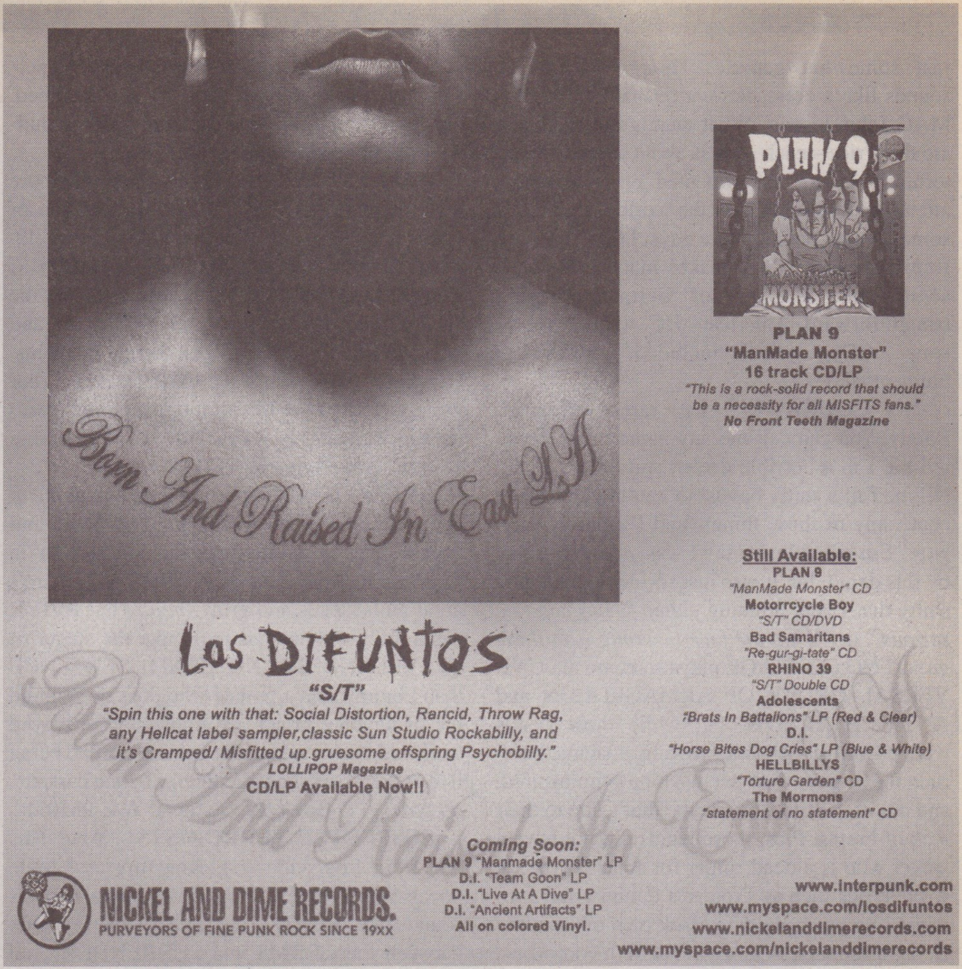
TIT PATROL – I can't explain it, but it's totally ok when the QUEERS sing about the sizes of various women's breasts, but it's completely unacceptable when a handful of teenage boys from Delaware raise the banner of repressed and mangled male patriarchal sexuality high, (hopefully tongue in cheek) in an effort to appeal to all the ignorant boy punks of the world (who, as some of us know, are a dime a dozen anyway). TIT PATROL. Jeez. I know it seems unfair to rip on their name so much. It's a relief that there aren't any bizarre tracks about anonymous girlfriends or chicks at shows (with tits), which is exactly what I expected. Meanwhile, back on earth, the tracks are recorded very well. It seems like they're going for that very special QUEERS sound and attitude, but unfortunately are ending up with a mood of dudely absurdity equal to that of the BOUNCING SOULS. Except for the song "One of My Moods" which actually sort of rules and, through very nice guitaring and vocals, achieves the classic Lookout pep and bounce. They also manage to portray a slightly larger spectrum of emotion and experience than the hated BOUNCING SOULS, ranging from anal foot fucking (on the first track "Butt Foot") to dealing with invasion of space ("You're Giving Me the Heebie Jeebies") to mental health (in the songs "Daily Lobotomy" and "One of My Moods"). (Helen) (11-song CD, no lyrics www.titpatrol.com)

TURBOSLUT – This is the sound of four maladjusted but deeply creative DC girls finding camaraderie in catharsis in the midst of doom and personal insanity. None of these six songs sound the same, but the whole that is greater than the sum of its parts include: brooding riffs and faux-cheery spastic leads that shift in mood over the course of the song, disturbing quasi off-key harmonizing and vocals that also continually shift (with three out of four members singing at different times), the song "Dry" reclaiming hardcore gang vocals for the weirdo girls, the six minute "Breaking Rank" that makes the listener feel they are trapped in a personal labyrinth, and various collected samples that serve as seamless segues and seem just as essential to the songs as any of the music. (Dan) (6-song cassette, lyrics included,turboslut.org)

TURNCOAT – Enclosed in this tape case is a small slip of paper that says, "What the fuck is a cassette anyway? We realize cassettes may not be the preferred medium of you digital age kids, so we're offering a free mp3 download with this cassette." I am immediately turned off by this. A cassette is a beautiful thing. A cassette is an affordable thing. When you play a cassette tape, there is a special hiss that adds body and character to the recording, as with vinyl. Why would anyone want that fullness to be stripped from a sincere lo-fi recording? Anyone who has abandoned cassettes tapes altogether is barely punk, let alone human. Why should punk bands make compromises for iPods? This is an indication to me that TURNCOAT is catering to an audience that I'm not very familiar with, which might color my review. This band is a traditional hardcore outfit, with generic anti-establishment lyrics with a dash of the absurdly offensive. Take, for example, the song "Jazz." The lyrics are as follows "Jazz is a fad and it makes people mad / It makes them go crazy cuz it sounds kind of wavy." It's a good thing, too, that there's a lyrics sheet, because it literally just sounds like the singer is saying "mua mua muamua! mua-mua muamua!!!" But, trust me, this only adds to TURNCOAT'S charm. (Helen) (11-song tape, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/turncoatli)

VITCHNAUHT – The soundtrack for something that I can't describe, maybe something I haven't (yet) experienced. Hardcore, metal, and noise elements forged together with everything maxed out so that all you hear is a whirlwind just discernible enough to give you the feeling that what you're hearing is something catastrophic and otherworldly transmitted via the haze of a bad radio signal. (Dan) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, c/o Pollen Season HQ, 1380 De Haro St., San Francisco, CA 94107)

WWW.BADSKULLS.COM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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

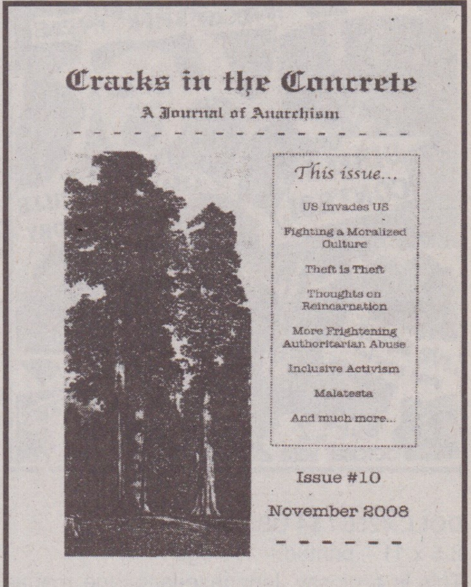
Reviews by:
(JD) Judy Balmin
(JB) Julia Booze
(KC) Karoline Collins
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(BG) Bob Goldie
(CH) Cassie Harwood
(MJ) Meredith Jones
(NM) Nick Mangel
(JM) Jeff Mason
(CR) Casey Ress
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(DS) Dionne Stevens

28 PAGES LOVINGLY BOUND WITH TWINE #14/ $3
5.5x8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
If you enjoy those letters that random families send out at Christmas about what a great year they've had, here's something that'll keep that feeling going. This zine is about how much this human being wants to hike the Appalachian trail, and his various trials and tribulations. The way he writes about his family and potential adventure reminds me of getting stuck at an office party; small talk terror! Note the words "potential adventure." This entire zine is about *wanting* to hike the aforementioned trail: the planning, figuring out of child care options, even a fuckin' to-do list. When confronted with people's mundane realities depleted of any compelling narratives or personality that would transform it from an office break room chat to something else... Something that makes you feel connected to the writer, suddenly I am struck with the feeling that fanzines are worthless. But I like fanzines. I do. A great writer can make the dullest turn of events an entertaining, involving read. I just couldn't get into this at all. It's probably better suited to the self-proclaimed Twineman's friends 'n' family. (LG)
PO Box / 106 Danville, OH 43014

BARRICATA
FANZINE DE CONTRE-CULTURE
ANTIFASCISTE ET LIBERT
DANS LE MONDE UNE CLASSE EN LUTTE
NUMÉRO 17 · AUTOMNE 2008

BARRICATA #17 / 2.5 Euros
8.5 x 11 – printed – 55 pgs
A French Anarchist magazine, which is unsurprisingly in French. There'ss an interview with a French political rapper called Pizco MC, a piece on the Zapatista struggle, the G8 protests, Palestine, queer burlesque, plus much more. Unfortunately, I do not understand French so I am unable to give you a critical appreciation of *Barricata*. It looks great and covers a wide range of subjects from sex to fightin' in the streets. (LG)
21 ter Rue Voltaire / 75011 Paris, France
www.barricata.org

CRACKS IN THE CONCRETE #10 / free, donation, or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 40 pgs
Explicitly anarchist, *Cracks In the Concrete* contains news, opinion, analysis, and a reprint. Editor Luke wrote most of it, but there are a few contributors as well. I thought the news section was the strongest, with reports on the pre-emptive raids before the Republican National Convention in Minneapolis, the attack on the Long Haul in Berkeley, and other police abuses. If you've followed these stories, there's nothing new here, but he included some stories I wasn't familiar with, and his commentary lends the reports a distinct touch. There are a number of essays, all of which I had some issues with, but only minor points. Probably the worst problem is the convoluted writing in Luke's essay, "Fighting a Moralizing Culture," an attack on (amongst other things) moralizing in straight edge. I think it would've been more effective if rewritten in a more direct style. The reprint is taken from Errico Malatesta's *Anarchy*. I would donate two bucks for *Cracks In the Concrete*, 'cause their pricing is so righteous. If they were charging two bucks, I'd pass, as it's not quite that good just yet. Domestic postage for this issue is sixty cents, so please at least send a buck if you can. (JM)
Luke Romano / PO Box 2748 / Tuscon, AZ 85702


Cracks in the Concrete
A Journal of Anarchism

This issue...
US Invades US
Fighting a Moralized Culture
Theft is Theft
Thoughts on Reincarnation
More Frightening Authoritarian Abuse
Inclusive Activism
Malatesta
And much more...

Issue #10
November 2008

CROOKED TEETH #2 / $2 or trade (after e-mailing)
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs
A little ditty of drawings in a sorta *Blankets* (Craig Thompson) style, but more punk. This issue has some autobiographical comics, which, in the style of many comics of that genre, tend to be stiflingly self-reflective. (CH)
Nate Doyle / 1410 Lincoln PL / Brooklyn, NY / 11213
welfare_nate@yahoo.com

CROOKED TEETH #3 / $2 or trade (after e-mailing)
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs
This issue has a cool hand-drawn cover that's a play on the "Ramona" character featured on the inner-sleeve of the Ramones' *Rocket to Russia*. More punk-y doodles, and in this issue Doyle tries his hand at a more cohesive, ongoing comic—a wordless mystical forest-woman storyline—which leaves me wondering what's next. (CH)
Nate Doyle / 1410 Lincoln PL / Brooklyn, NY / 11213
welfare_nate@yahoo.com

GOT MYSELF
HARDCORE PUNK FANZINE
DIRECT CONTROL
CHARLOTTESVILLE PUNK HISTORY
LIVE SQUID zine reprint
SUMMER SHOW REVIEWS
ISSUE no. 2
OCTOBER 2008
and more

DOLL #256 / $4 US
8.5 x 11 – printed – 118 pgs
This is a glossy Japanese-language magazine. The theme of this issue is: Girls! Girls! Girls! My appreciation of *Doll* is based entirely on its design and the intermittent sprinkling of English-language words and bands names, because I can't read a word of Japanese. Although I wish I did, because there's a two-page spread about Klaus Nomi and another one about John Zorn. There is a section that seems to be about fashion, but mostly its endless pages of band write-ups and album reviews from all over the map. There's also a translated interview with the Cola Freaks from *MRR*. I have to say this looks freaking awesome, I just wish I could read it for the love of god. (JD)
No. 303 Aota Bldg., 3-1-9, Kita, Kohenji, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan
hensyu@doll-mag.co.jp

EQUALIZING DISTORT Vol. 8, #6 / ?
8.5 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
The official organ of the popular radio show by the same name from Toronto, Great White North. Definitely old school—simple black and white layout, which is nice and includes interviews with the bands UTI, Bob Burns and the Breakups, Corporation, and Cleave Anderson who has been in a lot of bands since '77 in Canada. *Equalizing Distort* also has some reviews and show info. Not bad. (NM)
21 Foundry Ave Unit 5 / Toronto / ON M6H 4K7, Canada

GOT MYSELF #2 / $3 US, $4 world, trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 28 pgs
My favorite kind of zine is the super DIY, made-in-your-house, cut-and-paste job just like this baby in my hands right now. One can almost feel the passion this person has for his local scene with each turn of the page. *Got Myself* centers on the Virginia scene, which has deservedly risen to prominence in the last few years. But *Got Myself* also pays much homage to the roots of the scene, with at least half of the coverage centered on local (Charlottesville) punk history. This issue picks up with the second part of an oral history project in which some members of old school bands are asked to recollect those days of yore. I think this is a great idea, as I love oral histories and personal accounts of events from those who were actually there. Another great idea found in these pages is the addition of guitar tabs for musically inclined punks to learn a new cover tune. The song featured is the classic "Kids of the Black Hole" by the Adolescents. There's also a good interview with the amazing Direct Control, some reprinting of pages from a 1984-era punk zine called *Live Squid*, some record reviews, and a plethora of live show reviews. A wonderful effort here and my only critique would be that more writing and graphics could be condensed and used to fill out these big pages better. The printing is expensive, so you might as well pack it in. Very worthwhile and interesting read, even for those outside the area covered. (BG)
Sam Richardson / 4630 Mill Run Lane / Earlysville, VA 22936 / thrashedtobits@gmail.com

THE INNER SWINE Vol. 14, #3 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 62 pgs
First of all I give a lot of credit to any zine that has lasted 14 years. I believe I have heard of the zine before. I am not a personal zine kinda guy, generally speaking. *The Inner Swine* is quirky and includes writings on different topics and stories including drinking, home projects, people who ask you to sign stuff on the street, and a lot more. (NM)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030

IZU GIROA #13 / 2 Euros or trade
8.5 x 11 – printed – 56 pgs
Here's a zine that I wouldn't mind perusing if I happened to know the ancient and persevering dialect of Basque. Basque is a totally unique language and I can't read one word, but it looks cool with all those Xs and Ks. Anyway, Izu Giroa is the Basque County's premier punk fanzine. This issue is teeming with interviews, reviews, comics etc., and the bands featured are Cockney Rejects, Far From Finished, Moderat Likvidation, Des-Kontrol, Lucien, Karretera Agropekuaria, Esenzia De Lapo, Street Alarm, Plan B, and Josu Distorsion Y Los Del Puente Romano (apparently this Basque band was banned from Chile for playing an anti-Pinochet gig, back in the day). There's a lot to take in here if you can read Basque and if not, then you might want to consider buying *Izu Giroa* for the photo of the *buffdacious* Cockney Rejects. (CI)
PO Box 10216 / 448007 Bilbao / Basque Country (Spain)
izugiroa@hotmail.com

KERBLOOM #73 / $2 and stamp
4.25 x 5.5 – printed – 8 pgs
A short and sweet read that has the author reflecting on going on tour with her friends' band From The Depths (her first band tour) and waxing philosophic on the nature of the DIY tour with enthusiasm. Nothing mind blowing, but I'm sure that anyone who has done this kind of tour can relate to her thoughts and experiences. (DG)
Artnoose / 5532 Baywood St / Pittsburgh, PA 15206

ISSUE #3
September 2008
MOUNTZA #3

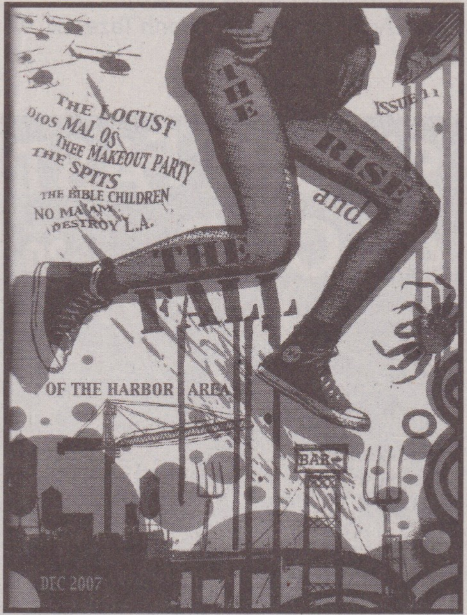
MOUNTZA #3 / 2 Euros Greece, 4 Euros world
10.5 x 8.25 – printed – 100 pgs
This is the fattest thing to come out of Greece since the olive, but way more filling. This "zine" explodes into full-fledged magazine territory, with a beautiful two-color cover, killer photos, and great layout throughout. For those who don't speak Greek, a consid-

erable chunk of this mag is written in English. This issue actually features a lot of US bands, with Annihilation Time, Clorox Girls, New Mexican Disaster Squad, and Criminal Damage interviews (and more!). The best is in the interview with Graham of Annihilation Time, when "douche bag" gets lost in translation and ends up as "bouch bag" ("Unfortunately, all the bouch bags seem to go to our shows out there."). Also check out the Athens band Antimob's tour diary, art by Ella Tillema, and a lot more that won't fit in a review. This is probably the cleanest, meanest, and most cohesive punk publication I've ever got in my review box. (CH)
mountzazine@yahoo.com
mountza.blogspot.com

OX FANZINE #80 / ?4, 50
8.6 x 11 – printed – 130 pgs
This punk and hardcore magazine is rather like the Japanese fanzine *Doll* in that it's glossy, well researched and interviewed, and has killer ads and photos—if you speak German! The worst part about perusing the pages of *Ox Fanzine* as an English speaker and music dork is that sometimes the introduction to an interview will be in English, but the interview is in German. How I wish I could delve into the interviews of The Sonics, Peter and the Test Tube Babies, and The Mummies? There are *tons* more interviews-for those German punks out there. Feast your eyes on interviews and record reviews of a slew of bands: Mojomatics, Trend, Me First and the Gimme Gimmes, and more, more, more. (MJ)
Ox Fanzine / PO Box 11 04 20 /42664 Solingen, Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PAJOMO #1 / trade or letter and stamps
4.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
Props for the author being in his 40s and still going to tons of shows. In fact, this whole zine is comprised of show reviews from 2007 and Iron Lung seems to be a favorite, proving that taste doesn't always mellow with age. The first couple pages are a sort of introduction and talk of the author's fascination with mail art. Apparently, future issues will feature mail art that he's done and that he's received. The mail art sounds interesting, but the live reviews can get pretty boring. Sometimes I enjoy reading show reviews and getting a sense of what a certain show or scene might like based on the retelling, but *Pajomo* could benefit from some diversity in its pages. At any rate, it's clear that the dude behind *Pajomo* is just looking to contribute something to the dying world of print, and I respect that. I am intrigued to see what the mail art is all about... (CI)
PO Box 2632 / Bellingham, WA 98227

PIPE BOMB #40 / $1
5.5 x 8 – copied – 40 pgs
This is a model zine. Inside you have cohesion, crusty comedy, and a pleasing, yet not too fussy, aesthetic. This lady has been consistent with her presentations, and continues to maintain the standard. I was fortunate enough to receive one of the 50 with hand screened covers, and in return, I intend to do some back issue investigating because there is so much that I have not yet seen. The red, gold, and green motif actually works for this special edition cover, and honestly I think its cool 'cos, I'm kind of a pothead myself, mon. Get yer own. (DS)
Chelsea Lea / 3623 N. Haight / Portland, OR 97227



PLASTIC BOMB #64 / 3.50 Euro
8.5 x 11 – printed – 78 pgs
This zine is in German so I can't comment on the content, but there are plenty of slick layouts and slicker ads, including some for clothing. The band and label interviews cover a range of genres, including the Adicts, Cock Sparrer, Black Fag, No Way Records, and Profane Existence. There's also a good deal of anti-capitalist/anti-fascist content, including an interview with the organization Let's Fight White Pride and what appears to be an article about a German squat. There's also a "Herstory Of Punk" and record reviews dispersed throughout the issue that cover a range of bands from Germany and the rest of the world. (DG)
Postfach 100205 / D-47002 Duisburg / Germany
www.plastic-bomb.de

THE RISE AND THE FALL #11 / free in LA, $2 cash by mail
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 56 pgs
Dig it, your favorite San Pedro zine strikes again—still about skateboarding and featuring local bands. Still really nicely put together and conscientious of community "issues." Really beautiful cover, kind of apocalyptic vision of the cityscape dissolving into giant pink bubbles with impending helicopter assault? Wha? Yah. I like the "New Bands Report," and the "Spits for Dummies," (easiest thing to digest, and cutest) and DIY skatepark update, not so much the Bukowski poetry, or the run-on sentence interview with the guy from the Locust—it sounded like the questions could have been posed to anybody and that makes for unenthusiastic answers. There are also interviews with Dios Mal Os, the Makeout Party, cool comics, a depressing report on the use of public space, and tons of ads and reviews from the community. (JB)
The Rise and the Fall / PO Box 1794 / San Pedro, CA 90733

RUNX TALES #1 / $3
8.5 x 11 – copied – 22 pgs
Not as sassy as *Fag School,* but an obvious alliance of the *Blaarg!* set. This is a well-made and funny zine, in that non-trademarked style. It actually got me thinking about stalking, and how easily the zineworld, especially the perzine, lends itself to the whims of the stalker. A voyeur could easily gather enough personal information from one of these babies to show up at your house or place of employment with a rolled up copy of your zine and spy right through your windows with it like a little telescope, if you have windows. Other, more violent and disgusting acts could be performed for you, by this stalker, if stalker was so inclined, but those details are not worth mentioning at this time. Address is included; names are unchanged… That shit freaks me out! (DS)
Matt Runkle / 747-54th St, rear unit / Oakland, CA 94609

SHORT, FAST, & LOUD #20 / no price listed
8.5 x 11 – printed – 88 pgs
I'm always excited to read *Short, Fast, & Loud*. I'm mean, sure, they also cover long, slow and loud, and noise, but you can skip those parts. The rest of it is mostly reviews and ads. Columns, interviews, top twenties, etc. make up the rest. The photography this time 'round is reproduced kind of small, so great was the volume of thrash to be delineated. This zine is the number one regularly appearing publication for party war stories, and now they've added a guy who will just write this type of thing—word. His first installment reveals the horror of sketchy

punkhouse neighbors. The bands interviewed are, in order of detail provided, Mind of Asian, ANS, and Flag of Democracy. The Mind of Asian is pretty short, but still captures a lot of character. The FOD talk is pretty strong. I seriously like the ads. Here's to twenty more, fuckers! (JM)

225 Lincoln Ave. / Cotati, CA 94931
www.sixweeksrecords.com

SMEAR CAMPAIGN #12 / $3
8.5 x 11 – copied – 28 pgs

Maybe the funniest thing about this magazine is that it comes in two sizes: Travel (8 x 10) and Toilet (8 x 12). Not sure, its kinda glossy, subtitle is *Teen Lingo*, which explains the main comedic value is a resort to juvenile laffs and absurdity for most content, and when it gets serious it is so...mean. Read: Lilith Faire review from the journal of Lisa Loeb. I mean, c'mon. It is like pushing Grandma in front of a bus. Motto is, "Turning shit to gold since 2006!" More like turning notes passed in Chemistry into *reaaaallly* hard to forgive collage art tinged with celebrity obsession that rivals, but doesn't top, the fashion police section found in the back of any *US*, *Star*, or *OK* tabloid. Could just be not my thang. (JB)

Smear Campaign / 1711 Singleton Ave. / Austin, TX 78702

SMILE, HON, YOU'RE IN BALTIMORE! #10 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 55 pgs

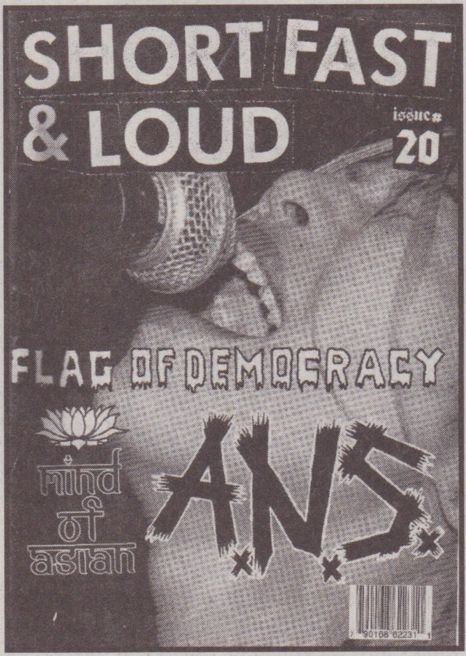
An excellent collection of stories and poems about people's lives in Baltimore that reads more like an above-average literary journal than a zine, but is notably non-pretentious. Having lived in Baltimore for a while myself, I was especially interested in any mentions of the streets, neighborhoods, or other landmarks that I recognized, though I wasn't there long enough to be familiar with all of them (I especially wish I'd been familiar with more than a fraction of the parks mentioned in the "Inside Outside" article). Some of the stories and articles are more Baltimore specific, such as the history lessons on the city's movie theaters and the bocce courts in the city's Little Italy. Others are more esoterically about Baltimore and might seem to the casual observer like they could happen anywhere, but I got the feeling that the people's identities and histories are so inextricably linked with the city that even mundane stories about helping one's packrat grandparents clear out their UPC collection represents their Baltimore experience. One thing I noticed while living there was the attachment that people have to the city (one of my next-door neighbors had lived in that same house for three generations) in spite of its urban decay which, being used to more transient cities myself, was hard to identify with, but started to make more sense over time and even more so after reading this. Now to seek out older issues. (DG)

www.eightstonepress.com

TAZWELL'S FAVORITE ECCENTRIC #8 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 18 pgs

Tazwell's Favorite Eccentric centers on thoughts and feelings about being queer and frustrations that often come with it. Each page has a vignette about a different topic or personal story, sometimes just opinions about the gay community. The layout is cool, very much like a riot grrrl perzine. The tone of the zine is like a journal entry, but it is never melodramatic or juvenile. The stories are very honest, and capture an important element of putting a zine out—to create an open and safe place to say what is important to you, whatever if may be. (MJ)

Sarah Arr! / PO Box 235 / North Tazewell, VA 24630



THAT'S COOL, THAT'S TRASH #1 / $3ppd and $1 for mix CD
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 39 pgs

Edited and mostly written by Matt Mayhem, *That's Cool, That's Trash* features very careful anachronistic stylization that's a throwback to '50s era rock and roll. It's got that rockabilly look from fonts and graphics to girly centerfold to the bands on the mix CD. One issue I take with this zine is the tiny all-caps font with the image in the background—it isn't legible—I'm seeing psychedelic lights taking shapes before my eyes when I try to read it. The centerfold or "Miss Cool" is Mayson Lee. There are sexy pin-up style photos of her and she answers a few questions about her interests. She's a contemporary woman with an old style aesthetic. Fancy that. Matt also uses a portion of *That's Cool, That's Trash* to bitch about his small college town, Oberlin, and how no one there understands him. That must suck. There are also interviews with and articles about some of the bands he puts on the mix CD, such as the Road Apples, the Dead Boys, and Shock. If you would like to read a current publication that frequently uses language like "hepcat" and "daddy-o," you ought to read this one. It's very carefully laid out and has a flashy cover. (JD)

112 Hollywood Ave / Oberlin, OH 44074
thatscoolthatstrash@gmail.com

TNS RECORDS #3 / free
8.25 x 5.25 – copied – 20 pgs

As the title implies, this little zine is centered on a record label out of the UK, but it thankfully goes way beyond simply promoting releases. The folks behind this label and fanzine are passionate about supporting the UK ska and punk scene, and the opening opinion column reflects a general lamenting for the dying mediums of printed matter and records (and even CDs). So instead of sitting around on their asses and whining, these guys are trying to help out by promoting local bands and gigs through this free publication, teaming up with other labels to put together DIY ska and punk festivals, and of course putting out releases for up and coming bands. This issue has interviews with Manchester's Shadowcops, Sonic Boom Six, and Goldblade (a band worth checking out if you like catchy and melodic streetpunk sounds). There's also a good write up on the Strummercamp Festival, the annual three-day celebration for the memory of the great Joe Strummer. A few reviews round off the issue. Good stuff, especially if you're in the Manchester area scene. (BG)

tnsrecordsuk@hotmail.co.uk

THE WORK OF A YOUNG, UNFED AND UNKNOWN CARTOONIST & MORE WORK FROM AN UNKNOWN CARTOONIST / $1
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 20 pgs

These two collections of comics range somewhere between self-deprecating and self-loathing in their autobiographical telling of Noah Van Sciver's existence. Topics include contempt for tough guys, shitty jobs, and crappy buses. Nothing's wrong with the stories or the work he's done, but I had trouble finding anything special or noteworthy that separates this comic from any other independent nihilistic slice of life comic. (CR)

Noah Van Sciver / 1165 Grant St. #307 / Denver, CO 80203
noahism@comcast.net

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Thurs, Dec. 4th • $7 • doors @ 7:00
Jesse Michaels (acoustic)
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Mike Park (acoustic)

Fri, Dec. 5th • $8 • doors @ 7:30
Social Unrest
Arnocorps
United Defiance
Taint • Dichotomy (Can)

Sat, Dec. 6th • $8 • doors @ 7:30
Circle Fest 2008
Verbal Abuse • Instant Asshole
Nightstick Justice
Holy Shit • Knuckle Puck
Duck and Cover (floor set)

Sat, Dec. 13th • $10
Youth Brigade (L.A.)
Druglords of the Avenues
Pressure Point • Troublemaker

Fri, Dec. 19th
D.I.
Oppressed Logic
Neighborhood Watch
Fukm
Don't Care

Sat, Dec. 20th • $8
Black Fag (L.A.)
Sabertooth Zombie
Owen Hart (WA)
The Seperation
Grace Alley

Fri, Dec. 26th
$7 • doors @ 7:30
Stone Vengence
New Earth Creeps
Farticus
Kool Aid (Brooklyn)

Sat, Dec. 27th
Embrace the End
Antagony
Strike to Survive

Fri, Jan. 2nd • $8-10
doors @ 7:30
Total Fury
Broken Needle
Needles
Punch
Morpheme
Follow Blindly

Sat, Jan. 3rd
Rarak (record release)
No Bunny

Fri, Jan. 9th
Ska Night!
Chris Murray Combo
Flip the Switch

Sat, Jan. 10th
The Measure [SA] (NJ)
Trainwreck Riders

Sat, Jan. 17th
Babyland
Mr. Vicious
Absence

Fri, Jan. 23rd • $10 • doors @ 7:30
Cattle Decapitation
Psyopus (NY)
Book of the Black Earth (WA)
Gigan

Sat, Jan. 24th • $8-10
Iron Lung
Extortion (Australia)
Lack of Interest (L.A.)
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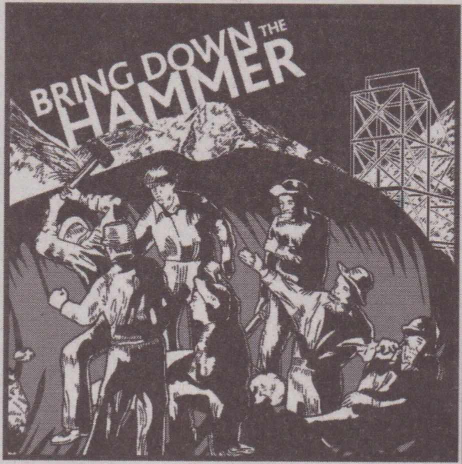

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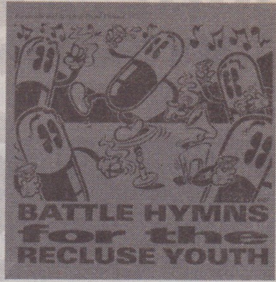
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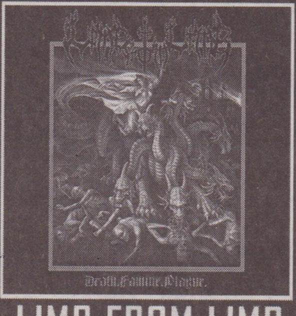

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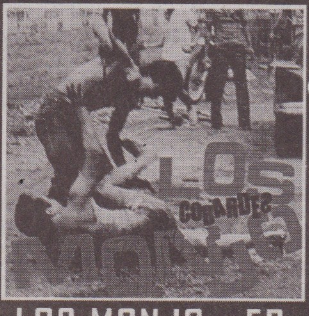

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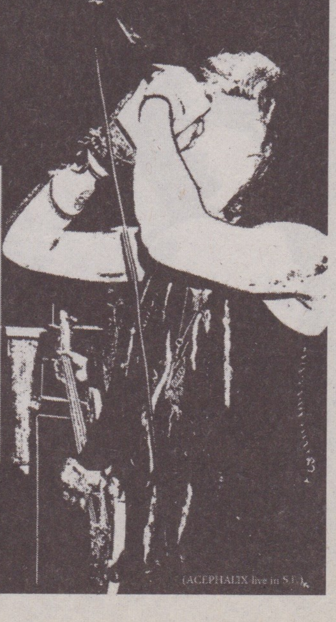

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